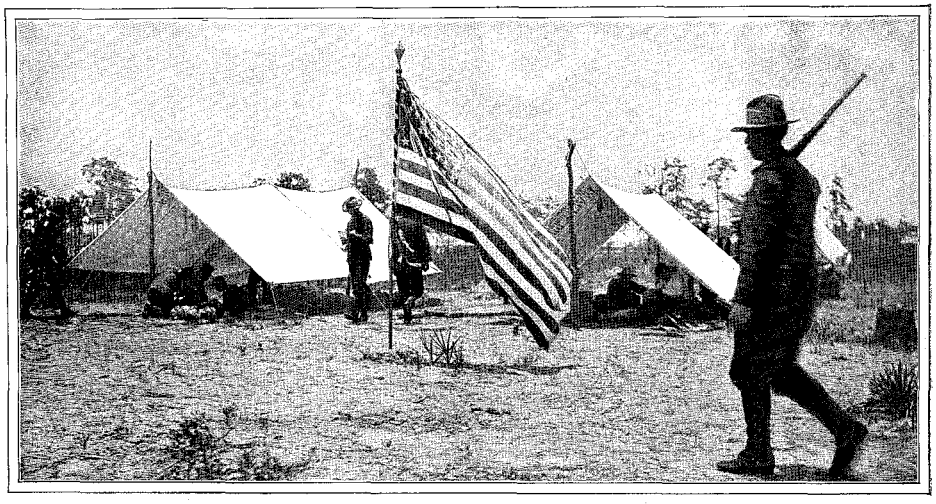
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXV FEBRUARY, 1899 NO. 2



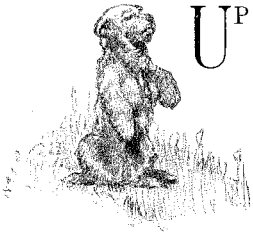
Head-quarters of the Rough Riders at Tampa.

THE ROUGH RIDERS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

TO CUBA



The Mascot "Cuba."

UP to the last moment we were spending every ounce of energy we had in getting the regiment into shape. Fortunately, there were a good many vacancies among the officers, as the original number of 780 men was increased to 1,000; so that two companies were organized entirely anew. This gave the chance to promote some first-rate men.

One of the most useful members of the regiment was Dr. Robb Church, formerly a Princeton foot-ball player. He was appointed as Assistant Surgeon, but acted throughout almost all the Cuban campaign as the Regimental Surgeon. It was Dr. Church who first gave me an idea of Bucky O'Neill's versatility, for I happened to overhear them discussing Aryan word-roots together, and then sliding off into a review of the novels of Balzac, and a discussion as to how far Balzac could be said to be the founder of the modern realistic school of fiction. Church had led almost as varied a life as Buck himself, his career including incidents as far apart as exploring and elk-hunting in the Olympic

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Rough Riders Arriving at Tampa.

Mountains, cooking in a lumber-camp, and serving as doctor on an emigrant ship.

Woodbury Kane was given a commission, and also Horace Devereux, of Princeton. Kane was older than the other college men who entered in the ranks; and as he had the same good qualities to start with, this resulted in his ultimately becoming perhaps the most useful soldier in the regiment. He escaped wounds and serious sickness, and was able to serve through every day of the regiment's existence.

Two of the men made Second Lieutenants by promotion from the ranks while in San Antonio were John Greenway, a noted Yale foot-ball player and catcher on her base-ball nine, and David Goodrich, for two years captain of the Harvard crew. They were young men, Goodrich having only just graduated; while Greenway, whose father had served with honor in the Confederate Army, had been out of Yale three or four years. They were natural soldiers, and it would be well-nigh impossible to overestimate the amount of good they did the regiment. They were strapping fellows, entirely fearless, modest, and quiet. Their only thought was how to perfect themselves in their own duties, and how to take care of the men under them, so as to bring them to the highest point of soldierly perfection. I grew steadily to rely upon them, as men who could be counted upon with absolute certainty, not only in every emergency, but in all routine work. They were never so tired as not to respond with eagerness to the slightest suggestion of doing something new, whether it was dangerous or merely difficult and laborious. They not merely did their duty, but were always on the watch to find out some new duty which they could construe to be theirs. Whether it was policing camp, or keeping guard, or preventing straggling on the march, or procuring food for the men, or seeing that they took care of themselves in camp, or performing some feat of unusual hazard in the fight—no call was ever made upon them to which they did not respond with eager thankfulness for being given the chance to answer it. Later on I worked them as hard as I knew how, and the regiment will always be their debtor.

Greenway was from Arkansas. We could have filled up the whole regiment many times over from the South Atlantic

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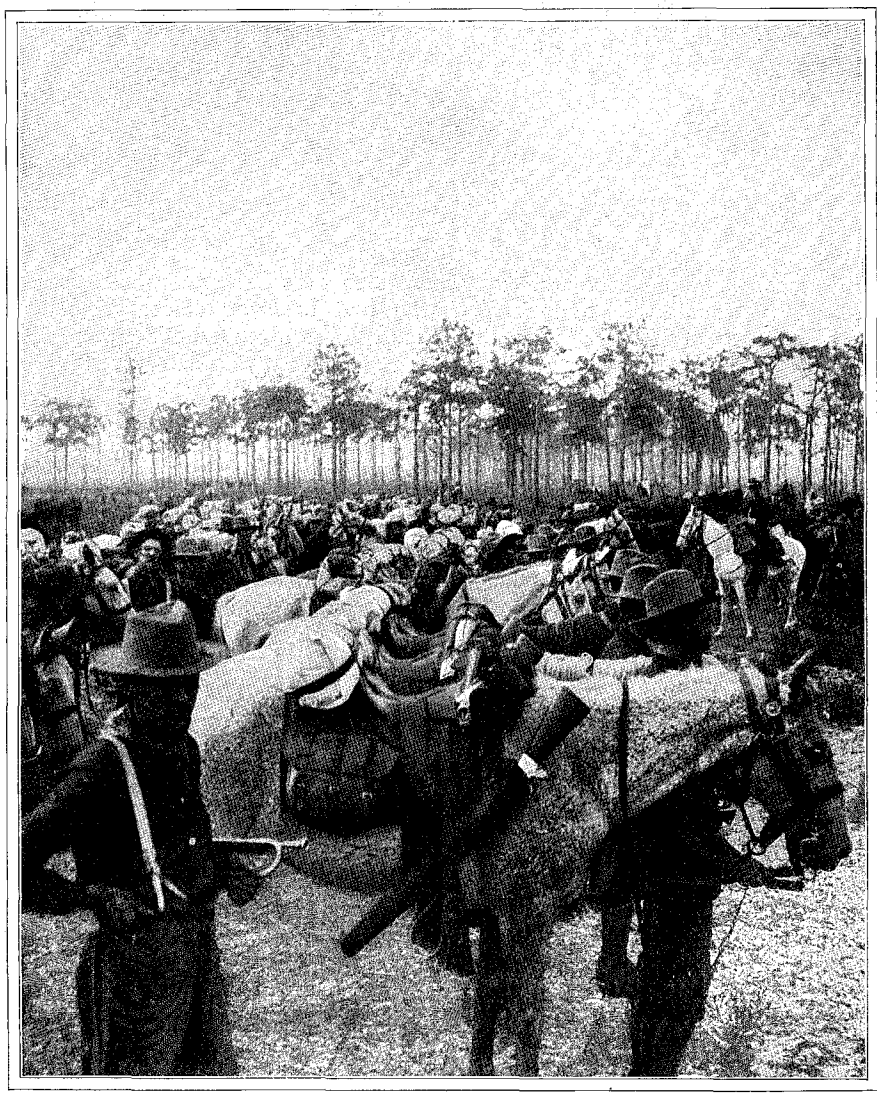
and Gulf States alone, but were only able to accept a very few applicants. One of them was John McIlhenny, of Louisiana; a planter and manufacturer, a big-game hunter and book-lover, who could have had a commission in the Louisiana troops, but who preferred to go as a trooper in the Rough Riders because he believed we would surely see fighting. He could have commanded any influence, social or political, he wished; but he never asked a favor of any kind. He went into one of the New Mexican troops, and by his high qualities and zealous attention to duty speedily rose to a sergeantcy, and finally won his lieutenancy for gallantry in action.

The tone of the officers' mess was very high. Everyone seemed to realize that he had undertaken most serious work. They all earnestly wished for a chance to distinguish themselves, and fully appreciated that they ran the risk not merely of death, but of what was infinitely worse—namely, failure at the crisis to perform duty well; and they strove earnestly so to train themselves, and the men under them, as to minimize the possibility of



Troop H shortly after Arrival at Tampa.

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Mule Packers.

such disgrace. Every officer and every man was taught continually to look forward to the day of battle eagerly, but with an entire sense of the drain that would then be made upon his endurance and resolution. They were also taught that, before the battle came, the rigorous performance of the countless irksome duties of the camp and the march was demanded from all alike, and that no excuse would be tolerated for failure to perform duty. Very few of the men had gone into the regiment lightly, and the fact that they did their duty so well may be largely attributed to the seriousness with which these eager, adventurous young fellows approached their work. This seriousness, and a certain simple manliness which accompanied it, had one very pleasant side. During our entire time of service, I never heard in the officers' mess a foul story or a foul word; and though there was occasional hard swearing in moments of emergency, yet even this was the exception.

The regiment attracted adventurous spirits from everywhere. Our chief trumpeter was from the Mediterranean—I think an Italian—who had been a soldier of fortune not only in Egypt, but in the French Army in southern China. Two excellent men were Osborne, a tall Australian, who had been an officer in the New South Wales Mounted Rifles; and Cook, an Englishman, who had served in South Africa. Both, when the regiment disbanded, were plaintive in expressing their fond regret that it could not be used against the Transvaal Boers!

One of our best soldiers was a man whose real and assumed names I, for obvious reasons, conceal. He usually went by a nickname which I will call Tennessee. He was a tall, gaunt fellow, with a quiet and distinctly sinister eye, who did his duty excellently, especially when a fight was on, and who, being an expert gambler, always contrived to reap a rich harvest after pay-day. When the regiment was mustered out, he asked me to put a brief memorandum of his services on his discharge certificate, which I gladly did. He much appreciated this, and added, in explanation, "You see, Colonel, my real name isn't Smith, its Yancy. I had to change it, because three or four years ago I had a little trouble with a gentleman, and—er—well, in fact, I had to kill him; and the District Attorney, he had it in for me, and so I just skipped the country; and now, if it ever should be brought up against me, I should like

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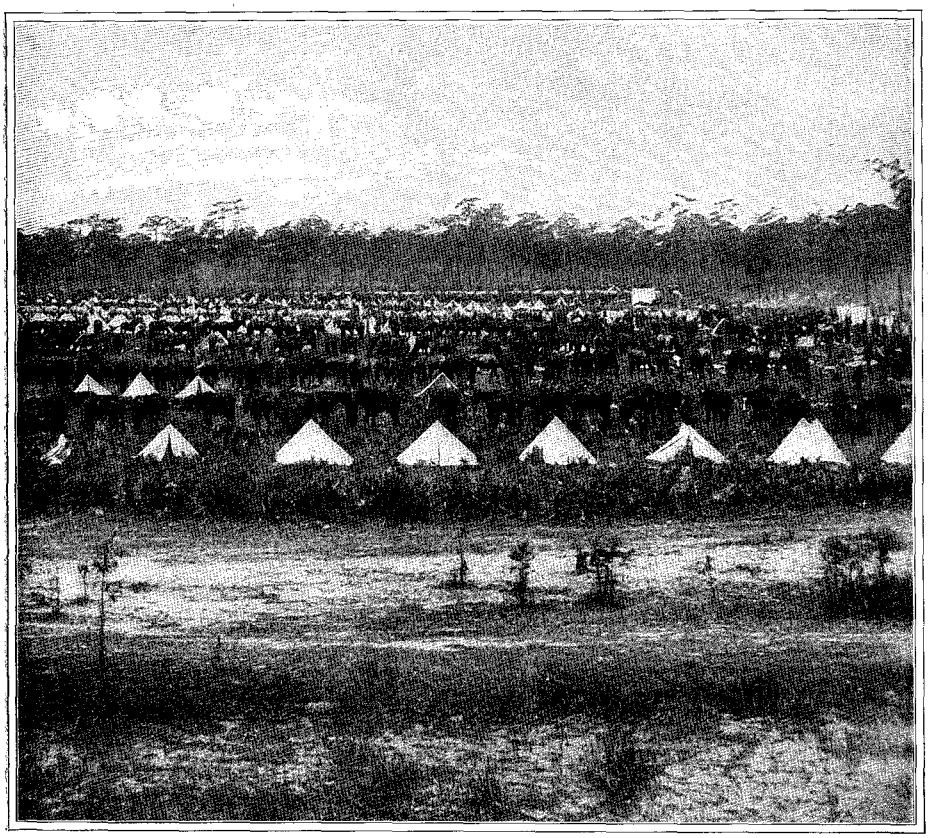
to show your certificate as to my character!" The course of frontier justice sometimes moves in unexpected zigzags; so I did not express the doubt I felt as to whether my certificate that he had been a good soldier would help him much if he was tried for a murder committed three or four years previously.



General View of the Camp of the Rough Riders at Tampa.

The men worked hard and faithfully. As a rule, in spite of the number of rough characters among them, they behaved very well. One night a few of them went on a spree, and proceeded "to paint San Antonia red." One was captured by the city authorities, and we had to leave him behind us in jail. The others we dealt with ourselves, in a way that prevented a repetition of the occurrence.

The men speedily gave one another nicknames, largely conferred in a spirit of derision, their basis lying in contrast. A brave but fastidious member of a well-known Eastern club, who was serving in the ranks, was christened "Tough Ike;" and his bunkie, the man who shared his shelter-tent, who was a decidedly rough cow-puncher, gradually acquired the name of "The Dude." One unlucky and simple-minded cow-puncher, who had never been east of the great plains in his life, unwarily boasted that he had an aunt in New York, and ever afterward went by the name of "Metropolitan Bill." A huge red-headed Irishman was named "Sheeny Solomon." A young Jew who developed into one of the best fighters in the regiment accepted, with entire equanimity, the name of "Pork-chop." We had quite a number of professional gamblers, who, I am bound to say, usually made good soldiers. One, who was almost abnormally quiet and gentle, was called "Hell Roarer;" while another, who in point of language and deportment was

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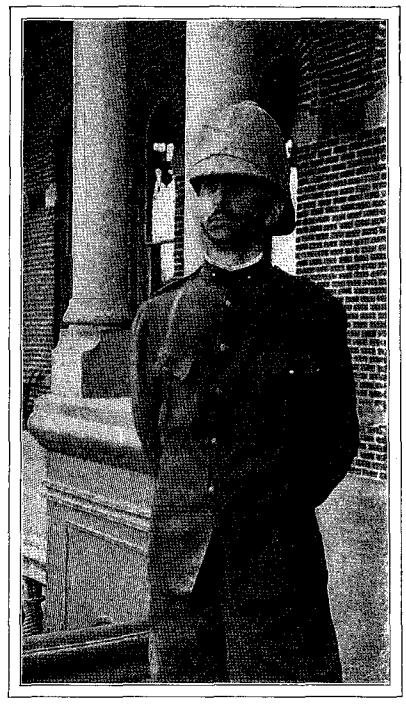
his exact antithesis, was christened "Prayerful James."

While the officers and men were learning their duties, and learning to know one another, Colonel Wood was straining every nerve to get our equipments—an effort which was complicated by the tendency of the Ordnance Bureau to send whatever we really needed by freight instead of express. Finally, just as the last rifles, revolvers, and saddles came, we were ordered by wire at once to proceed by train to Tampa.



Captain Arthur H. Lee, British Military *Attaché.*

Instantly, all was joyful excitement. We had enjoyed San Antonio, and were glad that our regiment had been organized in the city where the Alamo commemorates the death fight of Crockett, Bowie, and their famous band of frontier heroes. All of us had worked hard, so that we had had no time to be homesick or downcast; but we were glad to leave the hot camp, where every day the strong wind sifted the dust through everything, and to start for the gathering place of the army which was to invade Cuba. Our horses and men were getting into good shape. We were well enough equipped to warrant our starting on the campaign, and every man was filled with dread of being out of the fighting. We had a pack-train of 150 mules, so we had close on to 1,200 animals to carry.

Of course, our train was split up into sections, seven, all told; Colonel Wood commanding the first three, and I the last four. The journey by rail from San Antonio to Tampa took just four days, and I doubt if anybody who was on the trip will soon forget it. To occupy my few spare moments, I was reading M. Demolins' "Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons." M. Demolins, in giving the reasons why the English-speaking peoples are superior to those of Continental Europe, lays much stress upon the way in which "militarism" deadens the power of individual initiative, the soldier being trained to complete suppression of individual will, while his faculties become atrophied in consequence of his being merely a cog in a vast and perfectly ordered machine. I can assure the excellent French publicist that American "militarism," at least of the volunteer sort, has points of difference from the militarism of Continental Europe. The battalion chief of a newly raised American regiment, when striving to get into a war which the American people have undertaken with buoyant and light-hearted indifference to detail, has positively unlimited opportunity for the display of "individual initiative," and is in no danger whatever either of suffering from unhealthy suppression of personal will, or of finding his faculties of self-help numbed by becoming a cog in a gigantic and smooth-running machine. If such a battalion chief wants to get anything or go anywhere he must do it by exercising every pound of resource, inventiveness, and audacity he possesses. The help, advice, and superintendence he gets from outside will be of the most general, not to say superficial, character. If he is a cavalry officer, he has got to hurry and push the purchase of his horses, plunging into and out of the meshes of red-tape as best he can. He will have to fight for his rifles and his tents and his clothes. He will have to keep his men healthy largely by the light that nature has given him. When he wishes

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Chaplain Brown Preaching to the Regiment.

to embark his regiment, he will have to fight for his railway-cars exactly as he fights for his transport when it comes to going across the sea; and on his journey his men will or will not have food, and his horses will or will not have water and hay, and the trains will or will not make connections, in exact correspondence to the energy and success of his own efforts to keep things moving straight.

It was on Sunday, May 29th, that we marched out of our hot, windy, dusty camp to take the cars for Tampa. Colonel Wood went first, with the three sections under his special care. I followed with the other four. The railway had promised us a forty-eight hours' trip, but our experience in loading was enough to show that the promise would not be made good. There were no proper facilities for getting the horses on or off the cars, or for feeding or watering them; and there was endless confusion and delay among the railway officials. I marched my four sections over in the afternoon, the first three having taken the entire day to get off. We occupied the night. As far as the regiment itself was concerned, we worked an excellent system, Wood instructing me exactly how to proceed so as to avoid confusion. Being a veteran campaigner, he had all along insisted that for such work as we had before us we must travel with the minimum possible luggage. The men had merely what they could carry on their own backs, and the officers very little more. My own roll of clothes and bedding could be put on my spare horse. The mule-train was to be used simply for food, forage, and spare ammunition. As it turned out, we were not allowed to take either it or the horses.

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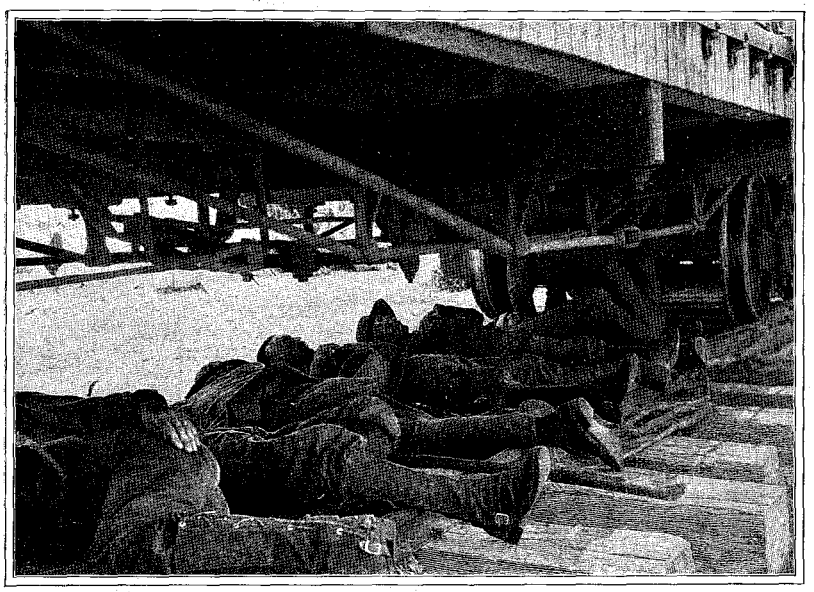

A Rough Rider Siesta.

It was dusk when I marched my long files of dusty troopers into the station-yard. I then made all dismount, excepting the troop which I first intended to load. This was brought up to the first freight-car. Here every man unsaddled, and left his saddle, bridle, and all that he did not himself need in the car, each individual's property being corded together. A guard was left in the car, and the rest of the men took the naked horses into the pens to be fed and watered. The other troops were loaded in the same way in succession. With each section there were thus a couple of baggage-cars in which the horse-gear, the superfluous baggage, and the travel rations were carried; and I also put aboard, not only at starting, but at every other opportunity, what oats and hay I could get, so as to provide against accidents for the horses. By the time the baggage-cars were loaded the horses of the first section had eaten and drunk their fill, and we loaded them on cattle-cars. The officers of each troop saw to the loading, taking a dozen picked men to help them; for some of the wild creatures, half-broken and fresh from the ranges, were with difficulty driven up the chutes. Meanwhile I superintended not merely my own men, but the railroad men; and when the delays of the latter, and their inability to understand what was necessary, grew past bearing, I took charge of the trains myself, so as to insure the horse-cars of each section being coupled with the baggage-cars of that section.

We worked until long past midnight before we got the horses and baggage aboard, and then found that for some reason the passenger-cars were delayed and would not be out for some hours. In the confusion and darkness men of the different troops had become scattered, and some had drifted off to the vile drinking-booths around the stock-yards; so I sent details to search the latter, while the trumpeters blew the assembly until the First Sergeants could account for all the men. Then the troops were arranged in order, and the men of each lay down where they were, by the tracks and in the brush, to sleep until morning.

At dawn the passenger-trains arrived. The senior Captain of each section saw to it that his own horses, troopers, and baggage were together; and one by one they started off, I taking the last in person. Captain Capron had at the very beginning shown himself to be simply invaluable, from his extraordinary energy, executive capacity, and mastery over men; and I kept his section next mine, so that we generally came together at the different yards.

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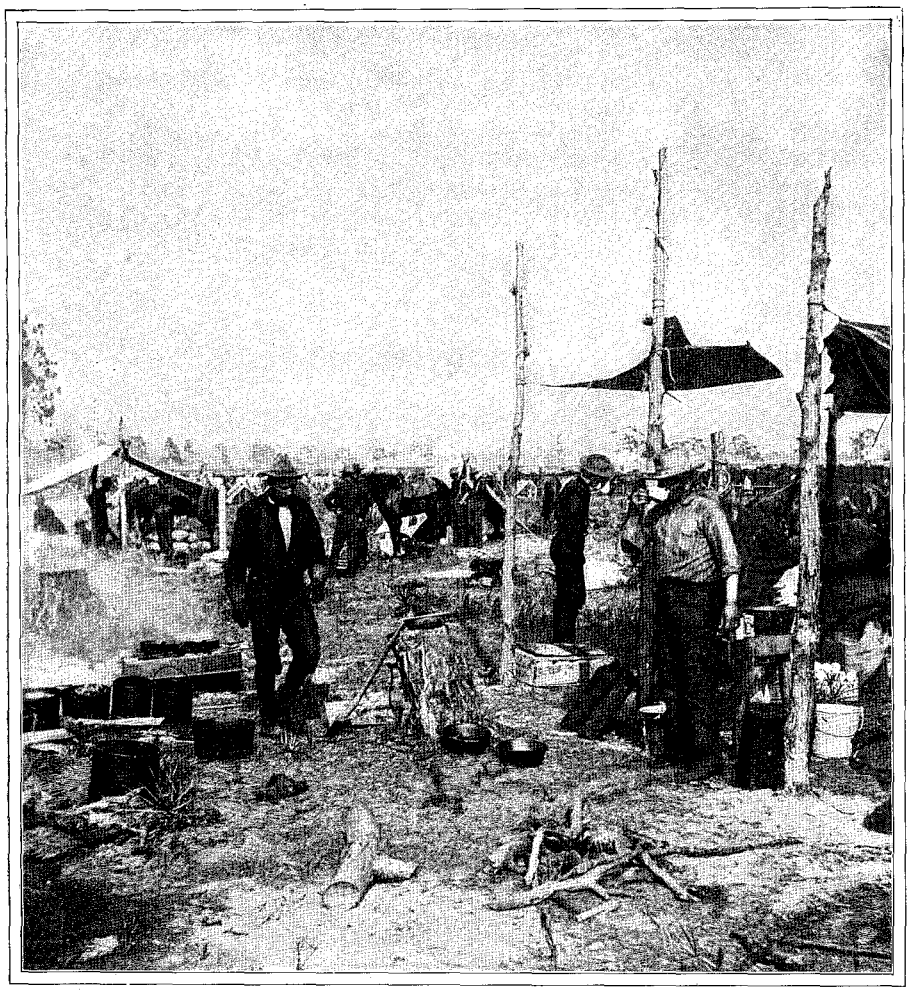
The next four days were very hot and very dusty. I tried to arrange so the sections would be far enough apart to allow each ample time to unload, feed, water, and load the horses at any stopping-place before the next section could arrive. There was enough delay and failure to make connections on the part of the railroad people to keep me entirely busy, not to speak of seeing at the stopping-places that the inexperienced officers got enough hay for their horses, and that the water given to those was both ample in quantity and drinkable. It happened that we usually made our longest stops at night, and this meant that we were up all night long.

Two or three times a day I got the men buckets of hot coffee, and when we made a long enough stop they were allowed liberty under the supervision of the non-commissioned officers. Some of them abused the privilege, and started to get drunk. These were promptly handled with the necessary severity, in the interest of the others; for it was only by putting an immediate check to every form of lawlessness or disobedience among the few men who were inclined to be bad that we were enabled to give full liberty to those who would not abuse it.



A Company Kitchen.

Everywhere the people came out to greet us and cheer us. They brought us flowers; they brought us watermelons and other fruits, and sometimes jugs and pails

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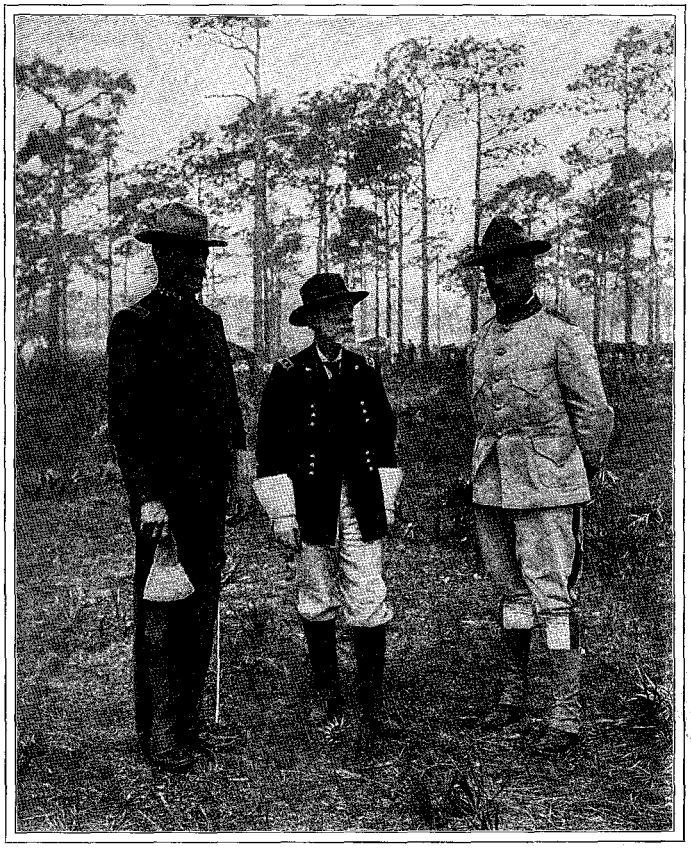
of milk—all of which we greatly appreciated. We were travelling through a region where practically all the older men had served in the Confederate Army, and where the younger men had all their lives long drunk in the endless tales told by their elders, at home, and at the cross-roads taverns, and in the court-house squares, about the cavalry of Forrest and Morgan and the infantry of Jackson and Hood. The blood of the old men stirred to the distant breath of battle; the blood of the young men leaped hot with eager desire to accompany us. The older women, who remembered the dreadful misery of war—the misery that presses its iron weight most heavily on the wives and the little ones—looked sadly at us; but the young girls drove down in bevies, arrayed in their finery, to wave flags in farewell to the troopers and to beg cartridges and buttons as mementos. Everywhere we saw the Stars and Stripes, and everywhere we were told, half-laughing, by grizzled ex-Confederates that they had never dreamed in the by-gone days of bitterness to greet the old flag as they now were greeting it, and to send their sons, as now they were sending them, to fight and die under it.

It was four days later that we disembarked, in a perfect welter of confusion.



Major Brodie. Major-General Wheeler. Colonel Wood.

Tampa lay in the pine-covered sand-flats at the end of a one-track railroad, and everything connected with both military and railroad matters was in an almost inextricable tangle. There was no one to meet us or to tell us where we were to camp, and no one to issue us food for the first twenty-four hours; while the railroad people unloaded us wherever they pleased, or rather wherever the jam of all kinds of trains rendered it possible. We had to buy the men food out of our own pockets, and to seize wagons in order to get

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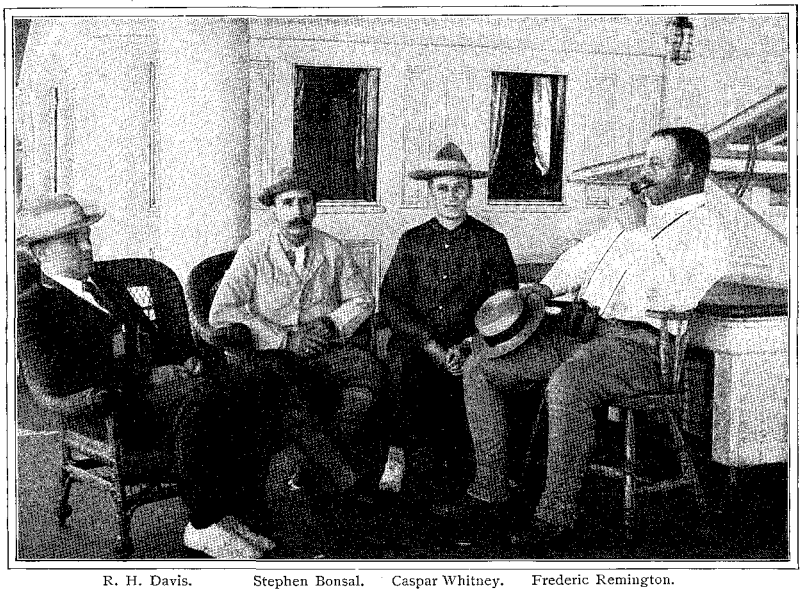
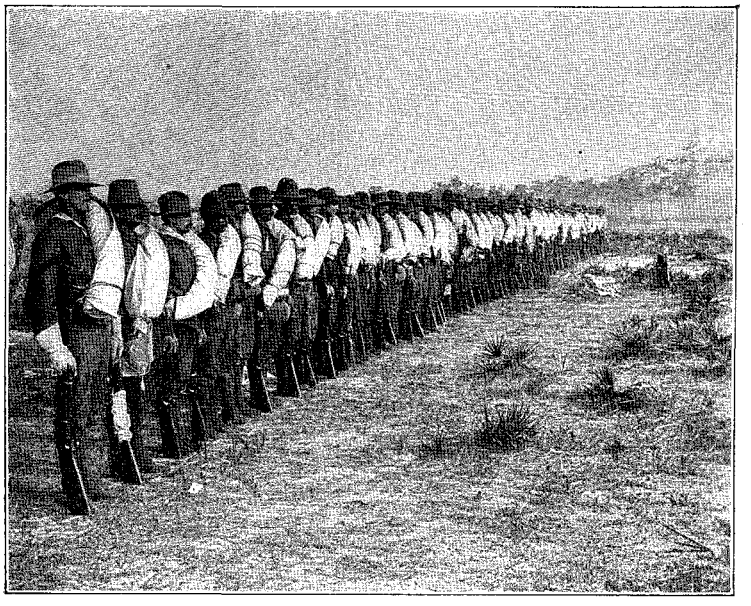


R. H. Davis. Stephen Bonsal. Caspar Whitney. Frederic Remington.

A Group of Correspondents on Board the Seguranca.

our spare baggage taken to the camping ground which we at last found had been allotted to us.

Once on the ground, we speedily got order out of confusion. Under Wood's eye the tents were put up in long streets, the picket-line of each troop stretching down its side of each street. The officers' quarters were at the upper ends of the streets, the company kitchens and sinks at the opposite ends. The camp was strictly policed, and drill promptly begun. For thirty-six hours we let the horses rest, drilling on foot, and then began the mounted drill again. The regiments with which we were afterward to serve were



Troop D Equipped for Cuba.

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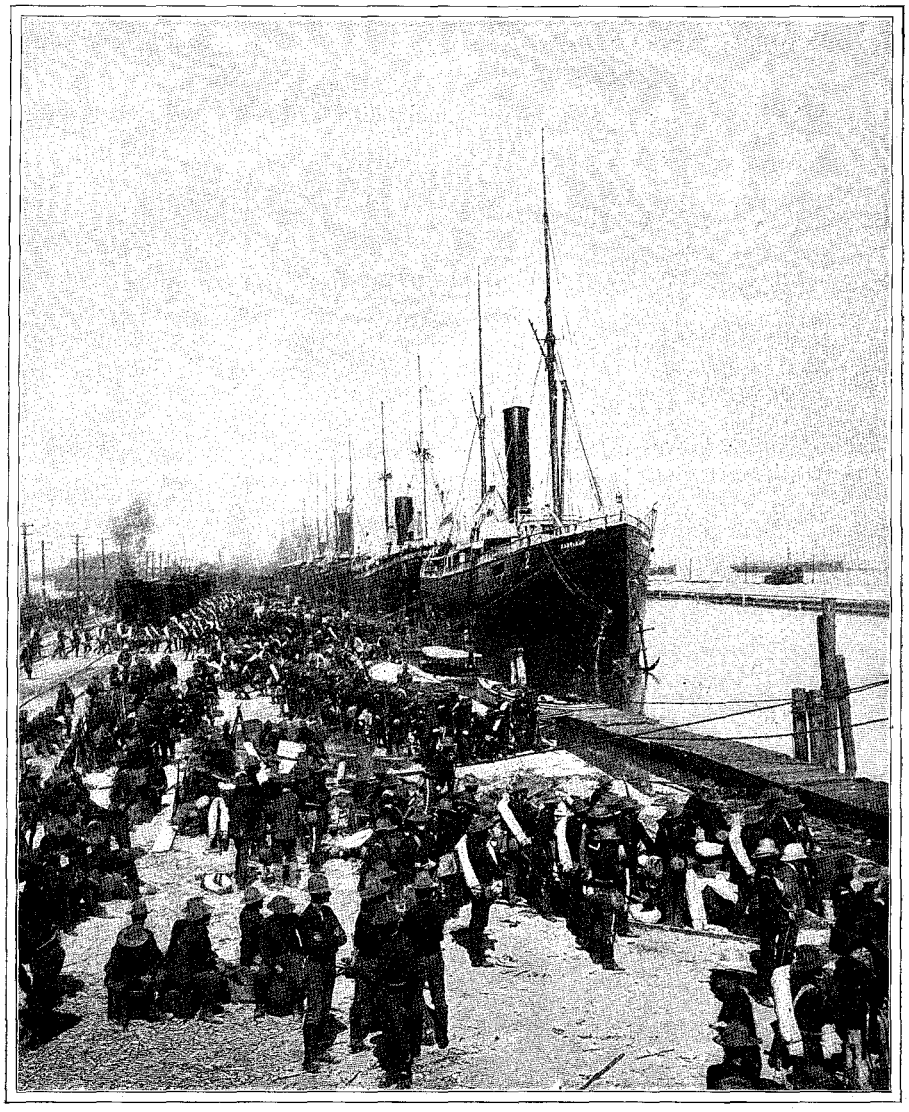
camped near us, and the sandy streets of the little town were thronged with soldiers, almost all of them regulars; for there were but one or two volunteer organizations besides ourselves. The regulars wore the canonical dark blue of Uncle Sam. Our own men were clad in dusty brown blouses, trousers and leggings being of the same hue, while the broad-brimmed soft hat was of dark gray; and very workmanlike they looked as, in column of fours, each troop trotted down its company street to form by squadron or battalion, the troopers sitting steadily in the saddles as they made their half-trained horses conform to the movement of the guidons.

Over in Tampa town the huge winter hotel was gay with general-officers and their staffs, with women in pretty dresses, with newspaper correspondents by the score, with military *attachés* of foreign powers, and with onlookers of all sorts; but we spent very little time there.

We worked with the utmost industry, special attention being given by each troop-commander to skirmish-drill in the



Scene on the Dock at Port Tampa on the Day of Sailing of the Transports.

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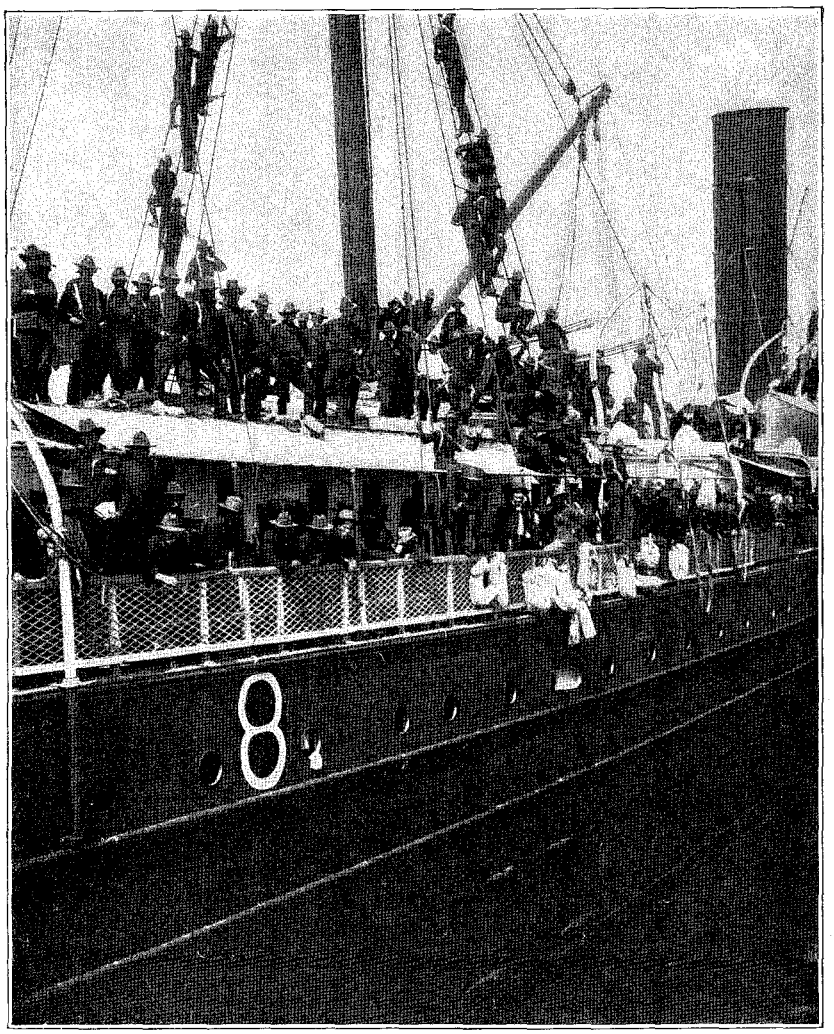

Transport No. 8—Yucatan, with Rough Riders on Board, off for Cuba.

woods. Once or twice we had mounted drill of the regiment as a whole. The military *attachés* came out to look on—English, German, Russian, French, and Japanese. With the Englishman, Captain Lee, a capital fellow, we soon struck up an especially close friendship; and we saw much of him throughout the campaign. So we did of several of the newspaper correspondents—Richard Harding Davis, John Fox, Jr., Caspar Whitney, and Frederic Remington. On Sunday Chaplain Brown, of Arizona, held service, as he did almost every Sunday during the campaign.

There were but four or five days at Tampa, however. We were notified that the expedition would start for destination unknown at once, and that we were to go with it; but that our horses were to be left behind, and only eight troops of seventy men each taken. Our sorrow at leaving the horses was entirely outweighed by our joy at going; but it was very hard indeed to select the four troops that were to stay, and the men who had to be left behind from each of the troops that went. Colonel Wood took Major Brodie and myself to command the two squadrons, being allowed only two squadron commanders. The men who were left behind felt the most bitter heartburn. To the great bulk of them I think it will be a life-long sor-

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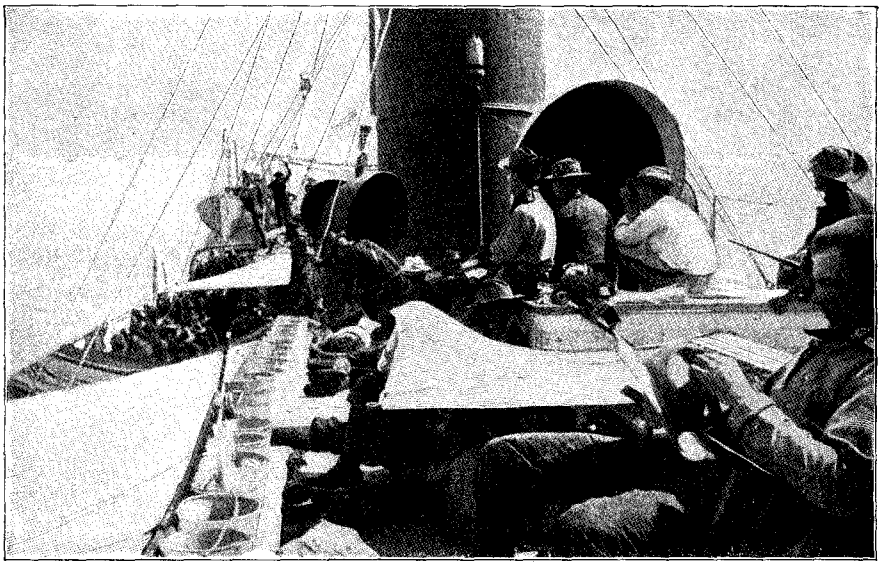

On the Upper Deck of the Yucatan, *en route* for Cuba.

row. I saw more than one, both among the officers and privates, burst into tears when he found he could not go. No outsider can appreciate the bitterness of the disappointment. Of course, really, those that stayed were entitled to precisely as much honor as those that went. Each man was doing his duty, and much the hardest and most disagreeable duty was to stay. Credit should go with the performance of duty, and not with what is very often the accident of glory. All this and much more we explained, but our explanations could not alter the fact that some had to be chosen and some had to be left. One of the Captains chosen was Captain Maximilian Luna, who commanded Troop F, from New Mexico. The Captain's people had been on the banks of the Rio Grande before my forefathers came to the mouth of the Hudson or Wood's landed at Plymouth ; and he made the plea that it was his right to go as a representative of his race, for he was the only man of pure Spanish blood who bore a commission in the army, and he demanded the privilege of proving that his people were precisely as loyal Americans as any others. I was glad when it was decided to take him.

It was the evening of June 7th when we suddenly received orders that the expedition was to start from Fort Tampa, nine miles distant by rail, at daybreak the following morning ; and that if we were not aboard our transport by that time we could not go. We had no intention of getting left, and prepared at once for the scramble which was evidently about to take place. As the number and capacity of the transports were known, or ought to have been known, and as the number and size of the regiments to go were also known, the task of allotting each regiment or fraction of a regiment to its proper transport, and arranging that the regiments and the transports should meet in due order on the dock, ought not to have been difficult. However, no arrangements were made in advance ; and we were allowed to shove and hustle for ourselves as best we could, on much the same principles that had governed our preparations hitherto.

We were ordered to be at a certain track with all our baggage at midnight, there to take a train for Port Tampa. At the appointed time we turned up, but the train did not. The men slept heavily, while Wood and I and various other officers wandered about in search of information which no one could give. We now and then came across a Brigadier-General, or even a Major-General; but nobody knew anything. Some regiments got aboard the trains and some did not, but as none of the trains started this made little difference.

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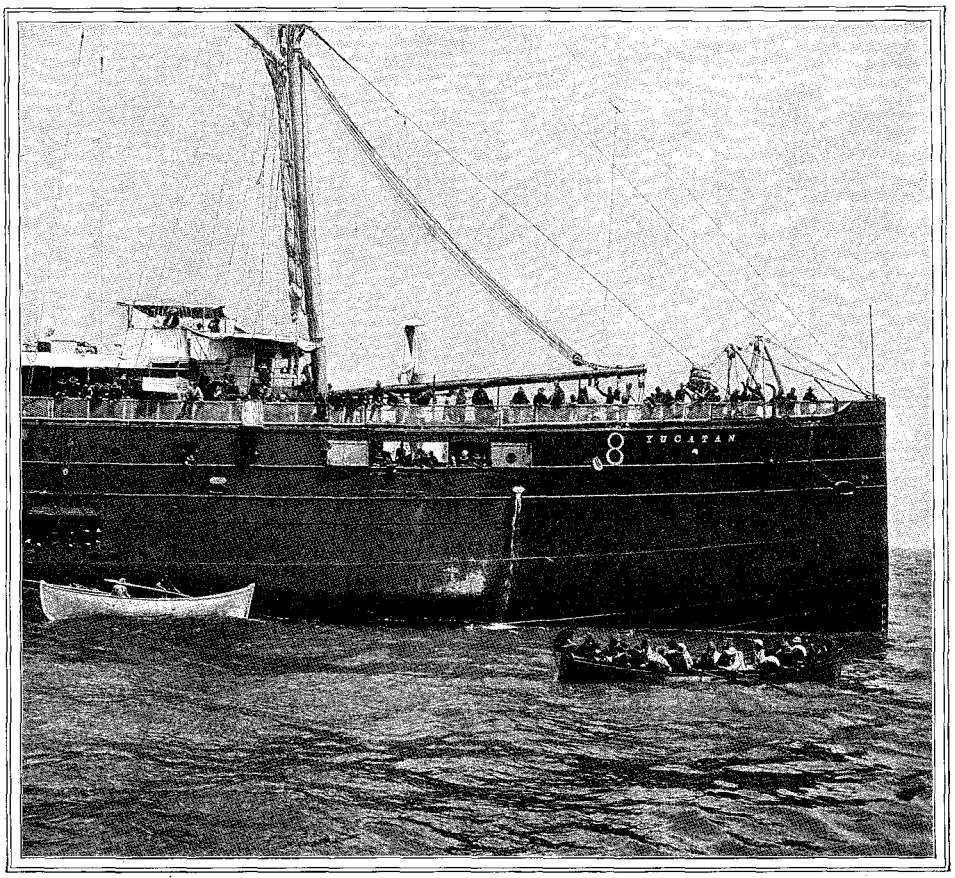
At three o'clock were received orders to march over to an entirely different track, and away we went. No train appeared on this track either; but at six o'clock some coal cars came by, and these we seized. By various arguments we persuaded the engineer in charge of the train to back us down the nine miles to Port Tampa, where we arrived covered with coal-dust, but with all our belongings.

to get a transport at all. From the highest General down, nobody could tell us where to go to find out what transport we were to have. At last we were informed that we were to hunt up the depot quartermaster, Colonel Humphrey. We found his office, where his assistant informed us that he didn't know where the Colonel was, but believed him to be asleep upon one of the transports. This seemed odd



Disembarkation of the Rough Riders at Daiquiri.

The railway tracks ran out on the quay, and the transports, which had been anchored in midstream, were gradually being brought up alongside the quay and loaded. The trains were unloading wherever they happened to be, no attention whatever being paid to the possible position of the transport on which the soldiers were to go. Colonel Wood and I jumped off and started on a hunt, which soon convinced us that we had our work cut out if we were

at such a time; but so many of the methods in vogue were odd, that we were quite prepared to accept it as a fact. However, it proved not to be such; but for an hour Colonel Humphrey might just as well have been asleep, as nobody knew where he was and nobody could find him, and the quay was crammed with some ten thousand men, most of whom were working at cross purposes.

At last, however, after over an hour's

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industrious and rapid search through this swarming ant-heap of humanity, Wood and I, who had separated, found Colonel Humphrey at nearly the same time and were allotted a transport—the Yucutan. She was out in midstream, so Wood seized a stray launch and boarded her. At the same time I happened to find out that she had previously been allotted to two other regiments—the Second Regular Infantry and the Seventy-first New York Volunteers, which latter regiment alone contained more men than could be put aboard her. Accordingly, I ran at full speed to our train; and leaving a strong guard with the baggage, I double-quicked the rest of the regiment up to the boat, just in time to board her as she came into the quay, and then to hold her against the Second Regulars and the Seventy-first, who had arrived a little too late, being a shade less ready than we were in the matter of individual initiative. There was a good deal of expostulation, but we had possession; and as the ship could not contain half of the men who had been told to go aboard her, the Seventy-first went away, as did all but four companies of the Second. These latter we took aboard. Meanwhile a General had caused our train to be unloaded at the end of the quay farthest from where the ship was; and the hungry, tired men spent most of the day in the labor of bringing down their baggage and the food and ammunition.

The officers' horses were on another boat, my own being accompanied by my colored body-servant, Marshall, the most faithful and loyal of men, himself an old soldier of the Ninth Cavalry. Marshall had been in Indian campaigns, and he christened my larger horse "Rain-in-the-Face," while the other, a pony, went by the name of "Texas."

The Dock at Daiquiri where the Troops Landed.

By the time that night fell, and our transport pulled off and anchored in midstream, we felt we had spent thirty-six tolerably active hours. The transport was overloaded, the men being packed like sardines, not only below but upon the decks; so that at night it was only possible to walk about by continually stepping over the bodies of the sleepers. The travel rations which had been issued to the men for the voyage were not sufficient, because the meat was very bad indeed;

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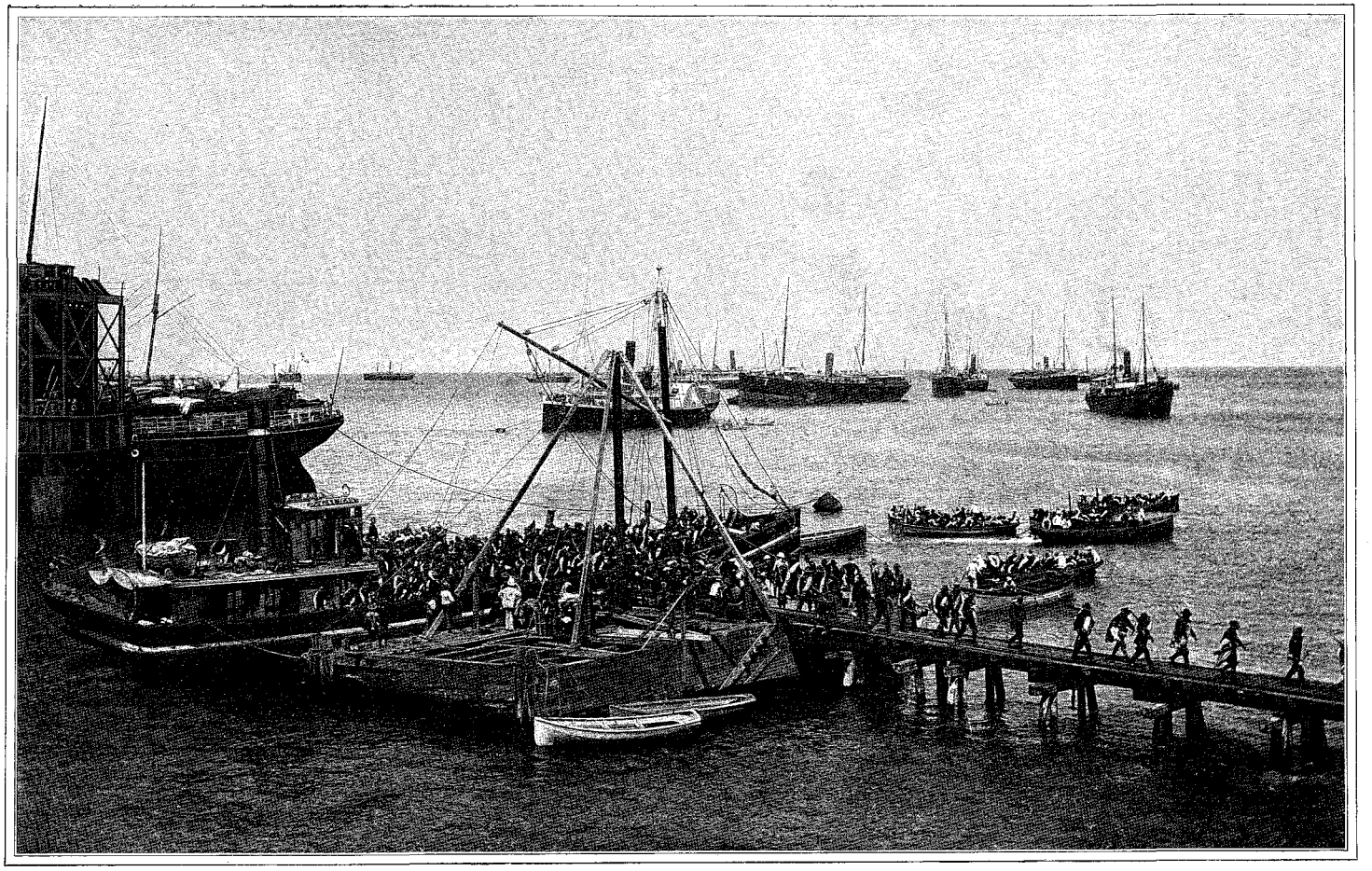

General View of the Landing at Daiquiri—Transports in the Offing.

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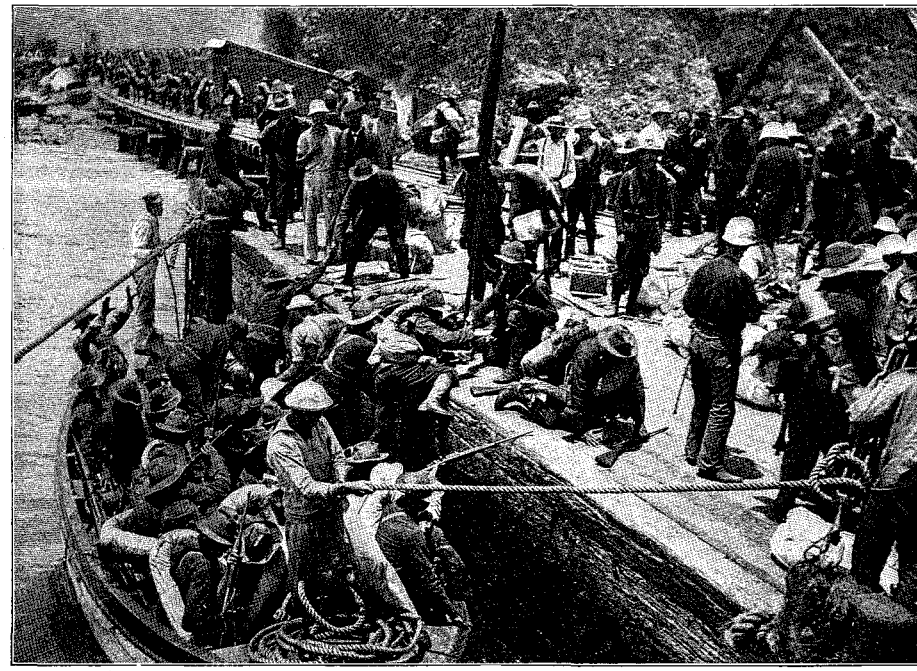

Another View of the Landing.

and when a ration consists of only four or five items, which taken together just meet the requirements of a strong and healthy man, the loss of one item is a serious thing. If we had been given canned corn-beef we would have been all right, but instead of this the soldiers were issued horrible stuff called "canned fresh beef." There was no salt in it. At the best it was stringy and tasteless; at the worst it was nauseating. Not one-fourth of it was ever eaten at all, even when the men became very hungry. There were no facilities for the men to cook anything. There was no ice for them; the water was not good; and they had no fresh meat or fresh vegetables.

However, all these things seemed of small importance compared with the fact that we were really embarked, and were with the first expedition to leave our shores. But by next morning came the news that the order to sail had been countermanded, and that we were to stay where we were for the time being. What this meant none of us could understand. It turned out later to be due to the blunder of a naval officer who mistook some of our vessels for Spaniards, and by his report caused consternation in Washington, until by vigorous scouting on the part of our other ships the illusion was dispelled.

Meanwhile the troop-ships, packed tight with their living freight, sweltered in the burning heat of Tampa Harbor. There was nothing whatever for the men to do, space being too cramped for amusement or for more drill than was implied in the manual of arms. In this we drilled them assiduously, and we also continued to hold school for both the officers and the non-commissioned officers. Each troop commander was regarded as responsible for his own non-commissioned officers, and Wood or myself simply dropped in to superintend, just as we did with the manual at arms. In the officers' school Captain Capron was the special instructor, and a most admirable one he was.

The heat, the steaming discomfort, and the confinement, together with the forced inaction, were very irksome; but everyone made the best of it, and there was little or no grumbling even among the men. All, from the highest to the lowest, were bent upon perfecting themselves according to their slender opportunities. Every book of tactics in the regiment was in use from

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morning until night, and the officers and non-commissioned officers were always studying the problems presented at the schools. About the only amusement was bathing over the side, in which we indulged both in the morning and evening. Many of the men from the Far West had never seen the ocean. One of them who knew how to swim was much interested in finding that the ocean water was not drinkable. Another, who had never in his life before seen any water more extensive than the head-stream of the Rio Grande, met with an accident later in the voyage; that is, his hat blew away while we were in mid-ocean, and I heard him explaining the accident to a friend in the following words: "Oh-o-h Jim! Ma hat blew into the creek!" So we lay for nearly a week, the vessels swinging around on their anchor chains, while the hot water of the bay flowed to and fro around them and the sun burned overhead.

At last, on the evening of June 13th, we received the welcome order to start. Ship after ship weighed anchor and went slowly ahead under half-steam for the distant mouth of the harbor, the bands playing, the flags flying, the rigging black with the clustered soldiers, cheering and shouting to those left behind on the quay and to their fellows on the other ships. The channel was very tortuous; and we anchored before we had gone far down it, after coming within an ace of a bad collision with another transport. The next morning we were all again under way, and in the afternoon the great fleet steamed southwest until Tampa Light sank in the distance.

For the next six days we sailed steadily southward and westward through the wonderful sapphire seas of the West Indies. The thirty odd transports moved in long, parallel lines, while ahead and behind and on their flanks the gray hulls of the war-ships surged through the blue water. We had every variety of craft to guard us, from the mighty battle-ship and swift cruiser to the converted yachts and the frail, venomous-looking torpedo-boats. The war-ships watched with ceaseless vigilance by day and night. When a sail of any kind appeared, instantly one of our guardians steamed toward it. Ordinarily, the torpedo-boats were towed. Once a strange ship steamed up too close, and instantly the nearest torpedo-boat was slipped like a greyhound from the leash, and sped across the water toward it; but the stranger proved harmless, and the swift, delicate, death-fraught craft returned again.

It was very pleasant, sailing southward through the tropic seas toward the unknown. We knew not whither we were bound, nor what we were to do; but we believed that the nearing future held for us many chances of death and hardship, of honor and renown. If we failed, we would share the fate of all who fail; but we were sure that we would win, that we should score the first great triumph in a mighty world-movement. At night we looked at the new stars, and hailed the Southern Cross when at last we raised it above the horizon. In the daytime we drilled, and in the evening we held officers' school; but there was much time when we had little to do, save to scan the wonderful blue sea and watch the flying-fish. Toward evening, when the officers clustered together on the forward bridge, the band of the Second Infantry played tune after tune, until on our quarter the glorious sun sunk in the red west, and, one by one, the lights blazed out on troop-ship and war-ship for miles ahead and astern, as they steamed onward through the brilliant tropic night.

The men on the ship were young and strong, eager to face what lay hidden before them, eager for adventure where risk was the price of gain. Sometimes they talked of what they might do in the future, and wondered whether we were to attack Santiago or Porto Rico. At other times, as they lounged in groups, they told stories of their past—stories of the mining camps and the cattle ranges, of hunting bear and deer, of war-trails against the Indians, of lawless deeds of violence and the lawful violence by which they were avenged, of brawls in saloons, of shrewd deals in cattle and sheep, of successful quests for the precious metals; stories of brutal wrong and brutal appetite, melancholy love-tales, and memories of nameless heroes—masters of men and tamers of horses.

The officers, too, had many strange experiences to relate; none, not even Llewellyn or O'Neill, had been through what was

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better worth telling, or could tell it better, than Capron. He had spent years among the Apaches, the wildest and fiercest of tribes, and again and again had owed his life to his own cool judgment and extraordinary personal prowess. He knew the sign language, familiar to all the Indians of the mountains and the plains; and it was curious to find that the signs for different animals, for water, for sleep and death, which he knew from holding intercourse with the tribes of the Southeast, were exactly like those which I had picked up on my occasional hunting or trading trips among the Sioux and Mandans of the North. He was a great rifle shot and wolf hunter, and had many tales to tell of the deeds of gallant hounds and the feats of famous horses. He had handled his Indian scouts and dealt with the "bronco" Indians, the renegades from the tribes, in circumstances of extreme peril; for he had seen the sullen, moody Apaches when they suddenly went crazy with wolfish blood-lust, and in their madness wished to kill whomever was nearest. He knew, so far as white man could know, their ways of thought, and how to humor and divert them when on the brink of some dangerous outbreak. Capron's training and temper fitted him to do great work in war; and he looked forward with eager confidence to what the future held, for he was sure that for him it held either triumph or death. Death was the prize he drew.

Most of the men had simple souls. They could relate facts, but they said very little about what they dimly felt. Bucky O'Neill, however, the iron-nerved, iron-willed fighter from Arizona, the Sheriff whose name was a by-word of terror to every wrong-doer, white or red, the gambler who with unmoved face would stake and lose every dollar he had in the world—he, alone among his comrades, was a visionary, an articulate emotionalist. He was very quiet about it, never talking unless he was sure of his listener; but at night, when we leaned on the railing to look at the Southern Cross, he was less apt to tell tales of his hard and stormy past than he was to speak of the mysteries which lie behind courage, and fear, and love, behind animal hatred, and animal lust for the pleasures that have tangible shape. He had keenly enjoyed life, and he could breast its turbulent torrent as few men could; he was a practical man who knew how to wrest personal success from adverse forces, among money-makers, politicians, and desperadoes alike; yet, down at bottom, what seemed to interest him most was the philosophy of life itself, of our understanding of it, and of the limitations set to that understanding. But he was as far as possible from being a mere dreamer of dreams. A stanchly loyal and generous friend, he was also exceedingly ambitious on his own account. If, by risking his life, no matter how great the risk, he could gain high military distinction, he was bent on gaining it. He had taken so many chances when death lay on the hazard, that he felt the odds were now against him; but, said he, "Who would not risk his life for a star?" Had he lived, and had the war lasted, he would surely have won the eagle, if not the star.

We had a good deal of trouble with the transports, chiefly because they were not under the control of the navy. One of them was towing a schooner, and another a scow; both, of course, kept lagging behind. Finally, when we had gone nearly the length of Cuba, the transport with the schooner sagged very far behind, and then our wretched transport was directed by General Shafter to fall out of line and keep her company. Of course, we executed the order, greatly to the wrath of Captain Clover, who, in the gunboat Bancroft, had charge of the rear of the column—for we could be of no earthly use to the other transport, and by our presence simply added just so much to Captain Clover's anxiety, as he had two transports to protect instead of one. Next morning the rest of the convoy were out of sight, but we reached them just as they finally turned.

Until this we had steamed with the trade-wind blowing steadily in our faces; but once we were well to eastward of Cuba, we ran southwest with the wind behind on our quarter, and we all knew that our destination was Santiago. On the morning of the 20th we were close to the Cuban coast. High mountains rose almost from the water's edge, looking huge and barren across the sea. We sped onward past Guantanamo Bay, where we saw the little picket-ships of the fleet; and in the afternoon we sighted Santiago Harbor, with the great war-ships standing off

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and on in front of it, gray and sullen in their war-paint.

All next day we rolled and wallowed in the seaway, waiting until a decision was reached as to where we should land. On the morning of June 22d the welcome order for landing came.

We did the landing as we had done everything else—that is, in a scramble, each commander shifting for himself. The port at which we landed was called Daiquiri, a squalid little village where there had been a railway and iron-works. There were no facilities for landing, and the fleet did not have a quarter the number of boats it should have had for the purpose. All we could do was to stand in with the transports as close as possible, and then row ashore in our own few boats and the boats of the war-ships. Luck favored our regiment. My former naval aid, while I was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Lieutenant Sharp, was in command of the Vixen, a converted yacht; and everything being managed on the go-as-you-please principle, he steamed by us and offered to help put us ashore. Of course, we jumped at the chance. Wood and I boarded the Vixen, and there we got Lieutenant Sharp's black Cuban pilot, who told us he could take our transport right in to within a few hundred yards of the land. Accordingly, we put him aboard; and in he brought her, gaining at least a mile and a half by the manœuvre. The other transports followed; but we had our berth, and were all right.

There was plenty of excitement to the landing. In the first place, the smaller war-vessels shelled Daiquiri, so as to dislodge any Spaniards who might be lurking in the neighborhood, and also shelled other places along the coast, to keep the enemy puzzled as to our intentions. Then the surf was high, and the landing difficult; so that the task of getting the men, the ammunition, and provisions ashore was not easy. Each man carried three days' field rations and a hundred rounds of ammunition. Our regiment had accumulated two rapid-fire Colt automatic guns, the gift of Stevens, Kane, Tiffany, and one or two others of the New York men, and also a dynamite gun, under the immediate charge of Sergeant Borrowe. To get these, and especially the last, ashore, involved no little work and hazard. Meanwhile, from another transport, our horses were being landed, together with the mules, by the simple process of throwing them overboard and letting them swim ashore, if they could. Both of Wood's got safely through. One of mine was drowned. The other, little Texas, got ashore all right. While I was superintending the landing at the ruined dock, with Bucky O'Neill, a boatful of colored infantry soldiers capsized, and two of the men went to the bottom; Bucky O'Neill plunging in, in full uniform, to save them, but in vain.

However, by the late afternoon we had all our men, with what ammunition and provisions they could themselves carry, landed, and were ready for anything that might turn up.

(To be continued.)

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FOUR NATIONAL CONVENTIONS

By George F. Hoar

Senator from Massachusetts

ILLUSTRATED WITH CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS

IT has been my fortune to be a delegate from Massachusetts in four National Conventions for the nomination of President and Vice-President—those of 1876, 1880, 1884, and 1888. In the first I was a delegate from the Worcester district, which I then represented in Congress. In the other three I was at the head of the delegation at large. I presided over that of 1880.

The history of these conventions is of great interest. It shows the rudeness of the mechanism by which the Chief Executive of this country is selected, and what apparently slight and trivial matters frequently determine the choice. As is well known, the framers of the Constitution, after considering very seriously the question of entrusting the power of choosing the President to the Senate, determined to commit that function to electoral colleges, chosen in the several States in such manner as their legislatures should determine, all the electors to give their votes on the same day. It is generally stated that the President and Vice-President cannot be from the same State. That is not true. The Constitutional provision is that electors in their respective States shall vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves.

It was intended that the choice of the President should not be a direct act of the people. It was to be committed to the discretion of men selected for patriotism, wisdom, and sobriety, and removed as far as might be from all the excitements of popular passion.

The Constitution further provides that no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector. It was undoubtedly the chief object of this last provision to prevent the perpetuation of power in the same hands, or under the same influences, by removing the choice of President wholly from the control of persons wielding National authority. This purpose has been in a considerable measure defeated. The elector, in practice, is a mere agent or scribe. He records and executes the will of the nominating convention of the party to which he belongs, in which the real power of selection is in fact lodged. In these conventions members of Congress, and holders of National office, take frequently an active and influential share. It is remarkable, however, how often the nominating conventions have discarded the candidates who were favored by the holders of executive office in the two Houses of Congress. And where such candidates have been nominated by the convention of either party, they have often been defeated at the polls. General Harrison, in 1840, was nominated instead of Webster or Clay, who were the leaders of the Whig party, and doubtless the favorites at Washington. In 1844, when Mr. Clay received the Whig nomination, he was defeated by Mr. Polk, who had, I suppose, hardly been heard of as a candidate in political circles at the Capital. In 1848 the popular feeling again compelled the nomination of a candidate, General Taylor, over the favorite leaders at the Capital. In 1852 Fillmore and Webster were both rejected by the Whigs for General Scott, and General Pierce was summoned from private life for the Democratic nomination. In 1860 Seward was rejected for Lincoln. And in 1876 Hayes, whose National service had consisted of but one term in the House of Representatives, was chosen as the result of a contest in which Blaine, Conkling, and Bristow, distinguished National statesmen, were the defeated competitors. So, in 1880, Garfield, who had not been much thought of in official circles, was selected as the result of the mighty struggle in which Grant and

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Blaine were the principal champions, and in which Edmunds and Sherman, who had long been prominent in National circles, were also candidates.

Republican National Conventions since the War of the Rebellion, have been embarrassed by another influence, which I hope will disappear. In many of the Southern States the Democratic Party consists almost entirely of whites who have possessed themselves of the forces of government by criminal processes, which have been a reproach not only to this country but to civilization itself. The Republicans, however numerous, and although having a majority of lawful voters in most of these States, have been excluded wholly from political power. They have however, of course, had their full proportionate representation in the National Conventions of the Republican Party. Their delegates have too often been persons who had no hope for political advancement in their own States, and without the ambition to commend themselves to the public favor by honorable public service, of which that hope is the parent. They have been, therefore, frequently either National office-holders who may reasonably be supposed to be under the influence of the existing Administration, or likely to be governed by a hope of receiving a National office as a reward for their action in the convention; or persons who can be influenced in their actions by money. This Southern contingent has been in several of our National Conventions an uncertain and an untrustworthy force.

The Republican nominating convention of 1876 was held at Cincinnati on June 14th. The delegates from Massachusetts were:

At Large.—E. R. Hoar, Richard H. Dana, Jr., Paul A. Chadbourne, John M. Forbes.

From Districts.—William T. Davis, Robert T. Davis, John E. Sanford, Edward L. Pierce, Henry D. Hyde, J. Felt Osgood, Alpheus Hardy, C. R. McLean, James M. Shute, James F. Dwinal, George B. Loring, Henry Carter, William A. Russell, C. H. Waters, James Freeman Clarke, James Russell Lowell, A. J. Bartholomew, George F. Hoar, James F. Moore, William Whiting, Edward Learned, S. R. Phillips.

The struggle for the nomination equalled in bitterness and in importance many of the contests between different political parties that had preceded it. While the great majority of the Republicans retained confidence in the personal integrity and patriotism of President Grant, it had become painfully manifest that he was often an easy victim to the influence of unscrupulous and designing men. Indeed, it almost seemed that a charge of dishonesty against any public man attached the President to him the more closely. He had been himself reviled and slandered by his political opponents with a bitterness born of the passions of the war, which had not yet subsided. It seemed as if he thought when the public indignation was aroused by any act of baseness or dishonesty—"They are attacking this man as they attack me. I must stand by him." So, while Grant never lost his hold upon the heart of the Northern people wherever there was a contest in any State for political supremacy, the least worthy faction frequently got his ear and his confidence. He never wavered in his attachment to the doctrines of his party—protection, sound principles of finance and currency, honesty in elections. But the old political leaders, whom the people most trusted, were more and more strangers to his presence, and ambitious and designing men—the Conklings, and Butlers, and Carpenters, adventurers who had gone South to make fortunes by holding office, men interested in jobs and contracts, thronged the ante-chambers of the White House. The political scandals, always likely to follow a great war, seemed to be increasing rather than diminishing during his second term of office. I had occasion myself at the close of an argument before the Senate, on the question of the jurisdiction in the trial of the impeachment of General Belknap for taking bribes for the appointment of post-traders, to enumerate a few of the public scandals then recent, as follows:

"My own public life has been a very brief and insignificant one, extending little beyond the duration of a single term of senatorial office. But in that brief period I have seen five judges of a high court of the United States driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption or maladministration. I have heard the taunt,

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from friendliest lips, that when the United States presented herself in the East to take part with the civilized world in generous competition in the arts of life, the only product of her institutions in which she surpassed all others beyond question was her corruption. I have seen in the State in the Union foremost in power and wealth four judges of her courts impeached for corruption, and the political administration of her chief city become a disgrace and a by-word throughout the world. I have seen the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House, now a distinguished member of this court, rise in his place and demand the expulsion of four of his associates for making sale of their official privilege of selecting the youths to be educated at our great military school. When the greatest railroad of the world, binding together the continent and uniting the two great seas which wash our shores, was finished, I have seen our national triumph and exultation turned to bitterness and shame by the unanimous reports of three committees of Congress —two of the House and one here—that every step of that mighty enterprise had been taken in fraud. I have heard in highest places the shameless doctrine avowed by men grown old in public office that the true way by which power should be gained in the Republic is to bribe the people with the offices created for their service, and the true end for which it should be used when gained is the promotion of selfish ambition and the gratification of personal revenge. I have heard that suspicion haunts the footsteps of the trusted companions of the President."

I never thought that the proper way to put an end to this state of things was to abandon what I deem sound political principles, or to abandon the party that was formed to establish them. I should as soon have thought of turning Tory because of like complaints in the Revolutionary war, or of asking George III. to take us into favor again because of like scandals which existed during the administration of Washington and John Adams. But I thought, in common with many others, that a party of sound principles could be made and should be made a party of pure politics.

The two divisions in the Republican Party, which I have indicated, marshalled their forces for the struggle in the convention of 1876. The friends of Mr. Blaine were generally those Republicans who had been dissatisfied with the conduct of the Administration. They embraced, also, the larger number of the enthusiastic young Republicans, who were attracted by Blaine's brilliant qualities, as were those who had come in contact with him by the marvellous personal charm of his delightful and gracious manners. Roscoe Conkling was regarded as the leader of the other party. The House of Representatives, by an almost unanimous vote, had adopted the resolution declaring that it was contrary to sound principle to elect a President for a third term. So that General Grant himself was not a candidate.

But as the time for the convention drew near, there had been an investigation in the House of Representatives into the affairs of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, which had resulted in some uncomfortable revelations with reference to Mr. Blaine. He was charged with having acquired stocks in railroads which were to be affected by national legislation, either without consideration or for a consideration far below their true value, and of having eagerly sought to acquire other similar stocks, the real consideration which he paid, or expected to pay, being the use of his official influence in behalf of these corporations. This investigation, ordered by the Democratic House of Representatives, was conducted by a majority of the committee charged with it, in a spirit of bitter hostility. The investigation was still in progress when the Republican Convention met. The facts, which were distorted and discolored in public report, impressed many excellent persons unfavorably to Mr. Blaine, and a few with a belief of his guilt. They were used dexterously by his political opponents and by his rivals in his own party, and by some conspicuous persons who had, or thought they had, personal grievances against him, to excite the public mind. On the other hand, as is natural in such cases, the great body of Mr. Blaine's friends clung all the closer to him from a belief that he was the object of unjust and malignant slander.

I was myself a member of the Judiciary

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Committee of the House, to whom the investigation was committed. The witnesses were examined by a sub-committee. But they were almost daily compelled to report the questions which arose for decision, to the full committee, and the evidence taken by them was at once printed. I was present at the examination of most of the witnesses, so I was very familiar with the case as it went in. I expected to be charged with the duty of preparing a minority report in case, as was almost certain to happen, the committee found the charges sustained. I had no reason, so far as I then knew, or now know, to be prejudiced or biased in the matter. Mr. Blaine had treated me with courtesy during my service in the House, as he did everybody. He had, as Speaker, never assigned to me any place on committees which was specially agreeable to me, and had put persons, whom I thought less entitled to such distinction, into the chairmanships of the committees of which I was a member. But he was undoubtedly embarrassed in this matter by the large number of Representatives from Massachusetts who had been long in the service. So I had no just cause either for gratitude or for complaint. But I had expected, if he were nominated, although these charges had been made public, to give him my zealous and earnest support as a candidate for the Presidency.

I had, as I have said, occasion to possess myself thoroughly of the evidence against Mr. Blaine when it was produced. I reviewed it carefully during the campaign which preceded the election of 1884. I have reconsidered it again more lately. I did not think at the time, and have never thought since, that Mr. Blaine was guilty either of actual corruption or of a willingness to be corrupted. I do not think he ever sold his official influence, or was willing to sell his official influence, or ever received or desired to receive any compensation for any exercise of his official influence, or his official power. I think the spirit and manner in which the charges against him were pressed and argued before the people, scarcely, if at all, less disgraceful than would have been Mr. Blaine's own conduct if the charges had been true. He was pursued wickedly, malignantly, and revengefully. Some of the men who were most prominent in his condemnation in 1884, declared under great responsibility their high estimate of him in 1876, when all the incriminating matters were well known to them. And others, with a like knowledge were eager for his nomination in 1880, when they were desirous of defeating the renomination of Grant. At the same time I thought then, and think now, that it was wrong, unbecoming, and in bad taste for a man in public life, and especially for the Speaker of the National House of Representatives, to be engaged in speculation or business transactions like those in which Mr. Blaine took part. Speculating in stocks, especially in those which may be, or may be supposed to be, affected by national legislation, seems to me as much out of character for a member of either House of Congress as the ownership of a race-horse, or betting on a race is out of character for a minister of the Gospel.

And I did not think it, under the circumstances, wise to nominate Mr. Blaine, either in 1876 or later. I believed then, and now believe, that he would have been an admirable President of the United States. But I did not think it wise to put at the head of a movement for reform and for purity of administration, a man whose supporters must defend him against such charges, and who must admit that he had most unwisely of his own accord put himself into a position where such charges were not only possible, but plausible. But I was exceedingly anxious that a candidate should be found who would be not only agreeable to Mr. Blaine and his supporters, but whom, if possible, they should have a large influence in selecting.

Such a candidate, it was hoped, might be found in Mr. Bristow. He was a great favorite in his own State. He was a man of spotless integrity and great ability. He had been a Union soldier. He was from Kentucky, and his selection as a candidate would remove the charge of sectionalism from the Republican Party, and tend to give it strength with the white people in the South. He had made an admirable Attorney-General, and an admirable Secretary of the Treasury. He had been appointed to the Cabinet by Grant. He had not been long enough in public service to have encountered the enmities

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which almost always attach themselves to men long in office, and he represented no clique or faction. He was a man of clean hands and of pure heart. For a good while it seemed as if the rival aspirations of Blaine and Bristow, might exist without ill-feeling, so that when the time came, the supporters of either might easily give their support to the other, or agree without difficulty in the support of some third person. I gave a banquet at Wormley's in the spring of 1876, which I hoped might have some tendency toward this desired harmony. There were about forty guests. Mr. Blaine sat on my right hand as the guest of honor, and Mr. Bristow on the left. They talked together, as I sat between them, during the whole evening in the most friendly and delightful way, telling humorous anecdotes relating to their own campaigns, as pleasantly as if they had been describing the canvass of some third person whom they were both supporting. I do not believe there was at that time in the heart of either a tinge of anger against each other.

But as the contest went on, Mr. Blaine seems to have become possessed with a belief that the bitter public attacks upon him were instigated by Bristow. Some of the Kentucky newspapers had been specially bitter. The Republican Convention opened in Cincinnati, Wednesday, June 14th. The Sunday morning before, Mr. Blaine fell in a swoon on the steps of the church at the corner of G and Tenth Streets in Washington. He was carried to his house on Fifteenth Street. Bristow was in his office in the Treasury Department when a friend called upon him, and gave him the news of Blaine's attack, and said: "Would it not be well for you to go round and express your interest?" Bristow took his hat, and the two friends went together to Mr. Blaine's house.

An occurrence took place there which satisfied them both that the feeling against Bristow on the part of Mr. Blaine and his near friends was exceedingly strong and implacable. The story was immediately telegraphed in cipher to Mr. Bristow's principal manager at Cincinnati, from whom I had it a day or two before committing it to paper. The facts were communicated by him in confidence to members of the Kentucky delegation.

On the first six ballots the total number of votes cast was 754. Three hundred and seventy-eight were necessary for a choice. Mr. Blaine received votes varying from 285 on the first ballot, to 308 on the sixth. On all these ballots, but two, Bristow had the second largest number, ranging from 111 to 126. On the first and second ballot he was led by Morton, who had 124 and 120 votes, and was closely followed by Conkling, whose highest vote was 99. At the end of the sixth ballot, it had become manifest that the opponents of Blaine, if they expected to succeed, must unite on a candidate. A portion of the Pennsylvania delegation had already voted for Blaine, who was a native of that State. Others had been held in restraint from voting for him with difficulty, by the influence of Don Cameron, chairman of the delegation and a strong adherent of Grant. The New York Conkling men and the majority of the Pennsylvania delegation, led by Cameron, determined to cast their votes for Hayes, of Ohio, to prevent the nomination of Blaine. In doing that they were to unite with their most earnest antagonists and give their support to a candidate who probably sympathized with them less than any other on the list. It was manifest to the Kentucky delegation that they must make their choice between Blaine and Bristow, and that their choice would decide the nomination. They had a hurried consultation and determined to vote unanimously for Hayes. The going over of Kentucky to Hayes was followed by the other States that had opposed Blaine. Hayes had on the final ballot, 384 votes, Blaine 351, and there were 21 cast for Bristow, which had been cast by States standing earlier in alphabetical order on the roll, who had cast their votes before the stampede began. If Kentucky had cast her 24 votes for Blaine, he would have been nominated. I was told by the close friend of Bristow, of whom I have spoken, and I have no doubt he is right, that the Kentucky Republicans had felt very kindly toward Blaine, and their action was determined by the knowledge of the transaction I have just related, thinking that if this bitterness and anger and dislike of Mr. Bristow existed in the mind of Mr. Blaine, it was hardly worth while

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for Bristow's friends and supporters to clothe him with the Presidential office. If Bristow had not visited Blaine's house that Sunday morning, Blaine would, in my opinion, have been the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

What would have been the result if Mr. Blaine had been nominated in 1876, it is now idle to speculate. I am satisfied, in looking back, that I myself under-rated his strength as a candidate. But it seems likely that he would have had the votes of all the States which President Hayes received, and would have been stronger in New York.

Mr. Hayes came to the Presidency under circumstances of great difficulty and embarrassment. He was in my judgment one of the wisest, sincerest, and most honest and patriotic men who ever held the office. He had, on the whole, a very able Cabinet. Mr. Evarts was a very wise and able Secretary of State, far-sighted, courageous, and discreet. Wherever in after years any investigator into our history has occasion to study any diplomatic discussion in which Mr. Evarts took part, he will be impressed with the clearness of his vision, the strength of his argument, and the depth of his far-reaching wisdom.

Mr. Sherman's management of the finances was also marked by conspicuous ability. The great achievement of the resumption of specie payment took place in his time. He had a few years earlier bowed somewhat to the popular feeling in the West, and had favored the payment of the Government bonds in paper money. But he had got over that, and then and ever since has been as firm as a rock, and wise as a serpent on the side of keeping the public faith, and of an honest, prudent financial policy.

General Devens was an admirable Attorney-General. The beautiful tribute to his memory by the late Justice Bradley has, I think, no exaggeration in it.

Mr. Carl Schurz had great influence with the people of German birth, a gift of clear and powerful reasoning, a pure and attractive style of English speech. I suppose I could hardly be expected to do him full justice, if I were to undertake an estimate of the character of a man with whom I have of late years so sharply differed in opinion.

Mr. Key, a Southern Democrat, made a respectable and faithful Postmaster-General, and Mr. McCrary, an excellent and popular Secretary of War. The administration of neither of these two officials, however, was marked by any event of much importance.

But President Hayes's Administration was embarrassed by the disputes about his title. The House of Representatives was against him in the first Congress of his term, and in the second Congress the Senate and House were in the hands of political opponents. He also throughout the whole term had to encounter the hardly disguised hostility of nearly all the great leaders of his own party in both Houses of Congress. Conkling never spoke of him in public or private without a sneer. I suppose he did not visit the White House or any Department during President Hayes's term. Mr. Blaine was much disappointed by President Hayes's refusal to give Mr. Frye a place in the Cabinet, which he desired as a means of composing some incipient jealousies in Maine. Hamlin, who was a very influential Senator, was much disgusted by the President's inclination to reform the civil service. This feeling was largely shared by Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, an able and patriotic man, who ruled the Republican Party in that State with a despotic hand, and had as little respect for the doctrines of the civil service reformers as you might expect from one of his Highland ancestors who ruled over the Clan Cameron in the days of the Scotch Stuarts. Cameron had also a personal grievance, although I do not think that made any difference in his feeling. He had been proposed by the Pennsylvania delegation for the appointment to the English Mission. But the proposition had not been received with favor by President Hayes. Under these difficulties, it is greatly to his honor that so much of public good was accomplished in his time, and that he handed over the Republic to a Republican successor.

As the time approached for the Republican Convention of 1880, it had become clear that it would witness a mighty struggle. Conkling, Don Cameron, who had succeeded to his father's power in Pennsylvania, Logan, of Illinois, the most distinguished volunteer soldier of the war,

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and a great favorite with his old comrades, were the most conspicuous leaders of the party who desired to restore the old Grant regime. They were seconded by Howe, formerly Senator from Wisconsin and later Postmaster-General under President Arthur; Creswell, of Maryland, Postmaster-General in President Grant's first term; Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who had a very distinguished public career as Governor, member of the House of Representatives, Secretary of the Treasury, and Senator. They selected as their candidate their old chieftain, General Grant. He was strong not only in the powerful support of these great political leaders, but in the solid confidence of the business men of the country, in the attachment of the great Methodist denomination to which he belonged, in the love of the old soldiers, in the memory of his great public service, both in war and peace, and the general respect of the whole American people. Against this was the unwritten, but well understood, rule of action by which the people had been governed since the time of Washington, that no person should be elected to the office of President for more than two terms. Against him, also, was the feeling that his judgment, which had been sound and unerring in the selection of fit men for good military service, was very much at fault in choosing men in whom he should confide in civil affairs. There was a further feeling that the influence of unworthy politicians, which had been powerful with him in his second term, would be more powerful if he should go back to the Presidency with their aid.

Mr. Blaine's old popularity had been increased in the four years since his former defeat. Many people believed he had been not only unjustly but cruelly treated, and were eager to record their verdict of acquittal from the malignant charges which had been made against him since 1876. There was a third class, of whom I was one, who felt that it would be unwise to nominate either General Grant or Mr. Blaine. While they had a great respect for the character of Grant, they dreaded the influences which would be sure to surround him, if he should come to the Presidency again. While they had the kindliest feeling for Mr. Blaine and shared the public indignation at the character of the attacks of which he had been the victim, they did not like to have a candidate who would be so handicapped. Mr. Blaine's own imprudence had unquestionably given an opportunity and a plausibility to these slanders. They thought, also, that the nomination of either Grant or Blaine would create a feeling of anger and disappointment in the supporters of the defeated candidate, which would seriously endanger the election. They looked about, therefore, for a person who might not be obnoxious to either the Blaine men or the Grant men, and found such a person in Mr. Edmunds of Vermont. He was a man of ability and long public service. He was not a person calculated to inspire much popular enthusiasm, but answered very well as a standard-bearer although his supporters were ready to transfer their support to another candidate, other than Blaine or Grant, on whom a majority of the Convention should be brought to unite. Mr. Sherman had also a considerable body of supporters who respected him for his eminent talents and long and valuable services.

General Grant had a peculiarly strong hold on the Republicans of Massachusetts. They shared with all patriotic men throughout the country a profound gratitude for his illustrious military services. They had been impressed by a feeling of great respect for his personal qualities. The modesty which led him to refuse to enter Richmond in triumph at the close of the war; the simplicity of behavior; the magnanimity which led him to claim so little praise for himself and give so much of the credit to which he was entitled to Sheridan and Sherman, and others of his military associates; his incorruptible personal honesty; his soundness and firmness in dealing with all questions affecting the public credit, the integrity of the currency, and the rights of citizenship, had endeared him to the people of a Commonwealth which ever valued such traits in her public men. The Methodist denomination, always large in Massachusetts and powerful in her Republican councils, was proud that this famous statesman and warrior was of their fold. As the time for the convention approached, four ex-Governors, men of great personal influence, leaders in the Republican Party, yet of highly different character, who rep-

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resented very different shades of Republican opinion—Boutwell, Bullock, Claflin, and Rice—declared themselves in favor of nominating him again. Nothing could have prevented his carrying Massachusetts as by a great wave, but the fact that he had been, in his second term, subject to a most unworthy influence in the matter of appointments to public office. The whole National executive patronage in Massachusetts seemed given up to advancing the personal fortunes of General Butler. Brave soldiers, honored Republicans, were turned out of post-offices and custom-houses, and other high Federal offices, to be replaced by incompetent and dishonorable adventurers, odious in the neighborhoods from which they came, to please this ambitious and unscrupulous man. This excited a deep indignation which culminated when William A. Simmons was made Collector of Boston. Of Butler's particular lieutenants in different parts of the State, four were afterward sent to the State Prison. A fifth, after committing some noted forgeries, fled, a fugitive from justice, to a South American State with which we had no treaty for the extradition of criminals. Still another was afterward indicted, though he escaped the meshes of the law, as an accomplice in the destruction and plunder of the Maverick Bank. Still another fled from the State to avoid civil responsibility for a notorious fraud. No personal respect for General Grant could induce the Massachusetts Republicans to run the risk of having again a President who was subjected to personal influences like these. But for the appointment of Simmons as the principal Federal officer in Massachusetts, I think she would have supported Grant for a third term. The Edmunds movement would never have been made, and his nomination at Chicago would have been certain.

The State Convention passed resolutions in favor of Mr. Edmunds, and elected as Delegates-at-Large, George F. Hoar, Worcester; Charles R. Codman, Boston; John E. Sanford, Taunton; and Julius H. Seelye, Amherst.

The District Delegates were: Charles W. Clifford, New Bedford; Azariah Eldridge, Yarmouth; William C. Lovering, Taunton; F. A. Hobart, Braintree; Phineas Pierce, Boston; Choate Burnham, Boston; Eustice C. Fitz, Chelsea; J. Otis Weatherbee, Boston; H. Cabot Lodge, Nahant; Daniel Russell, Melrose; Dudley Porter, Haverhill; N. A. Horton, Salem; George S. Boutwell, Groton; George A. Marden, Lowell; R. M. Morse, Jr., Boston; George W. Johnson, Milford; W. S. B. Hopkins, Worcester; William Knowlton, Upton; Alpheus Hardy, Athol; Timothy Merrick, Holyoke; Wellington Smith, Lee; M. B. Whitney, Westfield.

Of these, three were in favor of Grant, namely: Boutwell, Eldridge, Marden; two were in favor of Sherman, and one for Washburn.

The others voted for Mr. Edmunds in the beginning, meaning to defeat both Grant and Blaine if they could, and were ready to agree on any man of respectable character and capacity by whom that defeat could be accomplished.

George F. Edmunds had a high reputation in the country as an able lawyer, and a faithful and independent Senator. He had unquestionably rendered great public service in the Senate. If elected, I believe he would have administered the Presidency on the principles which a large majority of the people of Massachusetts held. He was an excellent debater. He was very fond of criticising and objecting to what was proposed by other men. He seemed never so happy as when in opposition to the majority of his associates. But he possessed what persons of that temper commonly lack, great capacity for constructive statesmanship. Any measure of which he was the author would be likely to accomplish its purpose, and to stand fire.

David Davis, who was President pro tempore of the Senate, used to say he could always compel Edmunds to vote in the negative on a question, by putting the question in the old New England fashion, "Contrary-minded will say no," for Edmunds was always contrary-minded. I once told him, borrowing a saying of an Englishman, that if George Edmunds were the only man in the world, George would quarrel with Edmunds.

The morning after the Massachusetts Convention of 1880, when the convention passed resolutions, proposing Edmunds as a candidate for the Presidency, and plac-

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ing me first on the delegation at large, Edmunds came to me and said, I have no doubt with absolute sincerity: "I have seen the proceedings of your convention yesterday. If I know myself, I have no desire to be President of the United States. I do not think I am fit for it, and if I were, I should much prefer my present service as Senator. I would say so in a public letter, but I suppose the chances of my nomination are so slight that it might seem ridiculous to decline." I said, "But, Edmunds, just think of the fun you would have vetoing bills." He smiled, and his countenance beamed all over with satisfaction at the idea, and he replied, with great feeling: "Well, that would be good fun."

So while, as I have said, the Massachusetts delegates, most of them, supported Mr. Edmunds as a person likely to hold some votes until the opposition to Grant might be concentrated on some other candidate to be agreed on as the proceedings of the convention went on, and while I think he would have made an excellent President if he had been chosen, his candidacy was never a very strong one.

This convention was menaced by a very serious peril. A plan was devised which, if it had been successful would, in my judgment, have caused a rupture in the convention and the defeat of the Republican Party in the election. The chairman of the Republican National Committee was Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, then and for some years afterward a Senator of the United States from that State. He was an ardent supporter of President Grant and had been Secretary of War in his cabinet, as his father had been in the cabinet of President Lincoln. Like his father before him, he had ruled the Republican Party of Pennsylvania with a strong hand. He was not given to much speaking. He was an admirable executive officer, self-reliant, powerful, courageous, and enterprising, with little respect for the discontent of subordinates. He was supported by a majority of the delegates from Pennsylvania, although Blaine, who was a native of that State, had a large following there. The New York delegation was headed by Roscoe Conkling, who had great influence over Grant when he was President, and expected to retain that influence if he became President again. The Maryland delegation was headed by J. A. J. Creswell, who had been Postmaster-General throughout the whole of Grant's two administrations. On the Massachusetts delegation, as I have said, was Governor Boutwell, Grant's Secretary of the Treasury during nearly the whole of his first term. On the delegation from Illinois was John A. Logan, the most distinguished and popular of our volunteer soldiers. These men had a large following over the whole country. There were three hundred and eight persons in the convention who could be counted on to support Grant from beginning to end, and about a dozen more were exceedingly disposed to his candidacy. They had obtained instructions from the State Conventions of the three States, New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, and possibly one or two others, that I do not now remember, to the delegates from their States to vote as a unit for the candidate who should be agreed upon by the majority. Grant had a majority in each of these States. But there was a minority of 18 in Illinois, 26 in Pennsylvania, and 19 in New York, who were for other candidates than Grant. If their votes had been counted for him it would have given Grant on the first ballot 367 votes, 13 less than the number necessary for a choice. As his votes went up on one of the ballots to 313, it is pretty certain that counting these 63 votes for Grant would have insured his nomination. But there were several contests involving the title of their seats of 16 delegates from the State of Louisiana, 18 from Illinois, and three others. In regard to these cases the delegates voted in accordance with their preference for candidates. This was besides several other contests where the vote was not determined by that consideration. Now if the vote of Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New York had each been cast as a unit, in accordance with the preference of a majority of the delegation in each case, these 37 votes would have been added to Grant's column and subtracted from the forces of his various antagonists; and the 63 votes of the minority of the delegations in these three States would also have been added to the Grant column, which would have given him a total vote of more than 400, enough to secure his nomination. So the

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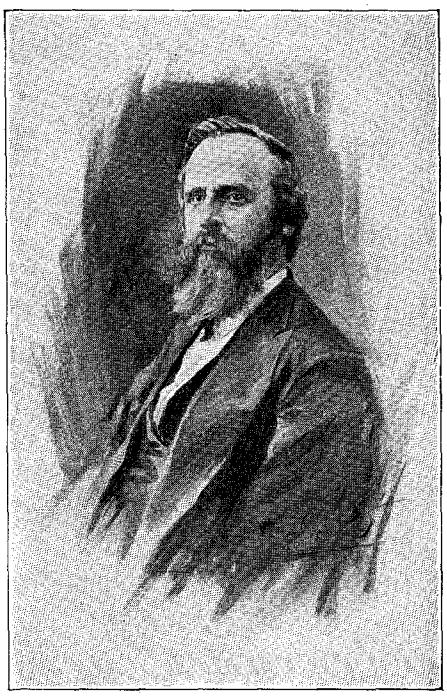
result of the convention was to be determined by the adoption or rejection of which was called the unit rule.

Don Cameron, the Chairman of the National Committee, left the Senate for Chicago about ten days, I think, before the day fixed for the meeting of the convention. It was whispered about before his departure that a scheme had been resolved upon by him and other Grant leaders, which would compel the adoption of the unit rule, whatever might be the desire of the convention itself. It was his duty, according to established custom, to call the convention to order and to receive nominations for temporary presiding officer. He was pledged, upon those nominations, as it was understood, to hold that the unit rule must be applied. In that way the sitting members from the disputed States and districts would be permitted to vote, and the vote of the three States would be cast without dissent for the Grant candidate. When the temporary President took his place he would rule in the same way on the question of the choice of a permanent President, and the permanent President would rule in the same way on the conflicting votes, for the appointment of committees, for determining the seats of delegates, and finally the nomination of the candidates for President and Vice-President. If the minority claimed the right to vote and took an appeal from his decision, he was to hold that on the vote on that appeal the same unit rule was to apply. If a second point of order were raised, he would hold, of course, that a second point of order could not be raised while the first was pending. So the way seemed clear to exclude the contesting delegates, to cast the votes of the three great States solid for Grant, and compel his nomination.



Rutherford B. Hayes.*

But the majority of the National Committee, of which Cameron was Chairman, was opposed to Grant. They met, I think, the day before the meeting of the convention to make preliminary arrangements. Mr. Cameron, the Chairman, was asked whether it was their purpose to carry out the scheme that I have indicated. He refused to answer. A motion was then made that the Chairman, after calling the convention to order, be instructed to receive the vote of the individual delegates without regard to the instruction of the majority of their delegation. Cameron refused to receive motions on that question, saying that it was a matter beyond the jurisdiction of the committee. A large part of the entire day was spent in various attempts to induce Cameron either to give a pledge or to permit a resolution to be entertained by the committee, instructing him as to his action. He was supported by Mr. Gorham, of California, who I believe was not a member of the committee, but was present either as Secretary or as *Amicus Civile*. He was an experienced parliamentarian, and for a long time had been Secretary of the Senate of the United States. The discussion for the majority was conducted largely by Mr. Chandler, of New Hampshire, afterward Secretary of the Navy, and now a Senator. After spending a large part of the day in that discussion, some time in the afternoon an intimation was made, informally, and in a rather veiled fashion, that, unless they had more satisfactory

* These portraits are as nearly as possible contemporary with the events described.

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pledges from Mr. Cameron, he would be removed from the office of Chairman, and a person who would carry out the wishes of the committee be substituted. The committee then adjourned till the next morning. Meantime the Grant managers applied to Colonel Strong, of Illinois, who had been already appointed by the committee Sergeant-at-Arms, and who was a supporter of Grant, to ascertain whether, if the committee were to remove Cameron and appoint another Chairman, he would recognize him as a person entitled to call the convention to order and preside until a temporary Chairman was chosen, and would execute his lawful orders, or whether he would treat them as without effect and would execute the orders of Cameron. He desired time for consideration, which was conceded. He consulted Senator Philetus Sawyer, of Wisconsin, who was himself in favor of General Grant, but who desired above all things the success of the Republican Party, and was not ready for any unlawful or revolutionary action. Mr. Sawyer was a business man of plain manners, and though of large experience in public life, was not much versed in parliamentary law. He called into consultation ex-Senator Timothy Howe, of Wisconsin, formerly Senator from that State, and afterward Postmaster-General under Arthur. He was a very able and clear-headed lawyer, and had a reputation for integrity. He advised Mr. Strong that the committee might lawfully depose their Chairman and appoint another, and that it would be his duty, as Sergeant-at-Arms, to recognize the new Chairman and obey his lawful orders. Strong was under great obligations to Sawyer who had aided him very largely in business matters, and had a high respect for his judgment. He gave his response to the Grant leaders in accordance with the advice of Mr. Howe, in which Senator Sawyer concurred. They had intended to make General Creswell the President of the convention. But finding it impossible to carry their plans into effect, in order to prevent the severe measure of deposing the Chairman of the committee, they consented that the assurances demanded should be given. There was then a negotiation between the leaders on the side of Grant and of Blaine for an agreement upon a presiding officer. It was well known that I was not in favor of the nomination of either. Senator Hamlin, formerly Vice-President and then a Senator, proposed my name to Mr. Conkling as a person likely to be impartial be-

James G. Blaine.

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tween the two principal candidates. Mr. Conkling replied that such a suggestion was an insult. Hamlin said : "I guess I can stand the insult." But on consultation of the Grant men and the Blaine men

Benjamin H. Bristow.

it was agreed that I should be selected, which was done accordingly. I was nominated orally from the floor when Mr. Cameron called the convention to order, and chosen temporary President by acclamation and unanimously. As the proceedings went on it was thought best not to have any division or question as to a permanent Chairman and it was at the proper time ordered, also without objection, that I should act as permanent president.

But the Grant leaders were still confident. They felt sure that none of their original votes, numbering three hundred and more, would desert them, and that it would be impossible for the rest of the convention, divided among so many candidates, to agree, and that they would in the end get a majority.

I was myself exceedingly anxious on this subject. I also felt that if the followers of Grant could get any pretext for getting an advantage by any claim, however doubtful, that they would avail themselves of it, even at the risk of breaking up the convention in disorder, rather than be baffled in their object. So the time to me was one of great and distressing responsibility. The forces of Grant were led on the floor of the convention by Roscoe Conkling, who nominated him in a speech of great power and eloquence. The forces of Blaine were led, as they had been in 1876, very skilfully, by Senators Hale and Frye. Garfield was the leader of the supporters of Mr. Sherman. One of the greatest oratoric triumphs I ever witnessed was obtained by Garfield. There had been a storm of applause, lasting, I think, twenty-five minutes, at the close of Conkling's nominating speech. It was said there were fifteen thousand persons in the galleries, which came down very near the level of the floor. The scene was of indescribable sublimity, when you consider that the fate of the country, certainly the fate of a great political party, was at stake, and, more than that, the selection of a ruler of a nation of fifty millions of people —a question which in other countries could not have been determined, under like circumstances, without bloodshed and civil war. I do not think I shall be charged with exaggeration when I speak of it in this way. I can only compare it in its grandeur and impressiveness to the mighty torrent of Niagara. Perhaps I cannot give a satisfactory reason for so distinguishing

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it from other like assemblies that have gathered in this country. But I have since seen a great number of persons from all parts of the country who were present as members or spectators, and they all speak of it in the same way. A vast portion of the persons present in the hall sympathized deeply with the supporters of Grant. Conkling's speech, as he stood almost in the centre of that great assembly on a platform just above the heads of the convention, was a masterpiece of splendid oratory. He began :

> And when asked what State he hails from,
> Our sole reply shall be,
> He comes from Appomattox,
> And its famous apple-tree.

It was pretty difficult for Garfield to follow this speech in the tempest of applause which came after it. There was nothing stimulant or romantic in the plain wisdom of John Sherman. It was like reading a passage from "Poor Richard's Almanac" after one of the lofty chapters of the Psalms of David. Garfield began, quietly :

"I have witnessed the extraordinary scene of this convention with deep solicitude. Nothing touches my heart more quickly than a tribute of honor to a great and noble character; but as I sat in my seat and witnessed this demonstration, this assemblage seemed to me a human ocean in a tempest. I have seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man ; but I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when the sunlight bathes its peaceful surface, then the astronomer and surveyor take the level from which they measure all terrestrial heights and depths.

"Gentlemen of the Convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of our people. When your enthusiasm has passed, when the emotions of this hour have subsided, we shall find below this storm and passion that calm level of public opinion from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which their final action will be determined.

"Not here, in this brilliant circle where fifteen thousand men and women are gathered, is the destiny of the Republic to be decreed for the next four years—not here, where I see the enthusiastic faces of seven hundred and fifty-six delegates, waiting to cast their lot into the urn and determine the choice of the Republic ; but by four millions of Republican firesides, where the thoughtful voters, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future, and reverence for the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by, burning in their hearts—*there* God prepares the verdict which will determine the wisdom of our work to-night. Not in Chicago, in the heat of June, but at the ballot-boxes of the Republic, in the quiet of November, after the silence of deliberate judgment, will this question be settled."

Conkling, while exciting the admiration of all men for his dexterity and ability, lost ground at every step. He made a foolish attempt to compel the passage of a resolution depriving of their rights to vote delegates who refused to pledge themselves to support the choice of the convention whoever it might be. His speech nominating Grant contained a sneer at Blaine. So, while he held his own forces together to the last, he made it almost impossible for any man who differed from him in the beginning to come to him at the end. On the contrary everything that Garfield said was marked by good nature and good sense. I said on the first day of the convention that in my opinion if the delegates could be shut up by themselves and not permitted to leave the room until they agreed, the man on whom they would agree would be General Garfield. This desire became more and more apparent as the convention went on. At last, on the thirty-sixth ballot, and the sixth day of the convention, the delegates who had previously voted for other candidates than Grant, began to wheel into line for Garfield. Garfield had one vote from the State of Pennsylvania in previous ballots. But on the thirty-fourth ballot, Wisconsin, the last State to vote in alphabetical order, had given him her sixteen votes, and on the thirty-sixth ballot she was joined by the delegates who

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had voted for other candidates than Grant. Grant held together his forces till the last, receiving three hundred and thirteen votes on the thirty-fifth ballot, and three hundred and six on the thirty-sixth. It was a sublime moment, which it was hoped would be vital to the destiny of the Republic for many years, a hope which was cruelly disappointed by Garfield's untimely death. It was, as might be well believed, a moment of sublime satisfaction to me. Garfield had been my friend for many years. I had sat close to him in the House of Representatives for three terms of Congressional service. He had been a guest at my house in Worcester; and I had been his colleague on the Electoral Commission in 1876. He had been educated at a Massachusetts college. He was of old Middlesex County stock. The land of his first ancestor in New England had adjoined the land of my ancestor. The later generations of his race had dwelt in Lincoln, where my father and grandfather were born. My ancestors in several generations had shared with his the duties of town officers in the country towns where they dwelt. The first wedding I ever attended was in the old house in Lincoln, built and occupied by Garfield's ancestor, where my cousin, Charles Tarbell, had married Martha Fiske, the representative in the female line of the Garfield race, who had retained the homestead when the male representatives of the family had emigrated. Garfield's great-uncle Abraham, from whom his own name came, was a soldier in the Lincoln Company of which my grandfather was Lieutenant, at the Concord North Bridge in April, 1775. His grandfather and mine were soldiers at Concord Bridge, and his great-grandfather was buried in the old Lincoln graveyard within a few feet of the tomb which contains the dust of more than thirty of my own ancestors and kindred. President Garfield was on his way to visit this spot in my company, and to be a guest at my house when the bullet of the assassin struck him.

Roscoe Conkling.

Garfield has been charged, in accepting the nomination for the Presidency, with having been untrue to the interests of John Sherman, who was the candidate of Ohio, and whom Garfield had supported faithfully through every ballot. The charge is absolutely unjust. Mr. Sherman's nomination was seen by everybody to have been absolutely impossible long before the final result. I was in constant consultation with leaders of the different delegations who were trying to unite their forces. There never was any considerable number of those persons who thought the nomination of Mr. Sherman practicable, notwithstanding the high personal respect in which they held him. At the close of the thirty-fourth ballot, when Garfield received seventeen votes, he rose, and the following incident took place:

Mr. Garfield, of Ohio: "Mr. President——"

The President: "For what purpose does the gentleman rise?"

Mr. Garfield: "I rise to a question of order."

The President: "The gentleman from Ohio rises to a question of order."

Mr. Garfield: "I challenge the correctness of the announcement. The announcement contains votes for me. No man has a right, without the consent of the person voted for, to announce that person's name, and vote for him, in this

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convention. Such consent I have not given."

The President: "The gentleman from Ohio is not stating a question of order. He will resume his seat. No person having received a majority of the votes cast, another ballot will be taken. The Clerk will call the roll."

This verbatim report is absolutely correct, except that where there is a period at the end of Mr. Garfield's last sentence there should be a dash, indicating that the sentence was not finished. I recollect the incident perfectly. I interrupted him in the middle of his sentence. I was terribly afraid that he would say something that would make his nomination impossible, or his acceptance impossible, if it were made. I do not believe it ever happened before, or will ever happen again, that anybody attempted or will attempt to decline the Presidency of the United States to be prevented by a point of order.

During the thirtieth ballot a vote was cast by a delegate from the Territory of Wyoming for General Philip H. Sheridan. General Sheridan, who was upon the platform as a spectator, came forward instantly, and said: "I am very much obliged to the delegate from Wyoming for mentioning my name in this convention, but there is no way in which I could accept a nomination from this convention, if it were possible, unless I should be permitted to turn it over to my best friend." The President said: "The Chair presumed the unanimous consent of the convention to permit the illustrious soldier who has spoken to interrupt its order for that purpose. But it will be a privilege accorded to no other person whatever." The General's prompt suppression of this attempt to make him a candidate was done in a direct and blunt soldierly fashion. I did not think it best to apply to him the strictness of parliamentary law; and in that I was sure of the approval of the convention. But the precedent of permitting such a body to be addressed under any circumstances by a person not a member would be a dangerous one, if repeated.

James A. Garfield.

Perhaps I may be permitted to add one thing of personal nature. It has been sometimes charged that the delegates from Massachusetts were without great influence in shaping the result of this convention. They moved, and carried, against a formidable opposition, the civil service plank, which embraced the doctrine of civil service reform as among the doctrines of the Republican Party. Of whatever value may be attributed to the humble services of the President of the Convention, they are entitled to the credit. They had, I think, more to do than any other delegation with effecting the union upon Garfield. Of course the wishes of Mr. Blaine had very great influence indeed. I think

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he preferred Garfield to any other person except Robert Lincoln, of Illinois, of whom he spoke to me as a person from whom it would be impossible to keep the votes of the colored delegates from the

U. S. Grant.

South, and who would be, by reason of the respect felt for his father's memory, highly acceptable through the country. But Mr. Lincoln, under the circumstances, could not have got the support of his own State, and without it it seemed unwise to attempt a union upon him.

But to continue with what is personal to myself and the delegation from Massachusetts. When I got back to the Capitol, as I went into the cloak-room of the Senate to leave my hat, Don Cameron sat there surrounded by a group of interested listeners. He was relating to them the story of the great contest. As I approached the group he looked up and said: "There comes Massachusetts. There were twenty-three men from Massachusetts who went there to keep six hundred men from doing what they wanted to. And, by God, they did it."

A few Sundays after his inauguration, during the spring session of the Senate, President Garfield invited Mrs. Hoar and myself to dinner at the White House. President Hopkins, his old friend and teacher, and Mrs. Hopkins were there. There were no other guests, except Judge Nott and his wife, President Hopkins's daughter, President Garfield's mother, and I think, Mr. Archibald Hopkins, President Hopkins's son. President Garfield asked me to remain after President Hopkins had taken his leave. I had a long and interesting conversation with him about his plans and purposes, and especially the difficulties which were then showing themselves in regard to the great New York appointments. Before I went upstairs, he gave his arm to my wife and walked with her about the East room. He said to her: "I hope I may live to repay your husband for all he has done for me." Perhaps I am indulging in an unpardonable vanity in putting on record this testimony of two of the most interested parties and most competent observers as to the value of the work of the Massachusetts delegation in that convention.

I hope that somewhere before I die I may put on record my estimate of James A. Garfield, when I can say some things that cannot be dealt with in a eulogy, and for which there is not room in this essay. It is the fashion, even among his friends, to speak of him as a person timid if not time-serving, and as easily swayed and moulded by a strong will. I have heard men who knew him very well say that when he led the House on the Republican side, and

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had led his party into a position which excited sharp conflict, they never could be sure that he would not get wrong at the last moment, or have some private understanding with the Democrats and leave his own side in the lurch. This is attributed to moral timidity. I feel very sure that this is a great mistake. Garfield's hesitation, want of certainty in his convictions, liability to change his position suddenly, were in my opinion the result of intellectual hesitation and of a habit of going down to the roots of his subject before he made up his mind. He had a great deference for other men's opinions. When, after he had expressed his opinion, some strong and positive man came to him with a confident utterance of a different opinion, unless Garfield had gone to the bottom of the subject himself, he was very likely to defer, to hesitate, to think himself mistaken. But when he had had time and had thought the thing out and made up his mind, nobody and no consideration of personal interest or advantage would stir him an inch. I suppose his courage and genius as a soldier have never been questioned. He performed some very important military exploits. He gave a thorough investigation into the military conditions in Tennessee and Kentucky, and his letter to the Department of War accomplished a great deal toward putting things in a better way. He was a thorough lover of his country. He hesitated long as to the doctrine of protection, and undoubtedly made some inconsistent utterances before he took the ground which he held at last. But he studied the financial question, especially the great subject of currency, and the standard of value to the very bottom. He stood like a rock when Ohio and the whole West seemed going against him, and when the statesmanship even of John Sherman was of the willow and not of the oak. When his District Convention met and passed resolutions in favor of paying interest on the Government bonds with paper, Garfield declared that he would not take the nomination on such a platform. The good fight he made in Ohio turned the scale in that great struggle. I do not believe he would have been a tool or servant in the Presidency. He would have mastered for himself the great subjects to be dealt with in our foreign policy, as well as in domestic administration and legislation. His will, would, in my opinion, if he had been spared to us, have been the dominant will in our Government for eight fortunate and happy years. Next to the assassination of Lincoln, his death was the greatest national misfortune ever caused to this country by the loss of a single life.

I have not the slightest respect for the suggestion that General Garfield in the least violated his honor or good faith in consenting to accept the nomination after he had been elected as a delegate in the interest of Mr. Sherman. The office of the President is not personal. There can be no such thing as a personal claim upon it, or a personal obligation in regard to it. President Garfield got no advantage whatever from the fact that he had favored Mr. Sherman. Mr. Sherman's nomination was an impossibility from the beginning. That the majority of the convention united upon Garfield was due to the fact that he had no enemies or antagonists in the convention or among the people and, to some degree undoubtedly, also to the admiration felt by his fellow-delegates for the tact, sense, and good nature which he showed in its discussions—qualities which were in marked contrast with those of his very able and powerful antagonist, Mr. Conkling.

It happened to me again to be put at the head of the Massachusetts delegation in the convention of 1884. The leading candidates were Mr. Blaine and President Arthur. Mr. Arthur had, in many respects, made a very satisfactory President. He was a man of pleasant manners and skilled in the subtle ways of New York politicians, but he had been one of the chief representatives of a faction in the Republican Party and he never seemed able to shake off the influences which had surrounded him before his election. At a dinner shortly after he was chosen Vice-President, he made an apparently approving allusion to what he called the use of soap, which was understood to mean the use of money for corrupt purposes. He made a fatal mistake, as it always seemed to me, in permitting the resignation of President Garfield's cabinet and filling their places with men who, like himself, belonged to the Grant faction. If he had said that he would not allow the act of an

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assassin to make a change in the forces that were to control the administration, so far as could be helped, and that he would carry into effect the purposes of his predecessor, wherever he could in conscience do so, he would have maintained himself in the public esteem. But that was not his only mistake. Inconsiderately he lent himself to the popular prejudice against the policy of River and Harbor improvements, and in vetoing a bill passed by large majorities in both Houses of Congress, he sent in a message in which he said in substance that the more corrupt the measure the more votes it was likely to get in Congress. When in the next winter he was asked to specify the objectionable items in the bill he had vetoed, which appropriated about $18,000,000, he was able to point out less than five per cent. of all the appropriations which he could say he thought were for purposes not required by the interests of International or Interstate commerce. And his claim was thoroughly refuted even in regard to the items which he specified. He also made some very bad appointments, which deeply offended the best Republican sentiments in many of the States. It is a little singular that the appointment of the Collector of the Port of Boston should have cost two Presidents of the United States a renomination. Yet so it is. The old feeling in Massachusetts that it was not, on the whole, desirable to nominate Mr. Blaine existed in great strength. The business men liked Arthur. They thought their interests were safe with him. The honest Republican sentiment of Massachusetts had been deeply outraged by the appointment to the office of Collector of Boston, of Mr. Roland Worthington, against the protest of her Senators and Representatives in Congress. He had been known only as an unscrupulous supporter of General Butler, and as the editor of a scurrilous newspaper which bitterly attacked the opponents of that person even where they were honest and trusted Republicans. To give this place to Mr. Worthington the President refused to reappoint Mr. Beard, who had made an admirable Collector, and who was supported by a large majority of the best men of Boston. It was believed that this appointment had been made in exchange for assurances of General Butler's support in the approaching election. Worthington made a poor Collector, and, at the State election after his appointment, voted for Butler against the candidate of the Republican Party. But for the indignation caused by this appointment I think the delegation from Massachusetts, with three exceptions, would have supported Mr. Arthur for reelection. There would have been no movement for Mr. Edmunds, and but for that movement Mr. Arthur would have received the Republican nomination. Upon the final ballot the vote of Massachusetts was seven for Arthur, three for Blaine, and eighteen for Edmunds.

Chester A. Arthur.

A somewhat interesting incident occurred which shows the depth of a feeling, which I think was largely a prejudice, which is still manifesting itself as a disturbing element in American politics. There was a great desire on the part of those who were opposed to both Arthur and Blaine, to find a candidate upon whom they could unite, of such popular-

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ity and national distinction as to make it impossible for the managers for these candidates to hold their forces together. We thought General Sherman was the person that we wanted. It was known that he had written a letter to Mr. Blaine declining to have his name used, and that a telegram had been received from him by a delegate during the session of the convention to the same effect. But it was thought that if he were once nominated he would find it impossible to decline, and that his previous refusal would be an element of strength and not of weakness in the country. After the adjournment, which was at 11.45 A.M., on Friday, June 6th, the day before the balloting, I made an arrangement to meet Mr. George William Curtis, the Chairman of the New York delegation, and one or two other gentlemen of the same way of thinking, from one or two other States, and we agreed that when the convention came in again we would cast the votes of our delegates who agreed with us for General Sherman. I had been authorized by a large majority of the Massachusetts delegation to have this interview, and knew that I represented their opinions, although they had not, all of them, spoken to me about General Sherman. When I got back to the next meeting of the convention, I made known to them what I had done. I was told by several of them that they would stand by me, but that it would cause great dissatisfaction when they got home. "What is the matter?" I said. "Our people do not want a Father Confessor in the White House," was the answer. Although General Sherman was a Protestant, it is well known that his wife was a Catholic. Soon after, Mr. Curtis came over to my seat and said: "Mr. Hoar, I cannot carry out our agreement." "What is the matter?" said I. "There is an insurrection in the New York delegation," was his reply. "They do not want a Father Confessor in the White House." So we agreed we should have to give it up. When I came back to Washington, I called at John Sherman's house and talked over the convention with him. I told him the story I have just related. He said he was not surprised, and that he believed the unwillingness to have the religious faith of his wife made matter for public discussion had a good deal to do with his brother's refusal to permit himself to be a candidate.

While the Convention of 1884 did not nominate the candidate favored by the Republicans of Massachusetts, the action of the State, in my opinion, was decisive in defeating the nomination of President Arthur. But for that there would have been no movement for Edmunds, and his support would have gone to the President. Mr. Blaine, who was nominated, was defeated at the election. The event proved him a much stronger candidate than I had supposed, and his subsequent career in the Department of State, I believe, satisfied the majority of his countrymen that he would have made an able and discreet President. I suppose it would hardly be denied now by persons acquainted with the details of the management of the Democratic campaign, at any rate I have heard the fact admitted by several very distinguished Democrats, members of the Senate of the United States, that the plurality of the vote of New York was really cast for Mr. Blaine, and that he was unjustly deprived of election by the fraud at Long Island City by which votes cast for the Butler Electoral Ticket were counted for Cleveland. I suppose also that but for the utterances of a foolish clergyman named Burchard, Mr. Blaine's majority in that State would have been so large that these frauds would have been ineffectual.

In 1888 there was a very strong, almost irresistible feeling among Republicans in the country that Blaine should be put in nomination again, although he had peremptorily and publicly refused to be a candidate. He was travelling abroad during that year. His mental vigor was unabated, as was shown by his answer to Cleveland's free trade message, which was cabled across the ocean and reached the people almost as soon as the message. But the disease of which he afterward died was then upon him, as was known to some few of his intimate friends. Besides that, he had had an attack at Milan, which deprived him for a good while of the use of his limbs on one side. In 1892 I was in the care, at Milan, of a man who I suppose was the most eminent physician in the north of Italy, Dr. Fornoni, who gave me an account of Mr. Blaine's illness in

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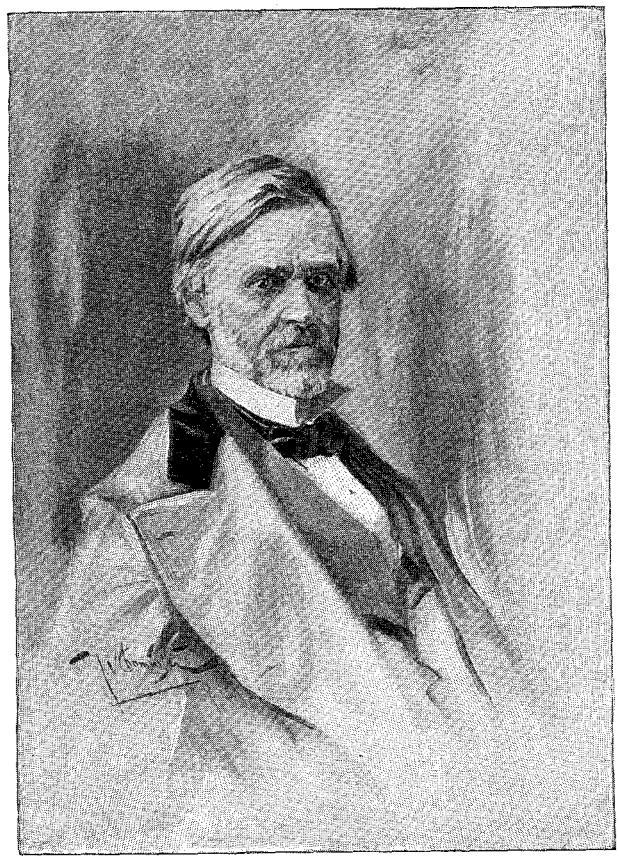

John Sherman.

the very apartments where I was ill, and which Blaine had occupied before me. But when the convention came together they were so eager to nominate Blaine that he was obliged to send another cable, I think, from Paris, insisting that his wishes should be respected. There was a great diversity of opinion as to candidates, but little of the eager antagonism that had characterized the preceding conventions. The Republican Party had been sobered a good deal by four years of adversity. The delegates from Massachusetts were:

At Large—George F. Hoar, Worcester; Henry S. Hyde, West Springfield; Frederick L. Burden, North Attleboro; Alanson W. Beard, Boston.

District—Frank S. Stevens, Swansea; Jonathan Bourne, New Bedford; William H. Bent, Taunton; Eben L. Ripley, Hingham; Arthur W. Tufts, Boston; Edward P. Wilbur, Boston; Jesse M. Gove, Boston; Charles J. Noyes, Boston; Edward D. Hayden, Woburn; Elmer H. Capen, Somerville; William B. Littlefield, Lynn; Samuel W. McCall, Winchester; William Cogswell, Salem; William E. Blunt, Haverhill; Joseph L. Sargent, Dracut; George S. Merrill, Lawrence; J. Henry Gould, Medford; David Farquhar, Newton; William A. Gile, Worcester; George L. Gibbs, Northbridge; John W. Wheeler, Orange; John G. Mackintosh, Holyoke; Emerson Gaylord, Chicopee; and William M. Prince, Pittsfield.

I was very desirous that the vote of Massachusetts should be given to John Sherman. He was, except Mr. Blaine, unquestionably the most distinguished living Republican statesman. He had been an able champion of the opinions which the Republicans of Massachusetts held, and of the policies under which her special industries had been fostered. To nomi-

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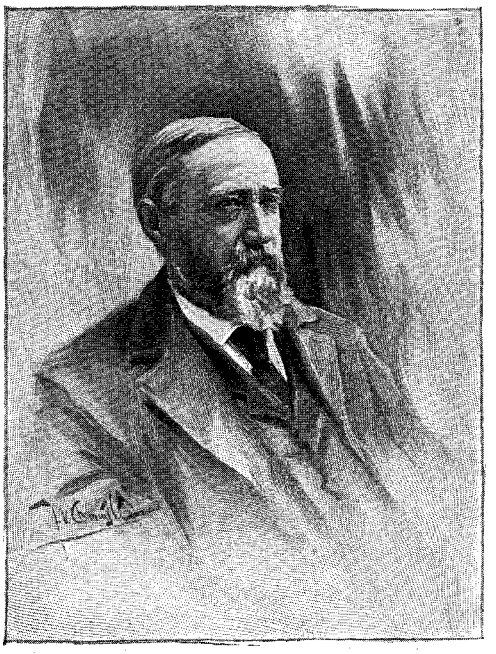
nate him would be to go back to the early habit of placing the greatest and wisest statesmen of the country in its highest offices. But I could not get the majority of the Massachusetts delegation to come to my way of thinking. General Coggswell, a very able and accomplished member of the House of Representatives, and Mr. Edmund D. Hayden, also a member of the House—a service which he left greatly to the regret of his own constituents and of the people of the State—seemed to have very strong objections indeed to Mr. Sherman. The delegation very kindly offered before the first ballot, and again just before the fourth or fifth ballot, to present my name as the candidate of Massachusetts. It would have been a great honor to have received such a vote from Massachusetts. I was told also by gentlemen from other States, who spoke to me about it, that I should have had a considerable vote from other parts of the country. I had quite a number of very intimate friends in the convention from States outside of Massachusetts. I thought then, and think now, though that is a matter of conjecture, that I should have got about seventy votes. But I thought my nomination out of the question. I thought also that it would be utterly inexpedient, if it could be accomplished. And I thought also that the office of a Senator from Massachusetts would be more agreeable to me, and better adapted to my capacity than that of the President of the United States. Still the temptation to get the high compliment and honor of such a vote had great attractions. But there were thirteen of our delegation of twenty-eight, who were willing to vote with me for Mr. Sherman. If I had consented to the subtraction of their votes from his column on the first ballot, it would have made a serious diminution of his strength.



Benjamin Harrison.

If I had consented to the same thing on a later ballot it would have put him in the position of having his forces diminishing and falling away. I thought I ought not, for a mere empty honor to myself, to permit such an injury to be inflicted upon him, although I confess I did not then think his nomination likely. But while the Massachusetts delegation does not seem to me to have exerted a very decisive influence upon the result of that convention, it came very near it. After several ineffectual ballotings, in which the votes of the different States were divided among several candidates, the convention took a recess at twelve o'clock to four o'clock of the same day. Immediately a meeting was called by a number of gentlemen representing different delegations in a room in the building where the convention was held, for consultation, and to see if they could agree upon a candidate. The Massachusetts delegation had authorized me to cast their vote as a unit for any candidate for whom I should think best, whom sixteen of the delegates—being one more than a majority—approved. I had ascertained their opinion. While as I said there were but thirteen at most who would support Sherman, considerably more than sixteen were willing to support either Harrison or Allison, and perhaps one or two others, who had been prominently mentioned, including, I think, Mr. Depew, although of that I am not certain. We met as I

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said. The New York delegation had authorized its vote to be cast unanimously for any person on whom the four delegates at large, Platt, Miller, Depew, and Hiscock, representing different shades of opinion in the Republican Party of that State, should agree. Three of these gentlemen, Platt, Miller, and Hiscock, were present at the meeting. Mr. Quay, Chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation, was also authorized to cast the vote of the entire delegation as he should think fit. Mr. Spooner, of Wisconsin, Chairman of the Wisconsin delegation, was present with a like authority. Mr. Farwell, Chairman of the Illinois delegation, was present with a like authority from his State. Mr. Clarkson, Chairman of the Iowa delegation was present with authority to vote for Mr. Allison from the beginning. De Young, of California, thought he could speak for his people, though I believe without claiming authority from them. Filley, of Missouri, was also present. There were several other gentlemen of influence, though not all of them delegates, and not all of them entitled to speak for their States, but feeling able to assure the company that their States would accede to whatever agreement might be made there. The names of several candidates were discussed. I made a very earnest speech in favor of Mr. Allison, setting forth what I thought were the qualities that would make him a popular candidate, and would make him an able and wise President.

William B. Allison.

Finally, all agreed that their States should vote for Mr. Allison when the convention came in at six o'clock. Depew, as I have said, was absent. But his three colleagues said there could be no doubt that he would agree to their action, and there would be no difficulty about New York. We thought it best, as a matter of precaution, to meet again a half-hour before the coming in of the convention, to be sure the thing was to go through all right. I suppose that everybody in that room when he left it felt as certain as of any event in the future that Mr. Allison would be nominated in the convention.

But when we met at the time fixed, the three delegates at large from New York said they were sorry they could not carry out their engagement. Mr. Depew, who had been supported as a candidate by his State in the earlier ballots, had made a speech withdrawing his name. But when the action of the meeting was reported to him, he said he had been compelled to withdraw by the opposition of the Agrarian element, which was hostile to railroads. He was then President of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company. He said that this opposition to him came largely from Iowa, and from the Northwest, where was found the chief support of Allison; that while he had withdrawn his own name, he would not so far submit to such an unreasonable and socialistic sentiment as to give his consent that it should dictate a candidate for the Republican Party. The three other delegates at large were therefore compelled to refuse their support to the arrangement which had been conditionally agreed on, and the thing fell through. If it had gone on, New York, Illinois, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Iowa, California, and perhaps Missouri, would have cast their votes unanimously for Allison, and his nomination would have been sure. I think no other person ever came so near the Presidency of the United States, and missed it.

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The result was the nomination of Mr. Harrison. It was a nomination quite agreeable to me. I had sat near him in the Senate for six years, my seat only separated from his by that of John Sherman, who, for a large part of the time, had been President pro tempore. So Sherman's seat was not then occupied, and Harrison and I were next neighbors. I had become very intimate with him, and had learned to respect him highly as a very able, upright, and wise man, although he developed, as President, an ability which I think his most intimate friends had not known before. Our relations then, and afterward, were exceedingly cordial. He was a wise, pure, upright, and able President, and an eloquent orator, capable of uttering great truths in a great way, and able to bring them home to the understanding and the conviction of his countrymen. He lacked what gave Mr. Blaine so great a charm, the quality of an agreeable and gracious manner. He had little tact in dealing with individuals. If a man travelled three thousand miles across the continent to say something to President Harrison, he would find himself broken in upon two minutes after the conversation began with a lecture in which the views in opposition to his were vigorously, and, sometimes, roughly set forth. He did this even when he was of the same way of thinking and meant to grant the man's request. Blaine would refuse a request in a way which would seem like doing a favor. Harrison would grant a request in a way which would seem as if he were denying it. An eminent Western Senator said to me once, what, of course, was a great exaggeration, that if Harrison were to address an audience of ten thousand men, he would capture them all. But if each one of them were presented to him in private, he would make him his enemy.

However, in spite of all this the country was safe with him. While his hand was on the helm she would keep the course of safety, of honor, of glory, of prosperity, of republican liberty. There would be no fear for the future of the country if we were sure to have in the great office of President a succession of Benjamin Harrisons.

This fault of his is a fault apt to beset good and honest men, especially when they are under the burden of great anxieties and cares. Such men at such times are intent on the object to be accomplished. They are not thinking of personal considerations, of making friends or allies, or of the impression they are making for themselves upon mankind. But they need to learn a lesson. It is a lesson which many of them learn very late in life, that many a good cause has been jeopardized or lost by this infirmity of men who are leaders on the righteous side. There is written on the walls of one of the great English schools a legend which I suppose has been there for seven hundred years: "Manners Makyth Man." It is a curious fact, however, that this legend illustrates the portrait of a pig.

But while public men ought to be made to see how great a thing this is, the people ought to learn how little a thing it is —how insignificant are these foibles, irritable temper, habits of personal discourtesy, impatience, even vanity and self-confidence, compared with the great things that concern the character, the welfare, and the glory of the State. I beg to assure my readers that I make these observations partly as a critic and partly as a penitent.

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The Committee of Public Comfort.

THE CHRONICLES OF AUNT MINERVY ANN

By Joel Chandler Harris

Illustrated by A. B. Frost

HOW SHE RAN AWAY FROM HOME AND THEN RAN BACK AGAIN

THE happiest, the most vivid, and certainly the most critical, period of a young man's life is combined in the years that stretch between sixteen and twenty-two. He has not begun to feel the responsibilities of his existence, and yet he has begun to see and feel, to observe and absorb. This period I had passed very pleasantly at Halcyondale, in middle Georgia, directly after the war, and I was glad of an opportunity to return there some ten years afterward, the excuse of the visit being a county fair.

The directors of the fair had a committee at the railway-station to meet each train, and into the hands of this committee fell every man, woman, and child who stepped off. No matter what their business was, they were seized and borne away triumphantly to the hotel, or to a boarding-place, or to some private house. It was all the same to the committee whether travellers came on private business or to see the fair. The members had their duty to perform, and they performed it with an energy and a thoroughness that was as amazing as it was satisfactory. They were called, as I remember, the Committee of Public Comfort, and most heroically did they live up to the name and their duties.

These things I learned by observation and not by experience, for before the train on which I was a passenger had cleared the suburbs of Atlanta, I caught a glimpse

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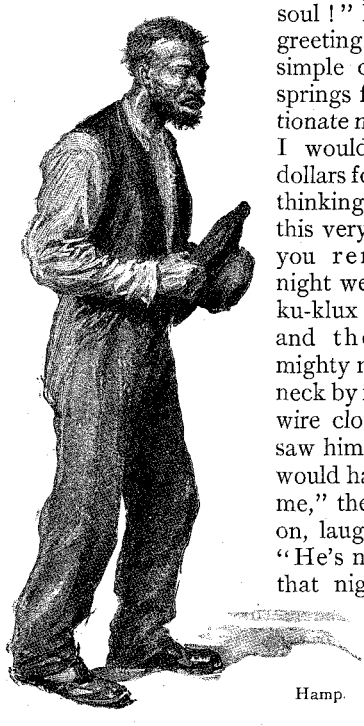
of Major Tumlin Perdue, who had long been a prominent citizen of Halcyondale. He had changed but little during the ten years. His hair was whiter, and he was a trifle thinner, but his complexion was still rosy and his manners as buoyant as ever. I doubted whether he would know me again, though he had been very friendly with me in the old days, seeming to know by instinct just when and how to drop a word of encouragement and appreciation, and so I forbore to renew the acquaintance. The Major could be boisterous enough in those times when in the humor, but when at his best he had ways more like those of a woman (and a noble and tender-hearted woman at that) than any man I had ever known. He had a woman's tact, intuition, and sympathy; and these qualities were so exquisitely developed in him that they lifted him high in the estimation of a young man who was living away from his mother, and who was somewhat lonely on that account.

Presently, the Major came along the aisle for a drink of water. As he was in the act of drinking, his eyes met mine, and he recognized me instantly. He swallowed the water with a gulp.



Hamp.

"Why, bless my soul!" he exclaimed, greeting me with the simple cordiality that springs from an affectionate nature. "Why, I wouldn't take ten dollars for this! I was thinking about you this very day. Don't you remember the night we went out to ku-klux the Ku-klux, and the chap that mighty nigh broke his neck by running into a wire clothes-line? I saw him to-day. He would hardly speak to me," the Major went on, laughing heartily. "He's never got over that night's business. I thought about you, and I started to hunt you up; but you know how it is in Atlanta. Folks ain't got time to eat, much less to tell you where anybody lives. A man that's too busy is bound to worry, and worry will kill him every bit and grain as quick as John Barleycorn. Business is bound to be the ruin of this country, and if you don't live to see it, your children will."

Thus the Major talked, blending wisdom with impracticable ideas in the most delightful way. He seemed to be highly pleased when he found that I was to spend a week at Halcyondale, attending the fair and renewing old friendships.

"Then you belong to me!" he exclaimed. "It's no use," he went on, shaking his head when I would have protested against imposing on his good-nature; "you needn't say a word. The tavern is stuffed full of people, and even if it wasn't, you'd go to my house. If you ain't been ruined by living in Atlanta, it'll seem like home to you. Dang it all! I'll *make* it seem like home to you anyhow."

Now, the affectation of hospitality is one of the commonest hypocrisies in life, and, to a thoughtful man, one of the most sinister; but the Major's hospitality was genuine. It was brought over from the times before the war, and had stood the test of age and long usage, and, most trying of all, the test of poverty. "If you were welcome when I was well off, how much more welcome you'll be now that I am poor!" This was not said by the Major, but by one of his contemporaries. The phrase fitted a whole generation of noble men and women, and I thank Heaven that it was true at one time even if it is not true now.

When the train, with much clinking and clanking and hissing, came to a standstill at Halcyondale, the Major hustled me off on the side opposite the station, and so I escaped the ordeal of resisting the efforts of the Committee on Public Comfort to convey me to a lodging not of my own selection. The Major hustled me out of the train and into a buggy that was waiting for him. The negro driver got out to make room for us, and bowed very politely, calling me by name.

"You remember Hamp, I reckon," said the Major. "He was a member of the Legislature when you lived here."

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Buying cotton on his own account.—Page 178.

Certainly I remembered Hamp, and also his wife, Aunt Minervy Ann, who had done me many a good turn in one way and another. I inquired about her, and Hamp, who had swung up to the trunk-rack as the buggy moved off, replied that she was at home and as well as she could be.

"Yes," said the Major, "she's at my house. You may *see* somebody else besides Minervy Ann, but you won't *hear* anybody else. She owns the whole place and the people on it. I had a Boston man to dinner some time ago, one of Conant's friends—you remember Paul Conant, don't you?—and I stirred Minervy Ann up just to see what the man would say. We had a terrible quarrel, and the man never did know it was all in fun. He said they never would have such a lack of discipline among the servants in Boston. I told him I would give him any reasonable amount if he would go out and discipline Minerva Ann, just to show me how it was done. It would have been better than a circus. You heard her, didn't you, Hamp?"

Hamp chuckled good-naturedly. "Yasser, I did, an' it make col' chills run over me ter hear how Minervy Ann went on. She cert'n'y did try herse'f dat day."

The Major smiled a little proudly as I thought, slapped the horse—a bob-tailed black—with the left rein, and we went skimming along the level, sandy street at a three-minute gait. In a short while we were at the Major's house, where I received a warm welcome from his daughter, whom I had known when she was a schoolgirl. She was now Mrs. Paul Conant, and even more beautiful as a matron than she had been as a girl. I had also known her husband, who had begun his business career in the town a year or two before I left, and even then he was one of the most prominent and promising young business men in the town.

He had served in the army the last year of the war, and the service did him a

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"Miss Vallie!"

world of good, physically and mentally. His faculties were broadened and enlarged. Contact with all sorts and conditions of men gave him ample knowledge of his kind, and yet he kept in touch with the finer issues of life. He was ripened and not hardened.

The surrender had no such crushing effects on him as it had on older men. It left him youth, and where youth is there must be hope and energy. He returned home, remained a few weeks, sold a couple of horses he had picked up in the track of Sherman's army, and then went into the office of a cotton factor in Savannah, giving his services for the knowledge and experience he desired to gain. In a very short time he learned all the secrets of sampling and grading the great staple. He might have remained in the office at a salary, for his aptness had made him useful, but he preferred to return to Halcyondale, where he engaged in buying cotton on his own account. There was just enough risk in this to stimulate his energies, and not enough to lead to serious speculation. To this business he added others as his capital grew, and he was soon the most prosperous man in the town. He had formed the stock company under whose auspices the county fair was held, and was president of the board of directors.

Aunt Minervy Ann was very much in evidence, for she acted as cook, nurse, and house-girl. The first glimpse I had of her, she had a bucket of water in her right hand and Conant's baby — a bouncing boy — on her left arm. Just then Major Perdue hustled me off to my room, thus postponing, as I thought, the greeting I had for Aunt Minervy Ann. But presently I heard her coming upstairs talking to herself.

"Ef dey gwine ter have folks puttin' up wid um, dey better tell me in de due time, so I can fix up fer um. Dey ain't been no fresh water in deze rooms sence dat baby wus born'd."

She went on to the end of the hall and looked in each of the rooms. Then, with an exclamation I failed to catch, she knocked at my door, which was promptly opened. She looked at me hard, and then a broad smile flashed over her good-natured face.

"Well, ef dat ain't you! Man, suh, you come mighty nigh makin' me drap dis can er water. An' how you done grow'd! You lookt kinder stunted when you 'uz here, but I tol' um all dat ef de cows didn't ketch you an' eat you, you'd run up ter be a right smart saplin'. Well, suh! sump'n tol' me you wuz comin', an' I'm monstus glad ter see you."

Aunt Minervy Ann started to pour the water from can to pitcher when suddenly she stayed her hand. With the exclamation, "Well, ef dis don't bang my time!" she went to the head of the stairs and cried out: "Miss Vallie! Miss Vallie! you don't want no town folks stuck in dish yer back room, does you?"

"Why, certainly not!" cried the lady. "What could Father have been thinking of?"

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"Shoo! he like all de men folks," responded Aunt Minervy Ann.

With that she seized my valise with one hand, and, carrying the can of water in the other, escorted me to one of the front rooms. It was an improvement on the back room only because it had more windows to admit the air and light. I put in a word for the Major, which I hoped would be carried to the ears of the daughter.

"The Major gave me that room because he wanted to treat me as if I were one of the home folks. Now you've brought me here, and I'll feel as uncomfortable as if I were company, sure enough."

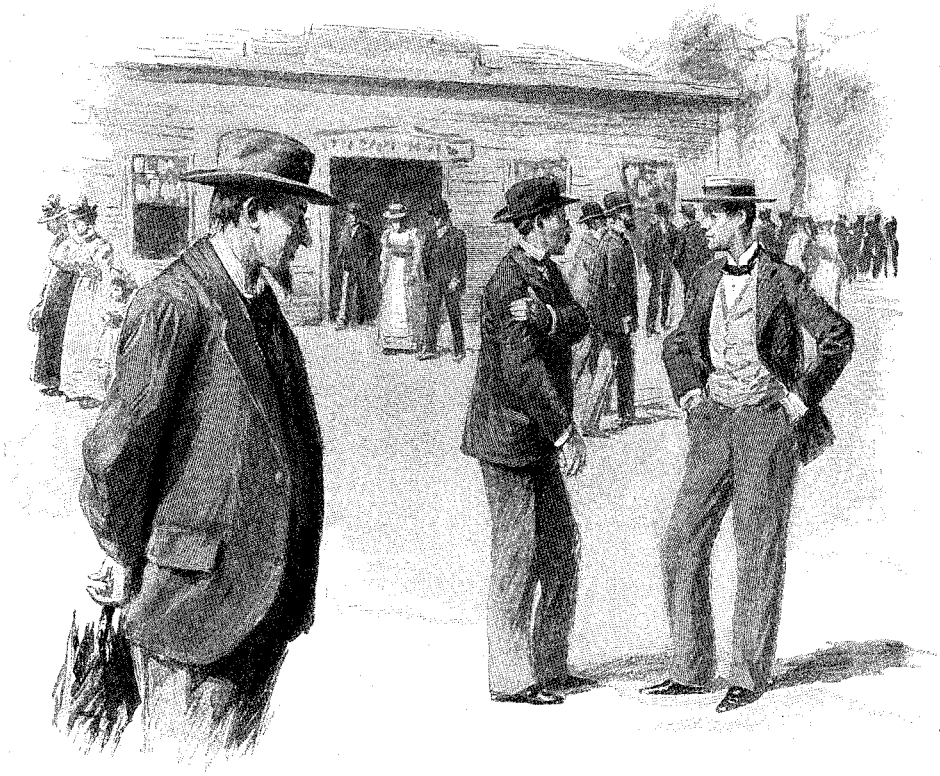
"Dey's sump'n in dat, I speck," replied Aunt Minervy Ann, laughing; "but, lawsy, massy! you done been in dis house too much ter talk dat-a-way. When kin folks come home, we allus gin um de bes' dey is fer de fus' week er so. Atter dat dey kin rustle 'roun fer deyse'f."

It is hardly necessary to say that Aunt Minervy Ann took very good care that I should want for none of those little attentions that sharpen the appreciation of a guest; and, in her case, obtrusiveness was not a fault, for her intentions shone clearly and unmistakably through it all.

Major Perdue had the art of entertainment at his fingers' ends, which, though it is very simple, not one man in a hundred learns. It is the knack of leaving the guest to his own devices without seeming to do so. Most fortunate in his gifts is the host who knows how to temper his attentions!

In his efforts to get the fair under way, Paul Conant found it impossible to come to dinner, but sent his apologies.

"You'll think it is a mighty small concern when you see it," said the Major, "but it takes all that Paul can do to keep it from getting into a tangle. He has to be here, there, and everywhere, and there hasn't been a minute all day but what forty people were hollering at him at once.



"I saw him fling his hand to his shoulder and hold it there."—Page 180.

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and forty more pulling and hauling him about. If he wasn't a steam-engine, he couldn't hold out half an hour."

"Well, he'll soon straighten matters out," said I, "and then they'll stay so."

"That's so," remarked the Major; "but when that's done, he'll have to rush around from post to pillar to keep 'em straight."

"Did he seem to be greatly worried?" Valentine asked.

"No-o-o-o," replied the Major, slowly and hesitatingly, "but I'm afear'd his shoulder has begun to trouble him again." He leaned back in his chair and looked at the ceiling, apparently lost in thought.

"Why should you think that, father?"

"Once or twice, whilst he was rustling about I saw him fling his hand to his shoulder and hold it there, and I'm mightily afear'd it's hurting him." The Major drew a deep sigh as he spoke, and silence fell on all. It was brief, but it was long enough for one to know that an unpleasant subject had been touched on —that there was something more behind it all than a pain in Conant's shoulder. Aunt Minervy Ann, who was equal to every emergency, created a diversion with the baby, and the Major soon pulled himself together.

Paul Conant came home to supper, and in the sitting-room, before the meal was announced, I observed that the Major was as solicitous about him as a mother is of her baby. His eyes were constantly on his son-in-law, and if the latter showed any sign of worry, or frowned as if in pain, a shadow would pass over the Major's genial face.

This intense solicitude was something out of the usual order, and I wondered what was behind it. But the next day it was forgotten, nor was it remembered the day after, which was Wednesday (and the big day of the fair), until Aunt Minervy Ann reminded me of it. I had been faithful in my attendance on the fair that day, and had listened patiently to the speeches, and then had tried to refresh my benumbed faculties with such fare as could be found on the grounds—barbecue, pickles, and ginger-cakes. But the occasion had been too much for me, and so, about two o'clock in the afternoon, I decided to return to my quarters at Major Perdue's home and rest my weary limbs. The very thought of the quiet and cool house was refreshing, and so, without waiting for a conveyance, I set out on foot, going through the woods in preference to the public highway, thereby cutting the distance short by nearly a mile.

A great many others had taken advantage of the short-cut through the woods, so that I had no lack of company. Among them I noticed Aunt Minervy Ann and her husband, Hamp, the latter carrying the Conant baby, which, having had enough of the pomps and vanities of this life for the time being, was now fast asleep. I soon came up with the trio, and we went along home together.

"You toughed it out mighty well, suh," remarked Aunt Minervy Ann, after some talk about the various attractions of the fair. "Up dar in Atlanta deze kinder

"Dat ar grape jelly on de right han' side."—Page 181.

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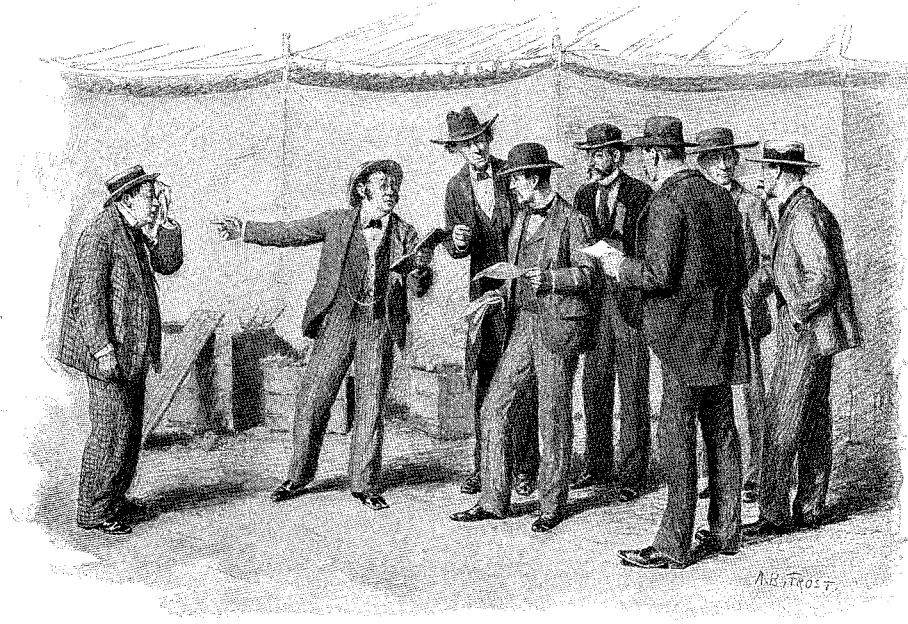

"'Conant!' here and 'Conant!' dar."—Page 182.

doin's would be laughed at, I speck, but hit's de bes' we-all kin do. Me an' Miss Vallie had some truck dar, speshually dat ar grape jelly on de right han' side. Ef dat jelly don't git de blue ribbon er sump'n better, hit'll be bekaze dem ar jedgmint men ain't got no sense—I don't keer who dey is. Ain't you see dat ar quilt hangin' up dar wid a pattern in it like a well-whorl, only de middle er de whorl was shape like de mornin' star? Dat ar quilt is older dan what you is, suh—lots older. Me an' Mistiss made dat quilt long 'fo' Miss Vallie wuz born, an' dish yer baby'll tell you she ain't no chicken. Ef dey's any purtier quilt on dat hill dey had it hid ter-day; dey ain't brung it out whar folks kin look at it. I dunno much, but I knows dat much."

We reached the house after awhile, and I lost no time in stretching myself out on a lounge that sat invitingly in the hall behind the stairway. It was not the coolest place in the world; but, really, when one is fagged out, it is unnecessary to try to find all the comforts of life in one spot. Sleep fell on me unawares, and when I awoke, Aunt Minervy Ann was sitting near the head of the lounge fanning me. Such courtesy was surprising as well as pleasing, but I chid her for taking so much trouble, for I had slept nearly two hours. But she made light of it, saying she had nothing else to do, the baby being in his cradle and sleeping like a log.

Then, to enjoy a smoke, I drew a rocking-chair into the back porch, and proceeded to fill my pipe with what I regarded as a very good brand of tobacco, offering some to Aunt Minervy Ann. She soon found her pipe—clay bowl and reed stem—cleaned it out carefully and filled it from my pouch.

"It look mighty pale, suh," she remarked. "I speck dey steam it 'fo' dey mash it up." She seated herself on the top step, lit her pipe, took a few whiffs, and then shook her head. "'Tain't nigh rank nuff for me, suh. Hit tas'e like you er dreamin' 'bout smokin' an' know all de time 'tain't nothin' but a dream." She knocked the tobacco out, and then refilled the pipe with the crumbs and cuttings from the end of a plug. This she smoked with an air of supreme satisfaction.

"I speck you got de idee dat I better be seein' 'bout supper, stidder settin' up here lookin' biggity. But 'tain't no use, suh. Marse Tumlin and Miss Vallie never is ter come home dis day less'n dey bring Marse Paul wid um. I done hear um

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sesso. An' I know mighty well, deyer gwine ter come back late, bekaze Paul Conant's one er dem kinder folks what go twel dey can't go, an' when dey git down dey make motions like dey gwine. Dey puts me in mind uv a lizard's tail, suh. Knock it off, an' it'll hop 'bout an' work an' wiggle plum twel de sun go down."

I suggested that the illustration was somewhat inapt (though not in those words), for the reason that Paul Conant's energy was not expended blindly. But I found that Aunt Minervy knew what she was saying.

"I ain't talkin' 'bout his own business, suh, bekaze dey ain't nobody beat 'im at dat. No, suh; I'm talkin' 'bout dem ar doin's out dar at de fair groun's. He's a-workin' at dat lots harder dan he has ter work fer hisse'f. Maybe you tuck notice uv de way dem yuther folks done out dar, suh. Dey stood 'round wid dey mouf open, an' de ribbon pinned on der coats, an' when sump'n had ter be done, dey'd call out fer Conant. It 'uz 'Conant!' here an' 'Conant!' dar, an' ef Conant wuz out er hearin' de whole shebang had ter stop right still an' wait twel Conant kin be dragged up. I watched um p'intedly, suh, an' it's des like I tell you."

Aunt Minervy Ann's characterization of the directors was so acute and so unexpected that I laughed—not at what she said, but at the vivid picture of a lot of helpless men standing about, full of dignity, and yet waiting for young Conant to tell them what to do.

"You may laugh, suh," Aunt Minervy Ann went on with a little frown, "but I'm tellin' you de Lord's trufe. I kep' my eyes on um, an' 'twuz dat-a-way fum soon dis mornin' twel I got mad an' come home. You kin ax Hamp, suh, an' he'll tell you de same. I reckon you heer'd Marse Tumlin las' night at de table ax Marse Paul ef his shoulder hurted 'im. I know you did, suh, bekaze I tuck notice how you looked, an' I tried ter shake de baby up so he'd cry, but dat wuz one er de times, suh, when he wouldn't be shuck up. Any udder time dat chil' would er laid back an' blated twel you'd hafter put yo' fingers in yo' years. I wuz mad wid 'im, suh, but I wuz bleedz ter laugh. Chillun mighty funny. When you don't want um ter cry, dey'll holler der heads off, an' when you want um ter cry, dey'll laugh in yo' face. I bet you dey's a blue place on dat baby's arm whar I pinched 'im, but he didn't no mo' min' it dan nothin'."

"Well," said I, "there was something peculiar in the way all of you looked and acted when the Major asked about Mr. Conant's shoulder. It was a very simple question."

"Ah, Lord!" exclaimed Aunt Minervy Ann, raising her right hand on high, "dey better ax 'bout dat shoulder. Yasser! ev'y day an' ev'y night, an' in betwixt times."

"Is Mr. Conant troubled with rheumatism?" I inquired.

"Rheumatiz! bless yo' soul, honey! Ef 'twuz rheumatiz dey wouldn't be no

"Some lan' 'way off yander."—Page 184.

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"Drapt down on de groun' dar an' holler an cry."—Page 185.

Paul Conant 'round dis house, ner no Conant baby."

Here is something decidedly interesting, I thought, but held my peace, knowing that whatever it was would be more quickly disclosed if there were any disclosure to make.

"Ain't you never hear 'bout it, suh? Well dat bangs me! An' you right up dar in Atlanty, too! No, suh; you must er been in Savanny, bekaze 'twuz de town talk in Atlanty. Anyhow, wharsomever you wuz er might er been, dey ain't no rheumatiz de matter wid Marse Paul Conant's shoulder-blade. I know dat much, an' I know it mighty well, bekaze I wuz right here in dis house, an' nowhars else 'cep'n 'roun' de lot an' up town an' back.

"Well, den, suh, ef you ain't never hear 'bout dat, I most know you ain't never hear tell er how I run'd off, and how I run'd back, bekaze nobody ain't never talk 'bout dat—leas'ways, not as I knows un."

I declared to Aunt Minervy Ann that I never heard a whisper of it. She leaned back against the railing of the steps and drew a long whiff from her pipe.

"'Tain't no use ter tell you, suh, how times wuz right atter de war. You wuz right in um, an' ef you don't know, it's

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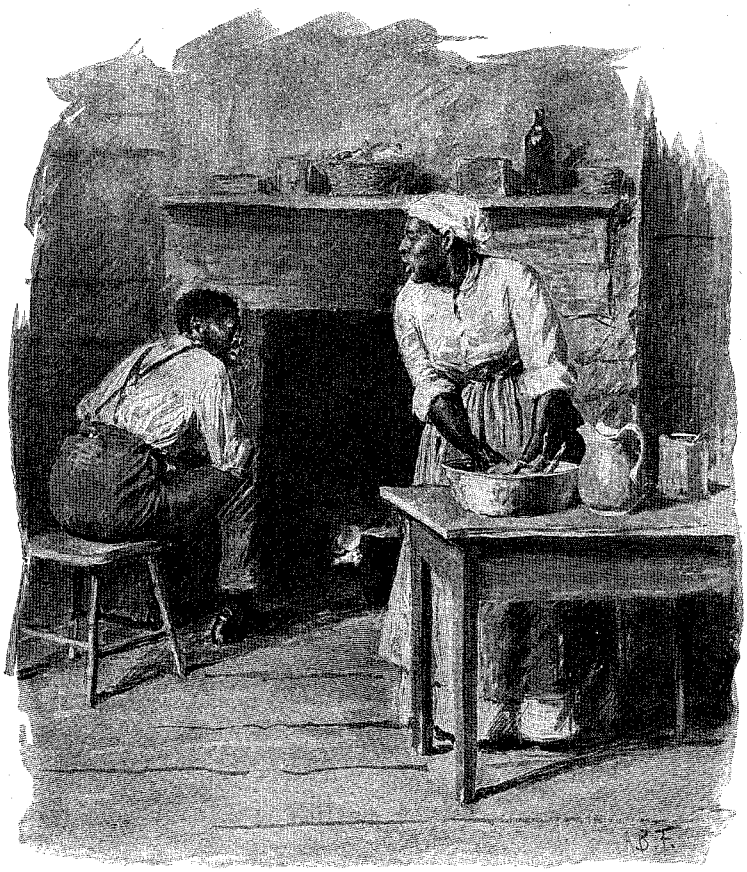

"I ain't fergot dat ar 'possum."—Page 186.

bekaze you didn't look 'roun' an' see um. I hear um say, suh, dat niggers wuz po' when dey come free. Dey wuz, suh; dey wuz rank pizen po'; but dey never wuz in dis worl' a nigger ez po' ez some er our white folks wuz. You may shake yo' haid, suh, but I'm givin' you de straight gov'nment trufe. Niggers is use ter bein' po', an' dey never wuz dat po' dat dey can't scuffle 'roun' an' make out somehow. Dey er been po' so long dey er usen ter it. But white folks what been rich! I hope de Lord'll call me home 'fo' I see what I done saw in dem days. I know in reason, suh, dat I seed mo' er de trouble dan what you did, kaze you couldn't go in at de back gates like me; an' what trouble folks does have dey allers keep it somers betwix' de bedroom an' de back gate.

"De Perdues wa'n't no wuss off dan nobody else. Marse Tumlin had dish yer house an' lot, an' de plantation, an' some lan' 'way off yander. But all de hosses an' mules an' cattle been tuck off, an' de niggers all gone. Ef he'd er stayed on de plantation, de niggers would 'a' been dar yit, but stay he wouldn't, an' stay he didn't, an' so dar he wuz.

"Do sump'n? What he gwine do? Fo' de big turmoil he done some lawin' an' a heap er farmin'. Leas'ways my ol' Mistiss done de farmin', an' Marse Tumlin, he done de lawin'. He had 'im a office here in town, an' on set days he'd come in an' look arter de cases what he had. But how anybody gwine ter do any lawin' dat-a-way? Marse Tumlin ain't keerin' whedder he git one case er none. He ain't bleedze ter do no lawin'. An' den 'pon top er dat he went off whar dey battlin' an' dar he stayed, an' when he come back, look like de kinder lawin' what he use ter do done gone outer fashion. Ef he hadn't er been holp out, suh, I dunner what'd 'a' 'come un 'im. An' 'twan't only Marse Tumlin. Dey wuz a whole passel un um, too young ter die an' too ol' ter win

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money in dem kinder times. Ef you ain't ol' nuff fer ter 'member dem times, suh, you kin thank de Lord, kaze dey sho did look like tetotal ruination.

"Now, you know yo'se'f, suh, dat you can't eat a house an' lot an' live dar too, an' you can't eat lan' des dry so less'n you got a mighty appetite fer dirt. Whyn't he sell de lan'? You oughter be de las' one ter ax me dat, suh. Who gwine buy it? Dem what ain't got lan' ain't had no money, an' dem what had money sholy lived a mighty long ways fum here. Day in an' day out, suh, I wuz de wuss pester'd nigger you ever laid eyes on. I ain't know what ter do.

"An den, 'pon top er dat, dar wuz Hamp, my ol' man. When freedom come out, he tuck de notion dat we better go off some'rs an' change de name what we got so dey can't put us back in slave'y. Night an' day it fair rankle in his min', an' he kep' groanin' an' growlin' 'bout it twel I got stirred up. I ought-n't ter tell it, suh, but hit's de Lord's trufe. I got mad, I did, an' I tol' Hamp I'd go. An' den I wa'n't doin' no good stayin' here. 'Twuz des one mo' mouf ter feed, an' mo' dan one, countin' Hamp. So, bimeby, one day, when I wuz sorter fretted, I tol' Hamp ter go on out dar in de country, whar his daddy live at, an' I'd meet 'im dar 'fo' night.

"When de time come, I went in de house an' hunt fer Miss Vallie. She 'uz settin' in de parlor by de winder, but behime de curtain like, so nobody can't see 'er. She 'uz settin' dar wid 'er han's crossed on 'er lap, an' she look so little, an' pale, an' weak, dat I come mighty nigh gwine right back in de kitchen. But she seed me too quick. Den I up'n tell 'er dat I'm gwine out in de country, ter whar Hamp daddy live at. She look at me right hard an' say, 'When you comin' back, Aunt Minervy Ann?' I low, 'I'm comin' back des ez soon ez I kin make my 'rangements, honey.' She say, 'Well, I hope you'll have a good time while you er gone.' I low, 'Thanky, ma'm.' Wid dat I went an' got my bundle an' put out fum dar—an' I ain't look back nudder, bekaze I had a mighty weakness in de knees, an' a mighty risin' in my th'oat.

"I went on down de road, an' ef anybody had so much ez said *boo* ter me, I'd 'a' turned right 'roun' an' gone back home. I went on, I did, twel I come ter de mile branch. I see somebody crossin' on de log, an' when I come up wid um, who should it 'a' been but Marse Tumlin. An' he had *one chicken!* He had been out ter de plantation—sev'm mile ef its fifty yards—an' here he wuz comin' back wid one chicken—wid one chicken an' him a walkin', him dat use ter ride 'roun' in his carriage! Walkin' an' totin' one little chicken! Man, suh! I don't never want ter feel like I felt den. Whedder 'twuz de chicken, er what, I never did see Marse Tumlin Perdue look ez ol' an' ez weasly ez he did den. He look at me an' sorter laugh like I done cotch 'im doin' sump'n he ain't got no business ter do. But dey wa'n't no laugh in me; no, suh, not by a jugful.

"He say, 'Hello, Minervy Ann! whar *you* gwine?' I low, I did, 'I'm des gwine out yander whar Hamp kinnery live at.'

"He sorter pull his goatee, an' look down at de dus' on his shoes—an' dey wuz fair kiver'd wid it—an' den he say, 'Well, Minervy Ann, I wish you mighty well. You sho is done a mighty good part by me an' mine. Ef yo' Miss Mary wuz 'live she'd know what ter say—I don't 'cep' dis'—he straighten up an' stretch out his han'—'cep dis': whenever you want ter come back home, you'll fin' de do' open. Ef you come at night, des knock. We'll know yo' knock.'

"You ain't never seed no fool nigger 'oman cut up, is you? Well, ef you does see one, suh, I hope ter goodness 'twon't be me! Marse Tumlin ain't no mo'n got de words out'n his mouf, suh, 'fo' I tuck de bundle what I had in my han', an' flung it fur ez I could send it.

"Marse Tumlin look at me hard, an' den he say, 'Dam ef I don't b'lieve youer crazy!' Time he say it, I low, '*I don't keer er dam ef I is!*'

"Yasser! I say it sho, an' den I drapt down on de groun' dar an' holler an' cry like somebody wuz beatin' de life out'n me. Marse Tumlin stood dar pullin' at his goatee all dat time, an' bimeby I got up. I wa'n't feelin' much better, but I done had my cry an' dat's sump'n. I got up, I did, an start back de way I come.

"Marse Tumlin say, 'Whar you gwine,

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Minervy Ann?' I low, 'I'm gwine back home—dat's whar I'm gwine!' He say, 'Pick up yo' bundle.' Wid dat I turn 'roun' on him an' low, 'I ain't gwine ter do it! Ef it hadn't er been fer dat ar muslin dress in dar, what Miss Vallie make over an gi' me, I'd been at home right dis minute.'

"He low, 'What dat got ter do wid it, Minervy Ann?' I make answer, 'Bekaze ol' Satan make me want ter put it on an' sho' off 'fo' dem country niggers out dar whar Hamp's folks live at.' Wid dat I start back home, but Marse Tumlin holler at me—'Minervy Ann, take dis chicken.' I tuck it, I did, an' made off up de road. Bimeby I sorter flung my eye 'roun', an', bless gracious! dar wuz Marse Tumlin comin' 'long totin' my bundle. Well, suh, it flewed all over me like fier. I got so mad wid myse'f dat I could 'a' bit a piece out'n my own flesh.

"I waited in de road twel he come up, an' den I snatched de bundle out er his han'. I low, 'I ain't gwine ter have you totin' none er my bundles in de public road—no, ner no chickens, needer.' He say, 'Well, don't fling it 'way, Minervy Ann. De time may come when yo' Miss Vallie'll need dat ar muslin dress.'

"When we got back home I went in de kitchen, an' fix ter clean an'kill de chicken. I speck Marse Tumlin must 'a' tol' Miss Vallie 'bout it, bekaze 'twan't long 'fo' I hear her runnin' 'long de plank walk ter de kitchen. She whipt in de do', she did, an' grab me an' cry like I done riz fum de dead. Well, suh, niggers ain't got no sense, you kin take um de world over. No sooner is Miss Vallie start ter cry dan I chuned up, an dar we had it.

"'Bout dat time, Marse Tumlin, he come out—men folks is allers gwine some'rs dey got no business. He low, 'What you-all blubberin' 'bout?' I make answer, 'We er cryin' over dese two chickens.' He ax, 'What two chickens?' I low, 'I'm cryin' over dis un, kaze it's so little, an' Miss Vallie cryin' over de one what you ain't brung.' He say, 'Well, I be dang!' an' wid dat he went back in de house.

"An' den, atter supper, such ez 'twuz, here come Hamp, an' he say he come ter lay de law down. I speck I like my ol' man 'bout ez good ez any udder 'oman what lawfully married, but ef I didn't put a flea in Hamp year dat night you may shoot me dead. Ef he'd 'a' waited a day er two, hit might er been diffunt; but, manlike, he had ter come at de wrong time, an' he ain't open his mouf 'fo' I wuz fightin' mad. Ol' Miss allers use ter tell me I wuz a bad nigger when I got my dander up, but I never did look at myse'f dat-a-way twel dat night.

"Well, Hamp he come an' stood in de do', but I ain't say nothin'. Den he come in de kitchen, an' stan' 'roun', but still I ain't say nothin'. Den he sot down next de chimbley, but all dat time I ain't say nothin'. He look right pitiful, suh, an' ef I hadn't been mad, I'd 'a' been sorry fer 'im. But I ain't say nothin'.

"Bimeby, he low, ''Nervy'—he allers call me 'Nervy—''Nervy, whyn't you go whar you say you gwine?' I flung myse'f 'roun' at 'im an' say, 'Bekaze I ain't choosen ter go—dar you got it!' He low, 'Well, you start ter go, kaze I seed you!' I say, 'Yes, an' I start ter come back, an' you'd 'a' seed dat ef you'd 'a' looked right close.' He low, ''Nervy, don't you know dem folks in yander'll think you b'long to um?' I say, 'I does. Ain't I free? Can't I b'long to um ef I wanter? I'd like ter see de one ter hender me. What dey done ter you? An' what's I done ter you dat you want ter drag me 'way fum my white folks? You go drag you'se'f—you can't drag *me*.' He low, 'Dey done begin ter call you a white-folks nigger, an' dey say you gwine back on yo' own color.'"

Aunt Minervy Ann paused here to laugh. "Mad ez I wuz, suh, de minnit Hamp said dat I know'd I had ter change my chune. I low, 'I know right pine-blank who tol' you dat. 'Twan't nobody in de roun' worl' but ol' Cely Ensign, an' she ain't tell you dat in comp'ny, needer. She tol' you whar nobody can't hear 'er but you. Don't you fret! des ez soon ez I git thoo wid supper, I'm gwine' roun' dar an' drag 'er out an gi' 'er de wuss frailin' any nigger ever got sence de overseers quit bizness. I ain't fergot dat ar 'possum you toted off ter her house.'

"Well, suh, I had 'im! He caved in. He low, ''Twan't no 'possum; 'twan't nothin' in de roun' worl' but a late watermillion.' I holler, '*Ah-yi! watermillion!* Well,

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den, ef you want ter drag anybody off fum der white folks, go an' drag ol' Cely Ensign—bekaze you can't drag me.'

"We jowered right smart, but I had Hamp in a cornder. He went off an' stayed maybe a mont', an' den he come back, an' atter while he got 'lected ter de legislature. He done mighty well, suh. He got nine dollars a day, an' ev'y Sat'dy night he'd fetch de bigges' part uv it home. 'Twuz mighty handy, too, suh, kaze ef hadn't been fer dat legislatur' money I dunner what me and Miss Vallie an' Marse Tumlin would 'a' done.

"Dat wuz 'bout de time, suh, dat de town boys wanter ku-kluck Hamp, an' you an' Marse Tumlin went out an' ku-klucked dem. Hamp ain't never forgot it, suh. He'd walk fum here to Atlanty fer you ef 'twould do you any good. He don't say much, but I know how he feel. I hear 'im callin' me now, suh."

"You haven't told me about Paul Conant," I suggested.

"I'll tell you, suh, 'fo' you go."

In half a minute I heard Aunt Minervy Ann quarrelling and laughing at Hamp in the same breath.

THE
LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

LIFE IN EDINBURGH, 1873–1875

OF all the sons of Edinburgh, it is Stevenson who has written of the aspects and sentiment of that romantic city, perhaps with the greatest poignancy of feeling and affection, certainly with the finest literary art and the most perfect fitness of the word to the impression. Readers of his tales and romances remember well how various and how admirable are their Edinburgh scenes and effects, those in *Weir of Hermiston* above all, in *St. Ives*, and even in the slighter and semi-farcical tale of the *Misadventures of John Nicholson*. The youthful volume of *Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh* had been a sustained, and already sufficiently brilliant, attempt to render similar scenes and effects in essay form. During his exile in the Pacific, his abiding love for and ineffaceable memories of his native city break out constantly alike in his verses and his correspondence. All the pains and pleasures, the one as much as the other, of his ailing childhood and agitated youth had worked together to compose the strain of acute imaginative emotion with which he regarded the place. Already, when he was scarcely out of boyhood, we find him consciously reflecting on his feelings toward it. Thus he writes to his friend Mr. Baxter, in 1872, of some piece of Edinburgh experience which had just befallen them:—"Eh! when we are old (if we ever should be), that too will be one of those cherished memories which I have been so rhapsodizing over. We must consecrate our room. We must make it a museum of bright recollections; so that we may go there white-headed and say *Viximus*. After all, new countries, sun, music, and all the rest can never take down our gusty, rainy, smoky, grim old city out of the first place it has been making for itself in the bottom of my soul, by all pleasant and hard things that have befallen me during these past twenty years or so. My heart is buried there, say in Advocate's Close." Almost his last letter to the same friend expresses the peculiar pleasure which he had felt in the choice of the title "Edinburgh Edition" for his collected works: a pleasure, he says, which no other title could possibly have given him. Again, one of his very latest writings was an unfinished essay, which will be printed in the forthcoming *Life* (it was originally written for this magazine), recalling and analyzing his childish impressions of the city's glory and of her squalor.

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From Stevenson's correspondence of all periods after he left his home, to his father, to Mr. Baxter, to Mr. Henley, and many others, it would have been easy to bring together flashes of Edinburgh reminiscence in many colors—flashes struck out by some chance allusion or some mere freak of memory. But for the present purpose I have chosen to give something like a continuous series of Edinburgh moods and impressions, not revived in memory, but set down from day to day as they occurred while he was still living in his father's house. They date from the years 1873 to 1875—critical and formative years of youth, when with the encouragement of outside friends he was trying his 'prentice hand at literature, and when his life was partly clouded by the strain that arose between his father and himself in consequence of religious differences. Bound as the two men always were by ties of the strongest and most tender affection, this strain while it lasted (which fortunately was not for long) was a great trial for both, and was partly the cause of the illness which caused Louis Stevenson to be ordered South (whence the title of his well-known essay) in the winter of 1873–1874. The letters quoted below are addressed to a lady in London, a sister-in-law of one of his Balfour cousins, who was at that time his chief confidant, and whose wise sympathy did much to help him through the troubles of the time and to give him confidence in his own powers and future. If they strike the reader as written in somewhat of a minor key, he must remember that it is chiefly of inward perplexities and crosses that they tell. On the surface, little or nothing of all this appeared; and any chance acquaintance meeting him, sick or well, in those days would have found him almost always the gayest of brilliant talkers and laughing companions.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

EDINBURGH,
Monday, September 15, 1873.

. . . I do lean very much upon your sympathy, and you must remember ever that you owe your life to many of us. It is a thing to thank God for, that there should be some one like you, carrying so bright a lamp of comfort up and down our dim life, bringing priceless sympathy to one and to another, giving it, widely and fearlessly, like the good sun.

I must be very strong to have all this vexation and still be well. I was weighed the other day, and the gross weight of my large person was eight stone six! Does it not seem surprising that I can keep the lamp alight, through all this gusty weather, in so frail a lantern? And yet it burns cheerily.

Tuesday [September 16th].

I made up my mind last night to have a large incremation of letters; but I failed when it came to the point. Better luck next time!

My mother is leaving for the country this morning, and my father and I will be alone for the best part of the week in this house. Then on Friday I go south to Dumfries till Monday. I must write small or I shall have a tremendous budget by then.

[Same day] 7.20 P.M.

I must tell you a thing I saw to-day. I was going down to Portobello in the train, when there came into the next compartment (3rd class) an artisan, strongly marked with small-pox and with sunken, heavy eyes—a face hard and unkind, and without anything lovely. There was a woman on the platform seeing him off. At first sight, with her one eye blind and the whole cast of her features strongly plebian and even vicious, she seemed as unpleasant as the man; but there was something beautifully soft, a sort of light of tenderness, as on some Dutch Madonna, that came over her face when she looked at the man. They talked for awhile together through the window; the man seemed to have been asking money. "Ye ken the last time," she said, "I gave ye two shillin's for your lodgin', and ye said —," it died off into a whisper. Plainly Falstaff and Dame Quickly over again. The man laughed unpleasantly, even cruelly, and said something; and the woman turned her back on the carriage and stood a long while so, and, do what I might, I could catch no glimpse of her expression, although I thought I saw the heave of a sob in her shoulders. At last, after the train was already in motion, she turned

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One of the Edinburgh Homes of the Stevenson Family.

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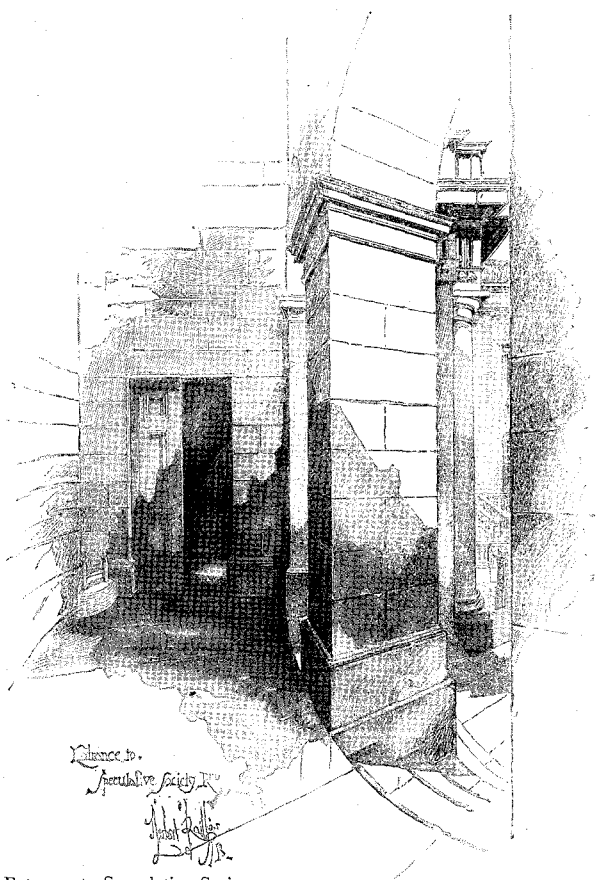
round and put two shillings into his hand; I saw her stand and look after us with a perfect heaven of love on her face—this poor one-eyed madonna—until the train was out of sight; but the man, sordidly happy with his gains, did not put himself to the inconvenience of one glance to thank her for her ill-deserved kindness.

I have been up at the Spec [Speculative Society of the Edinburgh University], and looked out a reference I wanted. The whole town is drowned in white, wet vapor off the sea. Everything drips and soaks. The very statues seem wet to the skin. I cannot pretend to be very cheerful; I did not see one contented face in the streets, and the poor did look so helplessly chill and dripping, without a stitch to change or so much as a fire to dry themselves at, or perhaps money to buy a meal or perhaps even a bed. My heart shivers for them.



Entrance to Speculative Society, Edinburgh University.

[The remainder of this letter was written during the three days' trip to Dumfries announced above.]

DUMFRIES, Friday.

All my thirst for a little warmth, a little sun, a little corner of blue sky, avails nothing. Without, the rain falls with a long drawn *swish*, and the night is as dark as a vault. There is no wind indeed, and that is a blessed change after the unruly, bedlamite gusts that have been charging against one round street corners and utterly abolishing and destroying all that is peaceful in life. Nothing sours my temper like these coarse termagant winds. I hate practical joking; and your vulgarest practical joker is your flaw of wind.

I have tried to write some verses; but I find I have nothing to say that has not been already perfectly said and perfectly sung in *Adelaïde*. I have so perfect an idea out of that song! The great Alps, a wonder in the starlight—the river, strong from the hills, and turbulent, and loudly audible at night—the country, a scented *Frühlingsgarten* of orchards and deep woods where the nightingales harbor—a sort of German flavor over all—and this love-drunken man, wandering on by sleeping village and silent town, pours out of his full heart, *Einst, O Wunder, einst*, etc. I wonder if I am wrong about this being the most beautiful and perfect thing in the world—the only marriage of really accordant words and music—both drunk with the same poignant, unutterable sentiment.

I am glad to tell you that I think I am a little better in body and quite recovered in mind. The combination of earthly, sensual, and devilish weather, with a fair spice of uneasiness at home, has a good deal put me out.

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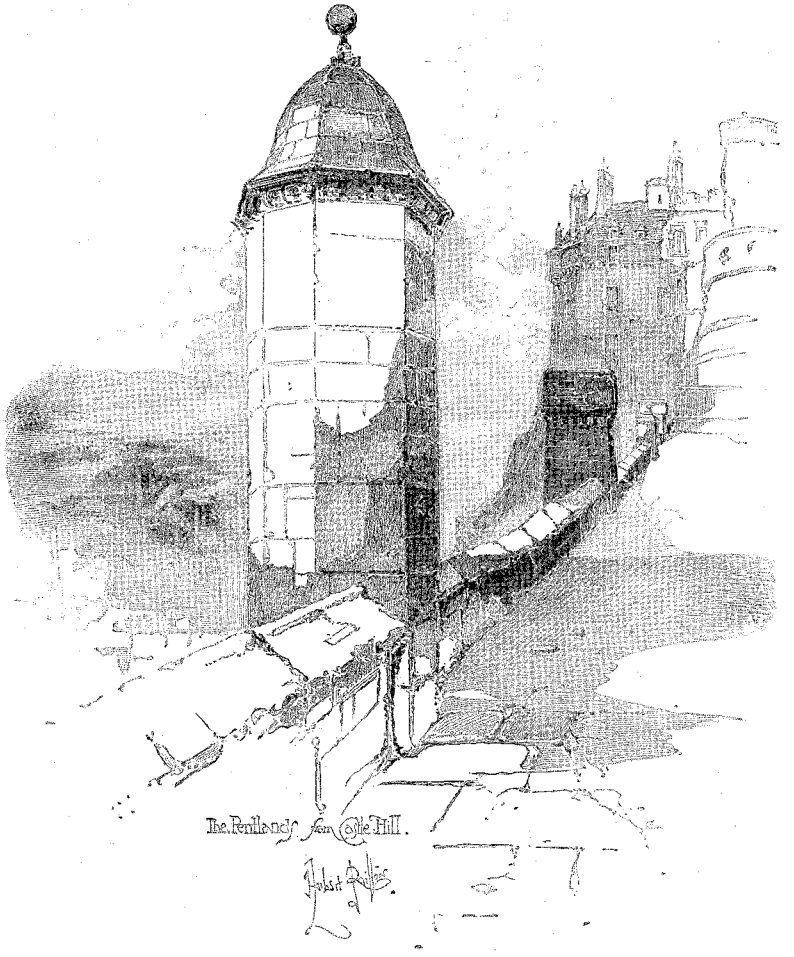

View of the Pentlands from Castle Hill.

To-day in Glasgow my father went off on some business, and my mother and I wandered about for two hours. We had lunch together and were very merry over what the people at the restaurant would think of us—mother and son they could not suppose us to be.

Saturday.

And to-day it came—warmth, sunlight, and a strong, hearty living wind among the trees. I found myself a new being. My father and I went off a long walk, through a country most beautifully wooded and various, under a range of hills. You should have seen one place where the wood suddenly fell away in front of us down a long, steep hill between a double row of trees, with one small fair-haired child framed in shadow in the foreground; and when we got to the foot there was the little kirk and kirkyard of Nongray, among broken fields and woods by the side of the bright, rapid river. In the kirkyard there was a wonderful congregation of tombstones, upright and recumbent on four legs (after our Scotch fashion), and of flat-armed fir-trees. One gravestone was erected by Scott (at a cost, I learn, of £70) to the

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poor woman who served him as heroine in the *Heart of Midlothian*, and the inscription in its stiff, Jedediah Cleishbotham fashion is not without something touching. We went up the stream a little farther to where two Covenanters lie buried in an oak wood; the tombstone (as the custom is) containing the details of their grim little tragedy in funnily bad rhyme, one verse of which sticks in my memory:—

> We died, their furious rage to stay,
> Near to the kirk of Non-gray.

We then fetched a long compass round about, through Holywood Kirk and Lincluden ruins to Dumfries. But the walk came sadly to grief as a pleasure excursion before our return.

Sunday.

Another beautiful day. My father and I walked into Dumfries to church. When the service was done I noted the two halberts laid against the pillar of the churchyard gate; and as I had not seen the little weekly pomp of civic dignitaries in our Scotch country towns for some years, I made my father wait. You should have seen the provost and three bailies going stately away down the sunlit street, and the two town servants strutting in front of them, in red coats and cocked hats, and with the halberts most conspicuously shouldered. We saw Burns's house—a place that made me deeply sad—and spent the afternoon down the banks of the Nith. The air was as pure and clear and sparkling as spring water; beautiful, graceful outlines of hill and wood shut us in on every side, and the swift, brown river fled smoothly away from before our eyes, rippled over with oily eddies and dimples. White gulls had come up from the sea to fish, and hovered and flew hither and thither among the loops of the stream. By good fortune, too, it was a dead calm between my father and me.

Do you know, I find these rows harder on me than ever. I get a funny swimming in my head when they come on, that I had not before—and the like, when I think of them. R. L. S.

Wednesday, September 24, 1873.

I have found another "flowering isle." All this beautiful, quiet, sunlit day, I have been out in the country; down by the sea on my own favorite coast between Granton and Queensferry. There was a delicate, delicious haze over the firth and sands on one side, and on the other the shadow of the woods was all riven with great golden rifts of sunshine. A little faint talk of waves upon the beach; the wild strange crying of sea-gulls over the sea; and the hoarse wood-pigeons and shrill, sweet robins full of their autumn love-making among the trees, made up a delectable concerto of peaceful noises. I spent the whole afternoon among these sights and sounds with M. S. And we came home from Queensferry on the outside of the coach and four, along a beautiful way full of ups and downs among woody, uneven country, and laid out (fifty years ago, I suppose) by my grandfather, on the notion of Hogarth's line of beauty. You see my taste for roads is hereditary.

Friday [September 26th].

I was awakened this morning by a long flourish of bugles and a roll upon the drums—the *réveillé* at the Castle. I went to the window; it was a gray, quiet dawn, a few people passed already up the street between the gardens, already I heard the noise of an early cab somewhere in the distance, most of the lamps had been extinguished but not all, and there were two or three lit windows in the opposite façade that showed where sick people and watchers had been awake all night and knew not yet of the new, cool day. This appealed to me with a special sadness: how often in the old times my nurse and I had looked across at these, and sympathised!

I wish you would read Michelet's *Louis Quatorze et la Révocation de l'Édit de Nantes*. I read it out in the garden, and the autumnal trees and weather, and my own autumnal humor, and the pitiable prolonged tragedies of Madame and Molière, as they look, darkling and sombre, out of their niches in the great gingerbread façade of the *Grand Age*, go wonderfully hand in hand.

I wonder if my revised paper [on "Roads"] has pleased the *Saturday?* If it has not, I shall be rather sorry—no, very sorry indeed—but not surprised and certainly not hurt. It will be a great dis-

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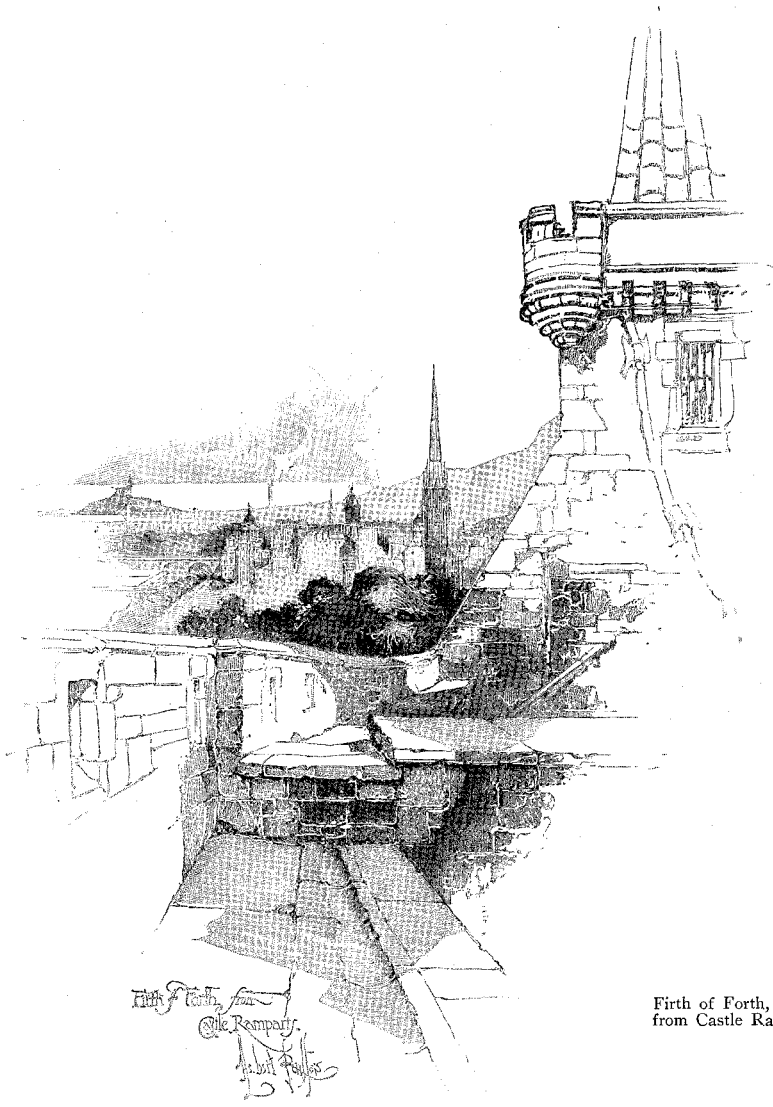

Firth of Forth,
from Castle Ramparts.

appointment; but I am glad to say that, among all my queasy, troublesome feelings, I have not a sensitive vanity. Not that I'm not as conceited as you know me to be; only I go easy over the coals in that matter.

[Same day] 4.50.

I have been out reading Hallam in the garden; and have been talking with my old friend the gardener, a man of a singularly hard favor and few teeth. He consulted me this afternoon on the choice of books, premising that his taste ran mainly on war and travel. On travel I had to own at once my ignorance. I suggested Kinglake, but he had read that, and so, finding myself here unhorsed, I turned about and at last recollected Southey's *Lives of the Admirals*, and the volumes of Macaulay containing the wars of William. Can you think of any other for this worthy man? I believe him to hold me in as high an esteem as any man can do; and I reciprocate his respect, for he is quite an intelligent companion.

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Swanston Cottage.

On Saturday morning I read Morley's article aloud to Bob in one of the walks of the public garden. I was full of it and read most excitedly; and we were ever, as we went to and fro, passing a bench where a man sat reading the Bible aloud to a small circle of the devout. This man is well known to me, sits there all day, sometimes reading, sometimes singing, sometimes distributing tracts. Bob laughed much at the opposition preachers—I never noticed it till he called my attention to the other; but it did not seem to me like opposition—does it to you?—each in his way was teaching what he thought best.

Last night, after reading Walt Whitman a long while for my attempt to write about him, I got *tête-montée*, rushed out up to M. S., came in, took out *Leaves of Grass*, and without giving the poor unbeliever time to object, proceeded to wade into him with favorite passages. I had at least this triumph, that he swore he must read some more of him.—Ever your faithful friend, LOUIS STEVENSON.

Saturday, October 4, 1873.

It is a little sharp to-day; but bright and sunny with a sparkle in the air, which is delightful after four days of unintermitting rain. In the streets I saw two men meet after a long separation, it was plain. They came forward with a little run and *leaped* at each other's hands. You never saw such bright eyes as they both had. It put one in a good-humor to see it. . . .

8 P.M.

I have had a pleasantish day. I made a little more out of my work than I have made for a long while back; though even now I cannot make things fall into sentences—they only sprawl over the paper in bald orphan clauses. Then I was about in the afternoon with Baxter; and we had

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Birthplace of Robert Louis Stevenson, Edinburgh.

a good deal of fun, first rhyming on the names of all the shops we passed, and afterward buying needles and quack drugs from open-air vendors, and taking much pleasure in their inexhaustible eloquence. Every now and then as we went, Arthur's Seat showed its head at the end of a street. Now, to-day the blue sky and the sunshine were both entirely wintry; and there was about the hill, in these glimpses, a sort of thin, unreal crystalline distinctness that I have not often seen excelled. As the sun began to go down over the valley between the new town and the old, the evening grew resplendent; all the gardens and low-lying buildings sank back and became almost invisible in a mist of wonderful sun, and the Castle stood up against the sky, as thin and sharp in outline as a castle cut out of paper. Baxter made a good remark about Princes Street, that it was the most elastic street for length that he knew; sometimes it looks, as it looked to-night, interminable, a way leading right into the heart of the red sundown; sometimes again, it shrinks together, as if for warmth, on one of the withering, clear east-windy days, until it seems to lie underneath your feet.

I want to let you see these verses from an ode to the Cuckoo, written by one of the ministers of Leith in the middle of last century—the palmy days of Edinburgh—who was a friend of Hume and Adam Smith and the whole constellation. The authorship of these beautiful verses has been most truculently fought about; but whoever wrote them (and it seems as if this Lyon had) they are lovely—

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest the vocal vale,
An annual guest, in other lands
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

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O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make on joyful wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

Sunday.

I have been at church with my mother: where we heard "Arise, Shine" sung excellently well, and my mother was so much upset with it that she nearly had to leave church. This was the antidote, however, to fifty minutes of solid sermon, varra heavy. I have been sticking in to Walt Whitman; nor do I think I have ever labored so hard to attain so small a success. Still the thing is taking shape, I think; I know a little better what I want to say all through; and in process of time, possibly I shall manage to say it. I must say I am a very bad workman, *mais j'ai du courage;* I am indefatigable at rewriting and bettering, and surely that humble quality should get me on a little. R. L. S.

Monday, October 6, 1873.

It is a magnificent glimmering moonlight night, with a wild, great west wind abroad, flapping above one like an immense banner, and every now and again swooping furiously against my windows. The wind is too strong perhaps, and the trees are certainly too leafless for much of that wide rustle that we both remember; there is only a sharp, angry, sibilant hiss, like breath drawn with the strength of the elements through shut teeth, that one hears between the gusts only. I am in excellent humor with myself, for I have worked hard and not altogether fruitlessly; and I wished before I turned in just to tell you that things were so. My dear friend, I feel so happy all over when I think that you remember me kindly. Life is doubled for me. I have been up to-night lecturing to a friend on life and duties, and what a man could do; a coal off the altar had been laid on my lips, and I talked quite above my average, and I hope I spread, what you would wish to see spread, into one person's heart; and with a new light upon it.

I shall tell you a story. Last Friday I went down to Portobello, in the heavy rain, with an uneasy wind blowing *par rafales* off the sea (or "*en rafales*" should it be? or what?). As I got down near the beach a poor woman, oldish and seemingly lately, at least, respectable, followed me and made signs. She was drenched to the skin, and looked wretched below wretchedness. You know, I did not like to look back at her; it seemed as if she might misunderstand and be terribly hurt and slighted; so I stood at the end of the street—there was no one else within sight in the wet—and lifted up my hand very high with some money in it. I heard her steps draw heavily near behind me, and, when she was near enough to see, I let the money fall in the mud and went off at my best walk without ever turning round. There is nothing in the story; and yet you will understand how much there is, if one

Duddingstone Loch.

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chose to set it forth. You see, she was so ugly; and you know there is something terribly, miserably pathetic in a certain smile, a certain sodden aspect of invitation on such faces. It is so terrible, that it is in a way sacred; it means the outside of degradation and (what is worst of all in life) false position. I hope you understand me rightly.

Tuesday.

To-night it has rained fearfully, and thundered. One peal came loud and sharp, like a single stroke upon some immense drum; it would have been a good piece of "effect" for some scene in a novel.

9.20.

I have finished the first draft of Walt Whitman! Gloria in excelsis!

Tuesday, October 14, 1873.

My father [after a week's absence] has returned in better health, and I am more delighted than I can well tell you. The one trouble that I can see no way through is that his health, or my mother's, should give way.

To-night, as I was walking along Princes Street, I heard the bugles sound the recall. I do not think I had ever remarked it before; there is something of unspeakable appeal in the cadence. I felt as if something yearningly cried to me out of the darkness overhead, to come thither and find rest; one felt as if there must be warm hearts and bright fires waiting for one up there, where the buglers stood on the damp pavement and sounded their friendly invitation forth into the night.

Wednesday.

I may as well tell you exactly about my health. I am not at all ill; have quite recovered; only I am what MM. les médecins call below par; which, in plain English, is that I am weak. With tonics, decent weather, and a little cheerfulness, that will go away in its turn, and I shall be all right again.

I am glad to hear what you say about the Exam.; until quite lately I have treated that pretty cavalierly; for I say honestly that I do not mind being plucked; I shall just have to go up again. We travelled with the Lord Advocate the other day, and he strongly advised me in my father's hearing to go to the English Bar; and the Lord Advocate's advice goes a long way in Scotland. It is a sort of special legal revelation. Don't misunderstand me. I don't of course want to be plucked; but so far as my style of knowledge suits them I cannot make much betterment on it in a month. If they wish scholarship more exact, I must take a new lease altogether.

Later.

I don't want you to run away with any fancy about my being ill. Given a person weak and in some trouble, and working longer hours than he is used to, and you have the matter in a nutshell. You should have seen the sunshine on the hill to-day; it has lost now that crystalline clearness, as if the medium were spring-water (you see I am stupid!); but it retains that wonderful thinness of outline that makes the delicate shape and hue savor better in one's mouth, like fine wine out of a finely blown glass. The birds are all silent now but the crows. I sat a long time on the stairs that lead down to Duddingston Loch—a place as busy as a great town during frost, but now solitary and silent; and when I shut my eyes I heard nothing but the wind in the trees; and you know all that went through me, I dare say, without my saying it.

11.

I am now all right, my dear friend; I do not expect any tic to-night and shall be at work again to-morrow. I have had a day of open air; only a little modified by *Le Capitaine Fracasse* before the dining-room fire. It is a jolly book; quite untrue, and a libel upon God's earth and the ways of the men thereupon; but amply makes up for all its untruthfulness by a degree of the picturesque, by a succession of splendid miniatures, that are as pleasant as true art, although they are miles away from it. I must write no more, for I am sleepy after two nights, and to quote my book, "*sinon blanches, du moins grises;*" and so I must go to bed and faithfully, hoggishly slumber.

[Soon after the date of this letter Stevenson came to London, much broken in health and nerves, was examined by Dr. Andrew Clark, and peremptorily ordered to the Riviera for a spell of rest, change, and sunshine. He stayed at Mentone for

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six months, making a slow recovery; and the remaining extracts are from letters written to the same friend between his return to Edinburgh in May, 1874, and his call to the Bar on passing his examination in July, 1875.]

[AFTER MENTONE]

May, 1874, Monday.

We are now at Swanston Cottage, Lothianburn, Edinburgh. The garden is but little clothed yet, for, you know, here we are six hundred feet above the sea. It is very cold, and has sleeted this morning. Everything wintry. I am very jolly, however, having finished *Victor Hugo*, and just looking round to see what I should next take up. I have been reading Roman Law and Calvin this morning. My people are very nice to me indeed, and I hope we shall go on well. I have had lots of talk with my mother, and take much hope from what has passed between us.

Evening.

I went up the hill a little this afternoon. The air was invigorating, but it was so cold that my scalp was sore. With this high wintry wind, and the grey sky, and faint northern daylight, it was quite wonderful to hear such a clamor of blackbirds coming up to me out of the woods, and the bleating of sheep being shorn in a field near the garden, and to see golden patches of blossom already on the furze, and delicate green shoots upright and beginning to frond out, among last year's russet bracken. Flights of crows were passing continually between the wintry leaden sky and the wintry cold-looking hills. It was the oddest conflict of seasons. A wee rabbit—this year's making, beyond question—ran out from under my feet and was in a pretty perturbation, until he hit upon a lucky juniper and blotted himself there promptly. Evidently this gentleman had not had much experience of life.

I have made an arrangement with my people: I am to have £84 a year—I only asked for £80 on mature reflection—and as I should soon make a good bit by my pen, I shall be very comfortable. We are all as jolly as can be together, so that is a great thing gained.

Wednesday.

Yesterday I received a letter that gave me much pleasure from a poor fellow-student of mine, who has been all winter very ill, and seems to be but little better even now. He seems very much pleased with *Ordered South*. "A month ago," he says, "I could scarcely have ventured to read it; to-day I felt on reading it as I did on the first day that I was able to sun myself a little in the open air." And much more to the like effect. It is very gratifying.—Good-by, dear friend. Be well and happy. Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SWANSTON, Wednesday, May, 1874.

Struggling away at *Fables in Song* [a review of Lord Lytton's volume so-called]. I am much afraid I am going to make a real failure: the time is so short, and I am so out of the humor. Otherwise very calm and jolly: cold still *impossible*.

Thursday.

I feel happier about the *Fables*, and it is warmer a bit; but my body is most decrepit, and I can just manage to be cheery and tread down hypochondria under foot by work. I lead such a funny life, utterly without interest or pleasure outside of my work; nothing, indeed, but work all day long, except a short walk alone on the cold hills, and meals, and a couple of pipes with my father in the evening. It is surprising how it suits me and how happy I keep.

I wish I could be funny and make you cheery; but it's an odd thing that I can't write funnily to you. I'm usually thought to be a "very humorous person," like the man in *Happy Thoughts;* but I can *not* turn it on when I am writing to you; so you must take what you can get with all practicable gratitude.

Friday.

I have got on rather better with the *Fables;* perhaps it won't be a failure, though I still fear. To-day the sun shone brightly, although the wind was cold: I was up the hill a good time. It is very solemn to see the top of one hill steadfastly regarding you over the shoulder of another: I never before to-day fully realized the haunting of such a gigantic face, as it peers over into a valley, and seems to command all corners. I had a

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long talk with the shepherd about foreign lands and sheep. A Russian had once been on the farm as a pupil, he told me; and he had the utmost pity for the Russian's capacities, since (dictionary and all) he had never managed to understand him. It must be remembered that my friend the shepherd speaks broad Scotch of the broadest, and, often enough, employs words that I do not understand myself.

Saturday.

I have received such a nice long letter (four sides) from Leslie Stephen to-day about my *Victor Hugo*. It is accepted. This ought to have made me gay, but it hasn't. I am not likely to be much of a tonic to-night. I have been very cynical over myself to-day, partly, perhaps, because I have just finished some of the deedest rubbish about Lord Lytton's *Fables* that an intelligent editor ever shot into his waste-paper basket. If Morley prints it I shall be glad, but my respect for him will be shaken.

Sunday.

A beautiful day at last: the hills all veiled and magnified with summer vapor, and the heart expanded with happiness. I hope you have had a beautiful day.—Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SWANSTON [May, 1874], Tuesday.

Another cold day; yet I have been along the hill-side, wondering much at idiotic sheep, and raising partridges at every second step. One little plover is the object of my firm adherence. I pass his nest every day, and if you saw how he flies by me, and almost into my face, crying and flapping his wings, to direct my attention from his little treasure, you would have as kind a heart to him as I. To-day I saw him not, although I took my usual way; and I am afraid that some person has abused his simple wiliness and harried (as we say in Scotland) the nest. I feel much righteous indignation against such imaginary aggressor. However, one must not be too chary of the lower forms. To-day I sat down on a tree-stump at the skirt of a little strip of planting, and thoughtlessly began to dig out the touch-wood with an end of twig. I found I had carried ruin, death, and universal consternation into a little community of ants; and this set me a-thinking of how close we are environed with frail lives, so that we can do nothing without spreading havoc over all manner of perishable homes and interests and affections; and so on to my favorite mood of a holy terror for all action and all inaction equally—a sort of shuddering revulsion from the necessary responsibilities of life. We must not be too scrupulous of others, or we shall die. Conscientiousness is a sort of moral opium; an excitant in small doses, perhaps, but at bottom a strong narcotic.

Saturday.

I have been two days in Edinburgh, and so not had the occasion to write to you. Morley has accepted the *Fables*, and I have seen it in proof and think less of it than ever. However, of course, I shall send you a copy of the *Magazine* without fail, and you can be as disappointed as you like, or the reverse if you can. I would willingly recall it if I could. —Believe me, ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

EDINBURGH, SWANSTON, Wednesday, June, 1874.

I have been hard at work all yesterday, and besides had to write a long letter to Bob, so I found no time until quite late, and then was sleepy. Last night it blew a fearful gale; I was kept awake about a couple of hours, and could not get to sleep for the horror of the wind's noise; the whole house shook; and mind you our house *is* a house, a great castle of jointed stone that would weigh up a street of English houses; so that when it quakes, as it did last night, it means something. But the quaking was not what put me about; it was the horrible howl of the wind round the corner; the audible haunting of an incarnate anger about the house; the evil spirit that was abroad; and above all the shuddering silent pauses when the storm's heart stands dreadfully still for a moment. O how I hate a storm at night! They have been a great influence in my life, I am sure; for I can remember them so far back—long before I was six at least, for we left the house in which I remember listening to them times without number, when I was six. And in those days, the

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storm had for me a perfect impersonation; as durable and unvarying as any heathen deity. I always heard it, as a horseman riding past with his cloak about his head, and somehow always carried away, and riding past again, and being baffled yet once more, *ad infinitum*, all night long. I think I wanted him to get past; but I am not sure; I know only that I had some interest either for or against, in the matter, and I used to lie and hold my breath, not quite frightened, but in a state of miserable exaltation.

My first *John Knox* is in proof, and my second is on the anvil. It is very good of me so to do; for I want so much to get to my real tour and my sham tour, the real tour first: it is always working in my head, and if I can only turn on the right sort of style at the right moment, I am not much afraid of it. One thing bothers me; what with hammering at this *J. K.*, and writing necessary letters, and taking necessary exercise (that even not enough, the weather is so repulsive to me, cold and windy), I find I have no time for reading except times of fatigue when I wish merely to relax myself. O—and I read over again for this purpose Flaubert's *Tentation de St. Antoine:* it struck me a good deal at first, but this second time it has fetched me immensely; I am but just done with it, so you will know the large proportion of salt to take with my present statement that it's the finest thing I ever read! Of course, it isn't that, it's full of *longueurs*, and is not quite "redd up," as we say in Scotland, not quite articulate; but there are splendid things in it.

I say, *do* take your macaroni with oil: *do, please.* It's *beastly* with butter.—Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

EDINBURGH, June, 1874, Thursday.

. . . How curiously we are built up into our false positions. The other day, having toothache and the black dog on my back generally, I was rude to one of the servants at the dinner-table. Nothing of course can be more disgusting than for a man to speak harshly to a young woman who will lose her place if she speak back to him; and of course I determined to apologize. Well, do you know, it was perhaps four days before I found courage enough, and I felt as red and ashamed as could be. Why? because I had been rude? Not a bit of it; because I was doing a thing that would be called ridiculous in thus apologizing. I did not know I had so much respect of middle-class nations before; this is my right-hand which I must cut off. Hold the arm, please: once—twice—thrice: the offensive member is amputated: let us hope I shall never be such a cad any more, as to be ashamed of being a gentleman.

Night.

I suppose I must have been more affected than I had thought; at least I found I could not work this morning, and had to go out. The whole garden was filled with a high westerly wind, coming straight out of the hills and richly scented with furze—or whins, as we would say. The trees were all in a tempest and roared like a heavy surf; the paths were all strewn with fallen apple blossom and leaves. I got a quiet seat behind a yew hedge and went away into a meditation. I was very happy after my own fashion, and whenever there came a blink of sunshine, or a bird whistled a bit higher than usual, or a little powder of white apple blossom came over the hedge and settled slowly about me in the grass, I had the happiest little flutter at my heart, and stretched myself for very voluptuousness.

Friday.

Our garden has grown beautiful with fresh foliage and daisied grass. The sky is still cloudy, and the day, perhaps, even a little gloomy; but under this gray roof, in this shaded temperate light, how delightful the new summer is!

Yesterday I received the proof of *Victor Hugo;* it is not nicely written, but the stuff is capital, I think. Modesty is my most remarkable quality, I may say in passing.—Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Monday, December 23, 1874.

I have come from a concert, and the concert was rather a disappointment. Not so my afternoon skating—Duddingstone, our big loch, is bearing; and I wish you could have seen it this afternoon, covered with people, in thin driving snow flurries, the big hill grim and white

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and alpine overhead in the thick air, and the road up the gorge, as it were into the heart of it, dotted black with traffic. Moreover, I *can* skate a little bit; and what one can do is always pleasant to do.

Tuesday.

I got your letter to-day, and was so glad thereof. It was of good omen to me also. I worked from ten to one (my classes are suspended now for Xmas holidays) and wrote four or five portfolio pages of my Buckinghamshire affair. Then I went to Duddingstone and skated all afternoon. If you had seen the moon rising, a perfect sphere of smoky gold, in the dark air above the trees, and the white loch thick with skaters, and the great hill, snow-sprinkled, overhead! It was a sight for a king.

Wednesday.

I stayed on Duddingstone to-day till after nightfall. The little booths that hucksters set up round the edge, were marked, each one by its little lamp. There were some fires too; and the light, and the shadows of the people who stood round them to warm themselves, made a strange pattern all round on the snow-covered ice. A few people with torches began to travel up and down the ice, a lit circle travelling along with them over the snow. A gigantic moon rose, meanwhile, over the trees and the kirk on the promontory, among perturbed and vacillating clouds.

The walk home was very solemn and strange. Once, through a broken gorge, we had a glimpse of a little space of mackerel sky, moon-litten, on the other side of the hill; the broken ridges standing gray and spectral between; and the hill-top over all, snow-white and strangely magnified in size.

This must go to you to-morrow; so that you may read it on Christmas Day, for company. I hope it may be good company to you.

Thursday.

Outside, it snows thick and steadily. The gardens before our house are now a wonderful fairy forest. And O, this whiteness of things, how I love it, how it sends the blood about my body! Maurice de Guérin hated snow; what a fool he must have been. Somebody tried to put me out of conceit with it by saying that people were lost in it. As if people don't get lost in love, too, and die of devotion to art; as if everything worth were not an occasion to some people's end.

What a wintry letter this is! Only I think it is winter seen from the inside of a warm greatcoat. And there is, at least, a warm heart about it somewhere. Do you know what they say in Xmas stories is true? I think one loves their friends more dearly at this season.—Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Saturday, January, 1875.

I wish I could write better letters to you. Mine must be very dull. I *must* try to give you news. Well, I was at the annual dinner of my old Academy schoolfellows last night. We sat down ten out of seventy-two! The others are scattered all over the face of the earth; some in San Francisco, some in New Zealand, some in India, one in the backwoods—it gave one a wide look over the world to hear them talk so. I read them some verses. It is great fun; I always read verses, and in the vinous enthusiasm of the moment they always propose to have them printed; *ce qui n'arrive jamais, du reste:* in the morning, they are more calm.

Sunday.

It occurs to me that one reason why there is no news in my letters is because there is so little in my life. I always tell you of my concerts; I was at another yesterday afternoon: a recital of Hallé and Norman Neruda's: it was just too long; but two Sonatas of Beethoven's and one (for the violin) by one called Tartini were no end. I went in the evening to the pantomime with the MacIntosh's—cousins of mine: their little boy, aged four, was there for the first time. To see him with his eyes fixed and open like saucers, and never varying his expression save in so far as he might sometimes open his mouth a little wider, was worth the money. He laughed only once—when the giant's dwarf fed his master as though he were a child. Coming home he was much interested as to who made the fairies, and wanted to know if they were like *berries*. I should like to know how much this question was due to the idea of their coming up

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from under the stage, and how much to a vague idea of rhyme. When he was told they were not like berries, he then asked if they had not "been flowers before they were fairies." It was a good deal in the vein of Herbert Spencer's description of the primitive man, all this.

I am pretty well; but have not got back to work much since Tuesday. I worked far too hard at the story; but I wish I had finished it before I stopped, as I feel somewhat out of the swing now. I must try and finish it this afternoon or evening.

Saturday.

I am so happy. I am no longer here in Edinburgh. I have been all yesterday evening and this forenoon in Italy, four hundred years ago, with one Sannazarro, a sculptor, painter, poet, etc., and one Ippolita, a beautiful duchess. O I like it badly! I wish you could hear it at once; or rather I wish you could see it immediately in beautiful type on such a page as it ought to be, in my first little volume of stories. What a change this is from collecting dull notes for *John Knox*, as I have been all the early part of the week. The difference between life and death—I am quite well again, and in such good and happy spirits, as who would not be, who had spent so much of his time at that convent on the hills, with these sweet people. *Vous verrez*, and if you don't like this story—well, I give it up, if you don't like it. Not but what there's a long way to travel yet—I am no further than the threshold; I have only set the men, and the game has still to be played, and a lot of dim notions must become definite and shapely, and a deal be clear to me that is anything but clear as yet. The story shall be called, I think, "When the Devil was well," in allusion to the old proverb.—Good-by.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Monday [January, 1875].

I will own myself seedy enough to-night, and very sick and useless.

These classes, though I do not work for them, are hard enough work for me; I cannot sleep often in the early part of the night, and I have need of much sleep, and when I have to get up and go out in the rain immediately after breakfast after only a few hours' sleep, and the rest spent in feverish wakefulness, it does seem to take it out of me. I do not fail to see the ridiculousness of my complaint; it is quite a late hour, after all, and I should think it so in summer. And so, when I was going up this morning, with my legs weak and my back aching, through the gaunt stone streets in the driving morning rain, I was taken by the throat at the sight of a wee pale boy, not ten years old, white as chalk and pinched and sickly, and yet stepping out through the rain cheerily, and whistling as he went. That child was a man; and you know there is a great bit of the child about me, I am afraid.—Ever yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

EDINBURGH, Thursday [January, 1875].

I have been still in the house since I wrote; and I *have* worked. I finished the Italian story; not well, but as well as I can just now; I must go all over it again, some time soon when I feel in the humor to better and perfect it. And now I have taken up an old story, begun years ago; and I have now rewritten all I had written of it then, and mean to finish it. What I have lost and gained is odd. As far as regards simple writing, of course, I am in another world now; but in some things, though more clumsy, I seem to have been freer and more plucky; this is a lesson I have taken to heart. I have got a jolly new name for my old story. I am going to call it *A Country Dance*: the two heroes keep changing places, you know; and the chapter where the most of this changing goes on, is to be called "Up the middle, down the middle." It will be in six, or (perhaps) seven chapters. I have never worked harder in my life than these last four days. If I can only keep it up.

[The following passage relates the first meeting of R. L. S. with Mr. W. E. Henley, whence quickly arose the beginnings of a literary friendship that has become famous.]

Saturday.

Yesterday, Leslie Stephen, who was down here to lecture, called on me and took me up to see a poor fellow, a poet who writes for him, and who has been eighteen months in our infirmary, and may be, for all I know, eighteen months more. It was very sad to see him there, in a little

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room with two beds, and a couple of sick children in the other bed. A girl came in to visit the children and played dominoes on the counterpane with them; the gas flared and crackled, the fire burned in a dull, economical way; Stephen and I sat on a couple of chairs, and the poor fellow sat up in his bed with his hair and beard all tangled, and talked as cheerfully as if he had been in a King's palace, or the great King's palace of the blue air. He has taught himself two languages since he has been lying there. I shall try to be of use to him.

I was at a grand concert to-day (it is our musical festival), and I was very happy. Only I had a bad seat, just above three trumpets, the cymbals, and a side drum; so you may imagine what I made out of the overture to Rienzi. In one way the place was interesting. I could see Hallé's face as he conducted, and knew when he was pleased and when he was angry. I was glad to see how excited he was. He played the piano in a concerto of Beethoven's; and while he was waiting to strike in, I saw him tearing his fingers off—you know what I mean—with eagerness and excitement. Good-night.

Sunday.

I had to stop abruptly last night, for my spine began to creep. I had only worked five hours (I have been working seven), but then I had had a walk as well and heard the concert; so it was a bit too much.

My story goes on, I am nearly done with the second chapter, not ill; but the other three are the longest and I think the hardest. The *fond* of the story is very dry and cynical, but the color will be rather rich. It is rather critical than creative, in motive, which makes me rather despise it at bottom; but I don't know quite, it keeps me quieter, you know, to have such a story. I don't indulge myself so much in blood and lightning, and my people are not always (as my people have a tendency to be in general) on tiptoe of passion. One thing is good; it is of such a nature that if I get it finished as I have begun, carefully, deliberately, and well realized, I shall be able to send it to Stephen and get his opinion.

We have had two beautiful spring days, mild as milk, windy withal, the sun hot. I dreamed last night I was walking by moonlight round the place where the scene of my story is laid; it was all so quiet and sweet, and the blackbirds were singing as if it was day, it made my heart very cool and happy.—Ever yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

O, the girls who were staying with us told Baxter I was "very quiet and pedantic!" It is quite true, too. My mother abused me the other day for being so quiet and dull. I told her one cannot do two things. If you use up all your spirits in work you can't have them for play!

Friday [February, 1875].

I have been working every spare moment, and *obsédé* by two girls living in the house on whom I was called to lavish attentions.

I have been in a curiously impressionable state; the sight of people and things has pursued me (spring, spring, I suppose). The other day, a little wee deformed girl, with that curious voice, neither boy's, nor girl's, nor man's, nor woman's of sexless and ageless deformity; yesterday, two little children—such pretty children—who had been lost, and were being taken to the police station, the wee boy stoically eating scone on the policeman's shoulder, and the wee girl trotting unconcernedly at his side, with a great semi-circle of the scone, about as big as herself, in one hand, and the hem of the policeman's trouser in the other; a train that I saw going round the outside of our station (I was looking down from far overhead on the bridge) on a very curved line of rails—if you had seen the sinuous grace of it as it turned slowly from one curve on to another; lastly, a nice ugly girl who went by me, smiling and looking so happy, that I could not help smiling myself and was happy for a great while after. These are some of the things that took hold of me. I don't like being so sensitive in town though, for the impressions are more often painful than agreeable. In the country now, in fine summer weather, it would be different.

Saturday.

I am to act Orsino (the Duke) in *Twelfth Night* at the Jenkins's. I could not resist that, it is such a delightful part; and I got

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them to put off my rehearsals to the last moment, so that I may get a fortnight with you in London, and a fortnight with Bob in France, for that must be done this time, *coûte que coûte*. I am not altogether satisfied that I shall do Orsino *comme il faut;* but the Jenkins are pleased, and that is the great affair.—Ever yours,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[In the interval between the above letter and the next, Stevenson had paid his first visit, in April, to what was soon to become one of his favorite haunts, the artist settlement at Barbizon in the forest of Fontainebleau. Staying in London on his way home, he had had a photograph given him of the famous Elgin marble group of the Three Fates, who are the "three women" alluded to below.]

17 HERIOT ROW, EDINBURGH.
Sunday [Spring, 1875, after visit to London].

Here is my long story: yesterday night, after having supped, I grew so restless that I was obliged to go out in search of some excitement. There was a half-moon lying over on its back and incredibly bright in the midst of a faint gray sky set with faint stars: a very inartistic moon, that would have damned a picture.

At the most populous place of the city I found a little boy, three years old perhaps, half frantic with terror, and crying to everyone for his "Mammy." This was about eleven, mark you. People stopped and spoke to him and then went on, leaving him more frightened than before. But I and a good-humored mechanic came up together; and I instantly developed a latent faculty for setting the hearts of children at rest. Master Tommy Murphy (such was his name) soon stopped crying, and allowed me to take him up and carry him; and the mechanic and I trudged away along Princes Street to find his parents. I was soon so tired that I had to ask the mechanic to carry the bairn; and you should have seen the puzzled contempt with which he looked at me, for knocking in so soon. He was a good fellow, however, although very impracticable and sentimental; and he soon bethought him that Master Murphy might catch cold after his excitement, so we wrapped him up in my greatcoat. "Tobauga (Tobago) Street" was the address he gave us; and we deposited him in a little grocer's shop and went through all the houses in the street without being able to find any one of the name of Murphy. Then I set off to the head police office, leaving my great coat in pawn about Master Murphy's person. As I went down one of the lowest streets in the town, I saw a little bit of life that struck me. It was now half-past twelve: a little shop stood still half-open, and a boy of four or five years old was walking up and down before it, imitating cockcrow. He was the only living creature within sight.

At the police offices, no word of Master Murphy's parents; so I went back empty handed. The good groceress, who had kept her shop open all this time, could keep the child no longer; her father, bad with bronchitis, said he must forth. So I got a large scone with currants in it, wrapped my coat about Tommy, got him up on my arm, and away to the police office with him: not very easy in my mind, for the poor child, young as he was—he could scarce speak—was full of terror for the "office," as he called it. He was now very grave and quiet and communicative with me; told me how his father thrashed him, and divers household matters. Whenever he saw a woman on our way he looked after her over my shoulder and then gave his judgment: "That's no *her*," adding sometimes, "she has a wean wi' her"—a child with her. Meantime, I was telling him how I was going to take him to a gentleman who would find out his mother for him quicker than ever I could, and how he must not be afraid of him, but be brave, as he had been with me. We had just arrived at our destination—we were just under the lamp—when he looked me in the face and said, appealingly: "He'll no put me in the office?" And I had to assure him that he would not, even as I pushed open the door and took him in.

The sergeant was very nice, and I got Tommy comfortably seated on a bench, and spirited him up with good words and the scone with the currants in it; and then, telling him I was just going out to look for Mammy, I got my greatcoat and slipped away.

Poor little boy! he was not called for, I learn, until ten this morning. This is very

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ill written, and I've missed half that was picturesque in it; but to say truth, I am very tired and sleepy: it was two before I got to bed. However, you see, I had my excitement.

Monday.

I have written nothing all morning; I cannot settle to it. Yes—I *will* though.

10.45.

And I did. I want to say something more to you about the three women. I wonder so much why they should have been *women*, and halt between two opinions in the matter. Sometimes I think it is because they were made by a man for men; sometimes again I think there is an abstract reason for it, and there is something more substantive about a woman than ever there can be about a man. I can conceive a great mythical woman, living alone among inaccessible mountain-tops or in some lost island in the pagan seas, and ask no more. Whereas, if I hear of a Hercules, I ask after Iole or Deianira. I cannot think him a man without women. But I can think of these three deep-breasted women, living out all their days on remote hill-tops, seeing the white dawn and the purple even, and the world outspread before them forever, and no more to them forever than a sight of the eyes, a hearing of the ears, a far-away interest of the inflexible heart, not pausing, not pitying, but austere with a holy austerity, rigid with a calm and passionless rigidity; and I find them none the less women to the end.

And think, if one could love a woman like that once, see her once grow pale with passion, and once wring your lips out upon hers, would it not be a small thing to die? Not that there is not a passion of a quite other sort, much less epic, far more dramatic and intimate, that comes out of the very frailty of perishable women; out of the lines of suffering that we see written about their eyes, and that we may wipe out if it were but for a moment; out of the thin hands, wrought and tempered in agony to a fineness of perception, that the indifferent or the merely happy cannot know; out of the tragedy that lies about such a love, and the pathetic incompleteness. This is another thing, and perhaps it is a higher. I look over my shoulder at the three great headless Madonnas, and they look back at me and do not move; see me, and through and over me, the foul life of the city dying to its embers already as the night draws on; and over miles and miles of silent country, set here and there with lit towns, thundered through here and there with night expresses scattering fire and smoke; and away to you, and they see you; and away to the ends of the earth, and the furthest star, and the blank regions of nothing; and they are not moved. My quiet, great-kneed, deep-breasted, well-draped ladies of Necessity, I give my heart to you!—Ever your faithful friend,

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Saturday [End of April, 1875].

I am getting on with my rehearsals, but I find the part very hard. I rehearsed yesterday from a quarter to seven and to-day from four (with interval for dinner) to eleven. You see the sad strait I am in for ink.—*À demain.*

Sunday.

This is the third ink-bottle I have tried, and still its nothing to boast of. My journey went off all right, and I have kept ever in good spirits. Last night, indeed, I did think my little bit of gaiety was going away down the wind like a whiff of tobacco-smoke, but to-day it has come back to me a little. The influence of this place is assuredly all that can be worst against one; *mais il faut lutter.* I was haunted last night when I was in bed by the most cold, desolate recollections of my past life here; I was glad to try and think of the forest, and warm my hands at the thought of it. O the quiet gray thickets, and the yellow butterflies, and the woodpeckers, and the outlook over the plain as it were over a sea! O for the good, fleshly stupidity of the woods, the body conscious of itself all over and the mind forgotten, the clean air nestling next your skin as though your clothes were gossamer, the eye filled and content, the whole man happy! Whereas here it takes a pull to hold yourself together; it needs both hands, and a book of stoical maxims, and a sort of bitterness at the heart by way of armor.

Wednesday.

I am so played out with a cold in my eye that I cannot see to write or read

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without difficulty. It is swollen *horrible*; so how I shall look as Orsino, God knows! I have my fine clothes, tho'. Henley's sonnets have been taken for the *Cornhill*. He is out of hospital now, and dressed, but still not too much to brag of in health, poor fellow, I am afraid.

Sunday.

So. I have still rather bad eyes, and a nasty sore throat. I play Orsino every day, in all the pomp of Solomon, splendid Francis the First clothes, heavy with gold and stage jewelry. I play it ill enough, I believe; but me and the clothes, and the wedding wherewith the clothes and me are reconciled, produce every night a thrill of admiration. Our cook told my mother (there is a servants' night, you know) that she and the housemaid were "just prood to be able to say it was oor young gentleman." To sup afterwards with these clothes on, and a wonderful lot of gaiety and Shakespearian jokes about the table, is something to live for. It is so nice to feel you have been dead three hundred years, and the sound of your laughter is faint and far off in the centuries.—Ever your faithful

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

May 5th, 1875, Wednesday.

A moment, at last. These last few days have been as jolly as days could be, and by good fortune I leave to-morrow for Swanston, so that I shall not feel the whole fall back to habitual self. The pride of life could scarce go further. To live in splendid clothes, velvet and gold and fur, upon principally champagne and lobster salad, with a company of people nearly all of whom are exceptionally good talkers; when your days began about eleven and ended about four—I have lost that sentence; I give it up; it is very admirable sport, any way. Then both my afternoons have been so pleasantly occupied—taking Henley drives. I had a business to carry him down the long stair, and more of a business to get him up again; but while he was in the carriage it was splendid. It is now just the top of spring with us. The whole country is mad with green. To see the cherry-blossom bitten out upon the black firs, and the black firs bitten out of the blue sky, was a sight to set before a king. You may imagine what it was to a man who has been eighteen months in an hospital ward. The look of his face was a wine to me.—Ever your faithful

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Tuesday [SWANSTON, May, 1875].

. . . I have been so busy, away to Bridge of Allan with my father first, and then with Simpson and Baxter out here from Saturday till Monday. I had no time to write, and as it is, am strangely incapable. Thanks for your letter. I have been reading such lots of law, and it seems to take away the power of writing from me. From morning to night, so often as I have a spare moment, I am in the embrace of a law-book—barren embraces. I am in good spirits; and my heart smites me as usual, when I am in good spirits, about my parents. If I get a bit dull, I am away to London without a scruple; but so long as my heart keeps up, I am all for my parents.

What do you think of Henley's hospital verses? They were to have been dedicated to me, but Stephen wouldn't allow it—said it would be pretentious.

Wednesday.

I meant to have made this quite a decent letter this morning, *ma sentite*. I had pain all last night and did not sleep well, and now am cold and sickish, and strung up ever and again with another flash of pain. Will you remember me to everybody? My principal characteristics are cold, poverty, and Scots Law—three very bad things. Oo, how the rain falls! The mist is quite low on the hill. The birds are twittering to each other about the indifferent season. O, here's a gem for you. An old godly woman predicted the end of the world, because the seasons were becoming indistinguishable; my cousin Dora objected that last winter had been pretty well marked. "Yes, my dear," replied the soothsayess; "but I think you'll find the summer will be rather *coamplicated*."—Ever your faithful R. L. S.

[June, 1875: after a visit to London.]

Simply a scratch. All right, jolly, well, and through with the difficulty. My father pleased about the Burns. Never travel in the same carriage with three able-bodied

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seamen and a fruiterer from Kent: the A.-B.'s speak all night as though they were hailing vessels at sea, and the fruiterer as if he were crying fruit in a noisy market-place—such, at least, is my *funeste* experience. I wonder if a fruiterer from some place else—say Worcestershire—would offer the same phenomenon? insoluble doubt. R. L. S.

Tuesday.

Forgive me, couldn't get it off. Awfully nice man here to-night. Public servant—New Zealand. Telling us all about the South Sea Islands till I was sick with desire to go there: beautiful places, green forever; perfect climate; perfect shapes of men and women, with red flowers in their hair; and nothing to do but to study oratory and etiquette, sit in the sun, and pick up the fruits as they fall. Navigator's Island is the place; absolute balm for the weary.—Ever your faithful friend,

R. L. S.

SWANSTON, Thursday [End of June, '75].

This day fortnight I shall fall or conquer [in his examination for the Scottish Bar]. Outside the rain still soaks; but now and again the hill-top looks through the mist vaguely. I am very comfortable, very sleepy, and very much satisfied with the arrangements of Providence.

Saturday—no, Sunday.

12.45. Just been—not grinding, alas! I couldn't—but doing a bit of Fontainebleau. I don't think I'll be plucked. I am not sure though—I am so busy, what with this d——d law, and this Fontainebleau always at my elbow, and three plays (three, think of that!) and a story, all crying out to me, "Finish, finish, make an entire end, make us strong, shapely, viable creatures!" It's enough to put a man crazy. Moreover, I have my thesis given out now, which is a fifth (is it fifth? I can't count) incumbrance. At least, you see I'm keeping jolly ever since my London business, which is the great affair for me, is it not?

Sunday.

I've been to church, and am not depressed—a great step. I was at that beautiful church my P. P. P. [*petit poëme en prose*] was about. It is a little cruciform place, with heavy cornices and string-course to match, and a steep slate roof. The small kirkyard is full of old gravestones. One of a Frenchman from Dunkerque—I suppose he died prisoner in the military prison hard by—and one, the most pathetic memorial I ever saw, a poor school-slate, in a wooden frame, with the inscription cut into it evidently by the father's own hand. In church, old Mr. Torrance preached, over eighty, and a relic of times forgotten, with his black thread gloves and mild old foolish face. One of the nicest parts of it was to see John Inglis, the greatest man in Scotland, our Justice-General and the only born lawyer I ever heard, listening to the piping old body, as though it had all been a revelation, grave and respectful.—Ever your faithful

R. L. S.

(To be continued.)

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THE LEPERS

A TALE OF SOUTH AFRICA

By William Charles Scully

All the days wherein the plague shall be in him he shall be defiled; he is unclean: he shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be.—LEVITICUS xiii. 46.

I

THE Magistrate sat in his office, deep in thought. Before him, on his desk, lay a pile of documents of foolscap size—clinical reports as to some forty odd natives in the district, who had been cursed by God with the most bitter of all curses—the disease of leprosy. The Magistrate noted that the documents were livid white in color—a variation from the orthodox blue of the ordinary printed form, and even this trivial circumstance seemed to have an unpleasant significance.

It was a month since the receipt of the circular from the Government, directing that the long-dormant "Leprosy Repression Act" be put in force, and the District Surgeon had, in the interval, been busy riding from kraal to kraal in those locations where the disease existed, obtaining the voluminous data required in each individual case. This data had now been transferred to the fateful livid forms, the imposing pile of which the Magistrate was regarding with troubled eyes.

In response to a touch upon the bell a smart-looking native constable entered the room, and a message sent through him brought in Galada, sergeant of the native police, and four of his men, who stood before the desk in an attentive line. After the Magistrate's order had been explained to them, Galada and his men left the room, went to where their horses stood, ready saddled, and rode forth respectively in five different directions. The sun was shining brightly. The season was early summer, but a light, refreshing breeze was making glad the land. The previous day had been hot, but a short thunder-storm at sunset had cleared the atmosphere and lowered the temperature, so the morning was sweet, as only a South African morning can be when cool, sea-born wind and gently ardent sunbeams flatter and caress.

Galada, the Sergeant, took his course along the footpath which leads over the bush-covered "Blackwater" Ridge. To his right arose, in precipitous terraces, the noble mass of the Umgano Mountain. The valleys were full of long lush grass, on which the sleek-limbed kine were greedily browsing. The long-tailed finches lilted over the reeds in anxious pursuit of their short-tailed, and therefore more nimble, mates; the crested lories called hoarsely from the mysterious depths of the jungle.

As the Sergeant reached the higher slopes of the ridge, the late flowers of retreating spring became more and more plentiful. The pink shields clustering around the orchid stems were full of struggling bees half-smothered in yellow pollen, while over each golden mass of mountain-broom a small cloud of butterflies hovered. Around the towering crags wheeled the chanting falcons, whose wild cries seemed to voice the very spirit of the mountain wilderness.

But Galada had neither eye nor ear for these things; his thoughts were almost wholly engrossed by the "beer-drink" which he knew was that day being held at the kraal of Headman Rolobèlè—an hour's ride away—among the foot-hills of the Drakensberg Range. He knew that there he would find all the headmen to whom he had to convey the Magistrate's message, as well as other good company, and an excellent brew of beer. Thus would be afforded a most fortunate opportunity of combining business and pleasure.

When Galada arrived at his destination he found the "beer-drink" in full swing. The men were all sitting in a circle before the main entrance to the cattle kraal,

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which was half-surrounded by a crescent of bee-hive shaped huts. In the centre stood several immense earthenware pots full of the pink liquor, while several smaller pots, each with a cleft-calabash spoon floating in it, were circulating among the guests. Galada removed the saddle from his horse, let the animal loose to join the horses of the other visitors—which were being herded by a couple of boys. Then, after greeting the giver of the feast, he joined the circle of drinkers.

But the Sergeant was far too sensible a man to allow pleasure to interfere with duty to his own disadvantage, so after quenching his immediate thirst by emptying one of the largest of the secondary pots, he drew Rolobèlè and the other headmen aside for the purpose of communicating to them the Magistrate's message, while all were yet in a state of sobriety.

"This, then, is the word of Government," said he. "The people who have 'the sickness' (the Kaffirs have no name for the disease of leprosy) are to be gathered together at Izolo. From there they will be sent on in wagons to Emjanyana, where they will henceforth dwell. The Magistrate tells me to warn you that this word is a word which must be listened to and obeyed."

The four headmen looked at each other in silence for awhile. Then Rolobèlè spoke:

"Yes, we knew of the coming of the word and we will obey. With the old men and women there will be no difficulty, but with the young men—the son of Makanda, for instance—he will be a difficult bull to drive into the Emjanyana kraal."

"What! Makanda's son, Mangèlè," exclaimed Galada in a tone of surprise; "he that I saw among the drinkers; has *he* got it?"

"Oh, yes," replied Rolobèlè. "The doctor was here last week and found 'the sickness' in his hand and his knee. But you knew, surely, that his mother died of it three years ago."

Across the heavy features of the youngest of the headmen—a man named Xaba—the ghost of a smile seemed to flit. Xaba had quite recently been appointed to the headmanship in succession to his father. There was enmity and jealousy between him and Mangèlè. Both had been paying their addresses to the same girl, and the suit of Mangèlè had prospered. He had, as a matter of fact, already paid more than one instalment of the "lobola"* cattle, and the wedding was expected to take place within a few months.

After giving full instructions as to the collection of the unfortunate sufferers, Galada, accompanied by the others, returned to the beer-feast with a clear conscience. After removing his uniform to prevent its getting soiled, he borrowed a blanket from Rolobèlè and gave himself up to enjoyment.

Mangèlè was the "great son" of his father, who was so old and infirm that he slept away his days and took no further interest in life. When the weather was cold he lay all day long on his mat next to the fire-place in his hut—a little boy being always on duty to prevent the fire either going out or setting the old man's mat or blanket alight. In mild weather he lay outside in the open. When the sun stung he sought the shady side of the hut, and groaned grievously when the pursuing sunbeams forced him to shift his quarters.

Makanda was a rich man, and, as the greater portion of his riches belonged to his "great house," such would, consequently, fall to Mangèlè. The latter had many half-brothers who were older than himself, but, his mother having been the "great wife," he took precedence of the rest of the family.

A few years previously Mangèlè's mother, who had been afflicted with leprosy for many years, died miserably. Mangèlè, when little more than a boy, had quarrelled with his father and run away from home, meaning to return no more. He wandered far and near—sometimes working at the docks at Cape Town or East London—sometimes at the gold or diamond mines. The love of home is always very deep in the Kaffir, and Mangèlè came to find the longing to return to his father's kraal so strong, that he could no longer withstand it. For some months previously he had suffered from a feeling of painful weakness in his left hand and wrist, which had made it difficult for him to use pick or shovel.

Upon his return Mangèlè found that

* The dowry paid by the bridegroom to the bride's father, after the manner of the ancient Spartans.

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his mother had died recently, and that his father had become very feeble in mind and body. But the old man welcomed him with open arms. Makanda had been badly treated by his other sons, who, after the fashion in such cases, had begun to despoil him of his property in the most barefaced manner. Soon after his "great son's" return old Makanda formally abdicated the headship of the family in his favor and thenceforth spent most of his days and all his nights in peaceful, dreamless slumber.

Mangèlè's hand became weaker and weaker. He found that he could not exert it in the least degree without suffering dull, gnawing pain for days afterward. Then the hand began to swell and the knuckles became distorted. Shortly after this a weakness, followed by a swelling, appeared in the left knee.

A cloud seemed to settle down upon his face, and his features gradually took on that strange, pathetic, and by no means repellant, look which one so often sees in strongly marked cases of tubercular leprosy before the frightful disfiguring stage has set in. This look distinctly suggests the face of a lion in repose. In strongly marked cases the resemblance cannot fail to strike the most careless observer. There is nothing in it suggestive of ferocity, but rather of a deep, dignified, and sombre sadness, with a touch of that sublimity which belongs to everything that appalls.

Mangèlè knew well that he was smitten with the incurable disease of which his mother had died. He became solitary in his habits and would sometimes sit on a stone outside his hut the whole night through. And the sombre, leonine look deepened upon his face with the passing of the months.

At first Mangèlè had, as is usual in such cases among the Kaffirs, put down his own as well as his mother's illness to the malevolence of an enemy, and believed that if he could counteract the spell woven against him, he would recover his health, but he no longer deceived himself on this score. The Kaffirs are, as a rule, utterly ignorant of Nature's laws as such affect the human body, but Mangèlè was intelligent to a degree far above the average of his race. Moreover, his sojourn among the Europeans had given him enlightenment. Recently the dire significance of his situation had struck him to the heart. Now and then he would appear among his fellows at a "beer-drink" or other function, but as a rule he remained at home and brooded in solitude over his doom.

A Kaffir "beer-drink" is a very curious and distinctive feature of South African native life. One peculiarity of the "beer-drink" is that the drinkers pass through several definite stages corresponding with the amount of their potations. In the earlier the utmost good-humor prevails. Soon, however, comes a period of boasting which, if different clans are represented at the gathering, shortly changes into one electric with possibilities of strife, for vaunting leads to irritation, recrimination, and eventual blows.

A fierce quarrel may arise from something utterly trivial; any two men present who dislike each other never being at a loss for a *casus belli*. The mere mention of an old garden dispute, or a lawsuit of half a century back between the respective grandfathers of two men who have reached the critical point, is quite enough to set the sticks whirling. Indeed, beer seems to act like a kind of sympathetic ink in bringing every ancient and half-obliterated grievance to the surface.

After the quarrelsome stage succeeds one of torpor, and from this the revellers arise with appetites which only meat, and plenty of it, can assuage. Then, unless the giver of the feast be rich and liberal enough to kill for his guests, the flocks and herds of the stock-owners in the vicinity are apt to suffer.

The stage of boasting had been reached when Galada and the headmen returned to the banquet. On different sides men were declaiming loudly of the wealth and greatness of their relations, ancestral and contemporary — several talking at the same time. Galada's eye at once sought out Mangèlè, the son of Makanda, who had just been mentioned to him as being a leper. Mangèlè was a most splendid specimen of manhood. As he lay naked on his blanket in the bright sunshine, his splendid torso and muscular limbs seemed to be the very embodiment of health and reposeful strength. Looking more closely, however, the Sergeant was able to notice the signs of the disease which had been

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mentioned by Rolobèlè. Superficially, all that was wrong with the knee was a slight thickening on the outside—so slight, indeed, that Galada would certainly never have noticed the thing had his attention not been drawn to it. Mangèlè's left hand was, however, distinctly swollen and distorted. He kept it concealed as much as possible, hiding it under a fold of the blanket he lay upon.

Mangèlè's voice was not heard among those of the boasters. He lay silent and abstracted, slightly apart from the others, drinking deeply and apparently taking no notice of the Babel around him. For an instant he looked up as Xaba joined the circle, and the glances of these two seemed to flash at each other like spears. Then Mangèlè took another long draught of beer and bent his head lower than before.

"We of the Radèbè," shouted 'Mzondo, a fierce-looking savage, who had a heavy ivory armlet above his left elbow, "Hau—there are none like us; we are the black cattle of the pastures. My father was a bull with a strong neck and I am his calf. Look at our sticks in a fight—look how the strangers come to seek our daughters in marriage. Wau—but we are a race of chiefs—a great people."

"We of the Amahlubi," shouted one 'Mbulawa, "were never tillers of the fields of the Amagcaleka, nor were our daughters taken as concubines by the sons of Hintza. We were bulls when the Radèbè were oxen."

At this reference to the captivity of the Radèbè, half a century previously, all present of that clan leaped to their feet and seized their sticks. Rolobèlè, however, managed to restore tranquillity. The majority of those present were Hlubis. The headman rebuked 'Mbulawa for his rudeness. Then, in the course of a long and eloquent speech he adroitly led the thoughts of his guests to an episode in which both clans had equally covered themselves with glory. Thus was the anger appeased and the danger of a breach of the peace averted for the moment.

Xaba, who had for some time been drinking heavily in silence, began to dispute with one Fodo over the merits of some old family quarrel which had been settled many years previously. The sombre eye of Mangèlè followed every gesture of his enemy. Fodo was a small man, and Xaba, who in spite of his size was rather cowardly, began to address him in most insulting terms. Suddenly Mangèlè sprang to his feet, seized his sticks, and strode across the circle toward the bully. Xaba drew back before his assailant, while a number of Mangèlè's friends threw themselves in his course and prevented him from reaching his enemy.

Under the Territorial Law, the giver of a beer-party is responsible for any breach of the peace that may occur at it. This circumstance, and the fact of the Sergeant's presence, impelled Rolobèlè to strain every nerve to prevent fighting. After some difficulty the two furious men were forced away in different directions; they, all the time, shouting insult and defiance at each other. At length Xaba called out:

"You—bull with the water in your bones—your days are over. To-morrow you will be tied up with the sick oxen at Emjanyana. If you do not believe me, ask Galada. Good-by; I am now going to see Nosèmbè."

Mangèlè at once ceased from shouting and struggling, and allowed himself to be led away without resistance. His head was bent, and his heavy, leonine features set themselves into a sombre, tragic mask, out of which his eyes seemed to blaze.

II

On the day after the transmission of the Magistrate's message the different headmen concerned went round among their respective locations and warned the lepers to assemble at a certain spot near Izolo in ten days' time. Mangèlè received the message in silence. His relations, who hated him for having prevented their spoliation of old Makanda, were delighted at the prospect of getting rid of him, but they wisely refrained from expressing their feelings on the subject in his presence.

Nosèmbè and Mangèlè were attached to each other in a manner somewhat rare among the uncivilized natives. She was the handsomest girl in the neighborhood, and several other men besides Xaba had wished to marry her. She had never suspected for a moment that her lover was suffering from the dread, nameless disease

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that filled the bones with water, and when in the course of the next few days it came to be whispered that Mangèlè was one of those who had to go into confinement at Emjanyana, she laughed at the report. Later, Xaba spoke of it to her and she spat at him in her fury at the insult. When, however, she heard her father and brothers discussing the question of the return of the dowry cattle she knew that the rumor was true, and her whole soul revolted at the injustice. Mangèlè was the strongest and handsomest man in the neighborhood—why should he be locked up like a criminal because he happened to have a sore place upon his hand? She at once made up her mind that if her lover had to go, she would follow him into captivity.

Three days Nosèmbè waited in the hope that Mangèlè would visit her, but she waited in vain, so, on the fourth night, she arose from her mat after all the others had gone to sleep, crept out of the hut, and sped along the pathway which led over the divide beyond which his kraal was situated.

The night was sultry and the sky was brightly starlit as Nosèmbè glided between the patches of scrub which dappled the hill-side at the back of the kraal. She knew the hut which Mangèlè occupied by himself; all she feared was that the dogs might give the alarm and some of the people come out and see her. As she crouched behind a bush the dogs suddenly set up a chorus of barking and rushed down the hill-side on the opposite side of the kraal in pursuit of a supposed enemy. Here was her chance; she sprang up and ran swiftly down the slope to Mangèlè's hut.

Mangèlè was sitting on a stone in front of the doorway, in an attitude expressive of the deepest dejection. His head was bowed upon the arms which rested upon his bent knees, and the corner of his blanket was drawn over it as though he could not bear even the light of the gentle stars. He heard Nosèmbè's footstep, and lifted his sombre face. For a few seconds the two regarded each other silently; then the girl flung herself to the ground at the man's feet and broke into a passion of tears.

Mangèlè lifted Nosèmbè from where she lay and clasped her closely to him. Her sobs ceased, but it was long before either spake a word. The girl was the first to break the silence:

"It is not true that you have to go to Emjanyana."

"It is true."

"But you are not sick," she rejoined, passionately. "You are stronger than other men. And you have done no wrong. How, then, can they put you in prison?"

"I am sick," he replied, in a heart-broken voice; "my bones are filling with water. It is right that I go away. I am a dead man."

"Then I will go with you."

"No, that cannot be," he replied, in a voice broken by emotion; "no woman can go to Emjanyana unless she have 'the sickness;' and then the men and women have to dwell apart."

"*Moimamo*," she wailed. "You cannot leave me—your child quickens even now. You have paid the dowry and I am your wife. I will sit at the gate at Emjanyana until they let me in."

Day was almost breaking when Mangèlè led Nosèmbè back into the scrub to the footpath by which she had come. They bade each other farewell, after arranging to meet on the following night in the same way.

Nosèmbè had not gone very far before she met her father and two of her brothers, who, when they had discovered her absence, guessed where she had gone to and started out to seek for her. She met their railing and reproaches with the utmost composure. However, when night again came she found herself so carefully guarded that escape was impossible, so she was unable to keep the appointment with her lover.

Mangèlè waited the whole night through, hoping against hope that she would come. He correctly guessed the cause of her absence. When day broke he took his sticks and went forth to carry out a design he had formed in the course of his long vigil.

During the next forty-eight hours he personally visited every one of the lepers belonging to his clan in the district, and arranged with them to meet a day later in the vicinity of the Residency.

In the morning, just after the Magis-

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trate had reached his office, he received a message asking him to meet the lepers under a certain tree, where, by tacit understanding, they had been accustomed to assemble on the rare occasions when they required to communicate direct with the authorities. Soon afterward he walked to the spot, which was situated in a kloof about three hundred yards distant.

There they sat, twenty-four in number. Ten of them were women. All, with the exception of Mangèlè, were old. What an awful spectacle they afforded, these four and twenty human creatures; all save one crushed almost out of human semblance by the wheels of the chariot of pitiless, unregarding Nature. There, against the lovely background of graceful fern and fragrant clematis, beneath the twinkling, poplar-like leaves of the spreading erethryna-tree—through which the blue sky smiled—were huddled these poor sufferers without hope of relief, guiltless vessels marred by the mysterious hand of The Great Potter. Twisted limb and crumbling stump, visages from which the gracious human lines had been obliterated by a slow, fell process more awful than the snake's fang or the lightning's stroke.

Over what remained of nearly every countenance seemed to hover a suggestion of that strange, leonine look which was so strongly marked in the case of Mangèlè; and to the Magistrate it seemed as if this were the only relief from a horror almost too absolute to look upon for long

The girl flung herself to the ground at the man's feet.—Page 212.

and keep his senses. It was as though what Schopenhauer called "the genius of the genus" had arisen from the depths of being to protest mutely against this piteous desecration of its temple by unregarding Nature and iron-visaged Fate. It was the very sublimation of tragic pathos, in the presence of which pity seemed to die of its own intensity.

All but Mangèlè sat upon the ground and endeavored to hide, so far as possible, their worst individual disfigurements, but he stood forth as though proudly conscious of his almost perfect symmetry, and met the Magistrate's sympathetic glance

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with his sombre, lion-like gaze. Then, after the usual salutations, Mangèlè began his speech. As is usual with natives to whom oratory is an inborn art, his delivery was excellent and full of dignity:

"We, men and women who are dead, though living, come to our Father, the Government, to ask for a little thing.

"God, whom the White Man has taught us to know, smote us with this sickness which has filled our bones with water for marrow and caused our quick flesh to rot slowly, like dead wood. We acknowledge that it is only right we should be separated from other men, so that we may not give the disease to those who are clean, but we cannot dwell apart from our kindred, our cattle and the fields wherein our fathers saw the corn growing when they were little children—therefore we wish to die now, this day. Then will the sickness die with us, and our Father, the Government, will not be put to any further trouble on our account.

"What we ask of the White Chief, our Magistrate, is this: that he now, before the Sun has begun to fall, send hither his policemen with rifles, and bid them shoot us skilfully so that we may suffer little pain."

Then turning to his companions, who had heard him in silence, he added:

"My brothers and sisters—children of my Father—tell our Chief if I have spoken the right word."

An eager murmur of assent followed.

"Yes, our Chief, he has spoken the one word which is in all our hearts; kill us here, but send us not to dwell apart from our homes and our kindred."

It was some little time before the Magistrate was able to command his feelings sufficiently to admit of his speaking. When they saw that he was about to reply, his miserable hearers leant forward with every appearance of the keenest interest. In his heart he knew that what the poor creatures asked for was for them the best. His compassion was so deep that he could have slain them with his own hand.

"The word you have spoken," he said, "has gone through my heart like the bullet you have asked for. What can I say for your comfort? Go, my poor brothers and sisters whom God has afflicted so sorely. In the place to which your Father, the Government, is sending you, neither hunger nor cold will afflict you; you will have many friends and your days will be passed in peace. The thing you ask for I may not give, for the Law allows it not. My heart will be with you in your exile."

Then a wail of anguished protest went up from the miserable crowd:

"Law—what have we to do with the Law—we who are dead already? We cannot dwell in a strange place. Kill us and put us under the ground on which we have lived our lives. Send the policemen with the rifles to us here at this spot—we will not shrink."

After the Magistrate had withdrawn, the poor creatures continued their lamentations for some time. Then they seemed to fall into a condition of apathy. Mangèlè sat silently apart, with the corner of his blanket drawn over his head. This, of late, had become his habitual attitude. Eventually he arose and called for attention:

"Listen, O brothers and sisters of the sickness; the thing which the Magistrate may not do on account of the Law we may yet do for ourselves. . . . To-morrow night at sundown let us meet at the Wizard's Rock. There we may die as painlessly as by a rifle. To-day and to-morrow let us look our last upon our kindred, our cattle, and the land our fathers dwelt in. To-morrow night we will go down with the sun."

III

The Wizard's Rock derives its name from the circumstance that in the old days—before the advent of civilized government—it was the place of execution of those hapless creatures who were condemned for the supposed practice of witchcraft.

Before the rule of the European in South Africa there was, among the natives, a strong recrudescence from time to time of the lamentable belief that the land was full of malevolent wizards and witches, who spent most of their time in weaving deadly spells against man and beast. The consequences were terrible; men and

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Mangèlè helped the weaker to ascend.

women were put to death upon the flimsiest suspicion; torture of the most horrible kind was freely resorted to, and the wildest confession wrung from the agonized lips of some was taken as absolute confirmation of the most preposterous apprehensions.

Not more than thirty years ago many a dolorous procession wended its way up to this jutting peak, from the base of which, hundreds of feet below, a slope, covered with noble forest, fell away to a deep and rapid river. The doomed wretch would be blindfolded and placed, standing, at the edge of the precipice. Then the executioner would deal him a smashing blow on the side of the head with a heavily knobbed stick, and thus hurl him into the abyss.

Among the broken rocks below, the curious may, even at this late day, find fragments of human bones. The place has an evil reputation; no native boy cares to go near it; no bribe would induce one to visit it alone. Now and then a few of the bolder spirits, finding themselves in the forest, make an excursion to the foot of the great rock, but they steal along breathlessly from tree to tree and from stone to stone, taking cover at each and listening fearfully lest the restless "imishologu"—the spirits of the wicked ones who have died violently—should be unseasonably awake. Then the fall of a dead bough, the rush of a troop of monkeys through the branches, the slightest unfamiliar echo from the beetling crag, will send them flying toward the open in speechless terror, with ashen-gray faces and staring eyes. Afterward they will boast loudly to their friends of the bravery evinced in the visit, omitting, of course, all reference to the invariable panic.

The day following the assembling of the lepers at the Magistracy died splendidly. To seaward the milk-white thunder-clouds which marked the track of the monsoon towered into the deep azure, and when the sun began to sink behind the great mountain range to westward, every stately vapor-turret took on a changing glory, while in the inky vaults between incessant lightnings played.

Since early in the afternoon the poor lepers had been laboriously ascending the mountain by the different footpaths. Many were hardly able to hobble, but these were assisted by others whose legs were not so badly affected. Mangèlè bore upon his broad back an old man whose feet had completely crumbled away. Leaving this poor creature at the summit he returned and helped the weaker among the others to ascend. The sun was still some little distance above the horizon when the last of the self-doomed band sank panting at the edge of the cliff. Of the four and twenty who had come to the Residency to interview the Magistrate, twenty had assembled at the Rock. The others, three women and a man, had felt their courage fail them, so had decided to accept their less violent, though dreaded, fate and go to Emjanyana.

'Mpofu, the oldest of the men, dragged his shapeless frame to a stone against which he leant, supporting himself by his stick at the same time. He trembled violently and made several attempts before he succeeded in speaking. Then his voice

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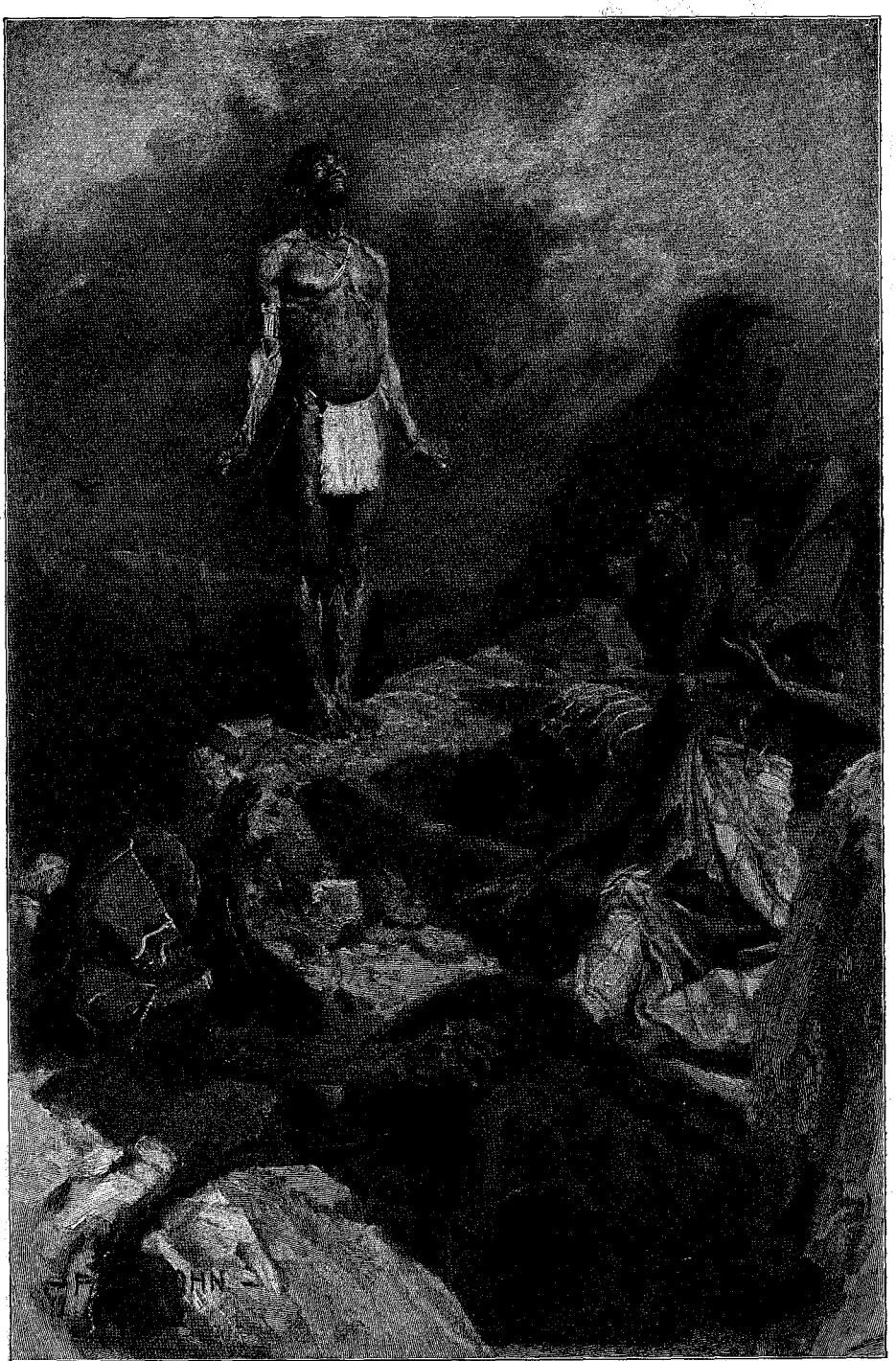

"Farewell, brothers and sisters who have not been taught how to die."—Page 218.

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came in a husky quaver. The others turned toward him with an air of expectancy.

"It is," he said, "a long time since I last stood on this spot. I was then hardly a man; Hintza was Chief. We came here to look upon the killing of Gungubèlè, who was 'smelt out' for having bewitched his elder brother. I leant my head over the edge of the rock and listened for the thud of his body as it struck the stones, far down. I thought the wind had borne it away, but at length it struck me like a club. Many seasons have since passed, but that sound has ever since been in my ears. And now—when my body falls——"

A shudder passed through the crouching creatures; one or two of the women began to whimper and a few near the verge drew back with looks of terror. Mangèlè sprang to his feet.

"What is this?" he cried in an angry voice; "has 'the sickness' filled your heart as well as your bones with water, oh, 'Mpofu, my father? Is yours the voice that calls dogs thirsty for death back from the fountain? Was it not your word that made me the leader of this army of dead men who are yet alive—and will you now turn them back on the day of battle? Shame on you. Listen to me, oh, my brothers, and not to this old man whose heart shrinks because of a sound he heard on a day before we were born. I am young and death is more bitter to the young than to the old. My kraal is full of cattle; the dowry has been paid for my bride, yet I stand here to-day and am not afraid to die. Listen now to a new word in a strange tongue, but a word which you nevertheless may understand if you will:

"For a long time I have known that my sickness was like your own—the sickness that no doctor can cure. Through the long nights, when others slept, I have sat alone under the stars, and the voices of the darkness have taught me many things. Now, the greatest and strangest of these things was this: that I loved you who have suffered through your long lives what I am but beginning to suffer, and it is out of that love that I have brought you here to-day to put an end to your pain. Out of the darkness came another strange word, a word which has taught me how to die, to die with my eyes open; but I could not bear to die and leave you helpless in the pain you have endured so long. All this is the wisdom which I have learned from those voices of which the darkness is full."

When Mangèlè ceased speaking his hearers broke out into loud wailing. One of the women crept shrinkingly to the verge of the precipice, glanced over the edge, and drew back with a shriek. Then she covered her face with her blanket and lay upon the ground, grovelling. The others, who had silently watched her, broke into renewed and terror-stricken wails as she drew back. Mangèlè once more began to speak, a note of thunder in his voice; all at once shrank into silence.

"This will I do for the sake of the love I bear you, and for that ye know not your own minds, nor what is good for you; this will I do because my heart is strong where yours is weak: I will hurl you one by one over the rock and then follow you myself. Look your last upon the sun, oh my brothers and sisters whom I love, for you are about to die."

At this the wretched creatures grovelled about Mangèlè's feet, beseeching him to spare their lives. They would, they said, go to Emjanyana and live peacefully like cattle in the kraal of their father, the Government. Their hearts were full of water; they were old and weak. They would not have minded death by shooting, at the Residency, but this was an evil place which bore a bad name from the most ancient days. The House of Death was cold and the road to it, over the steep cliff and the sharp stone beneath, painful. Even though they were sick they still could feel the warmth of the sun. If he loved them, let Mangèlè leave them until Death came of his own accord and sought them out.

Mangèlè stood with bent head in the middle of the prostrate crowd and listened to their piteous pleadings. When at length he lifted his face a change had come over it—a wistful, transfiguring gentleness had taken the place of the look of stern indignation it had borne when he last spoke. Silencing the wailing creatures with a gesture, he said:

"Peace, peace; your words have made me weak. Live, then, since you fear to die."

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"He waits for me!"

Mangèlè stepped from among the crouching throng and took his stand on the very verge of the cliff. The sun was just about to disappear; its last, level beams swept across the world and seemed to search out and reveal every noble curve and graceful line in the ebon limbs and trunk of the splendidly proportioned man who was about to destroy his beauty to save it from loathsome decay—they lit the noble face and head until these took on a sublime look of leonine anguish and the sombre eyes seemed to glare a tremendous indictment against Nature and Fate.

"Farewell, brothers and sisters who have not been taught how to die. Tell the girl Nosèmbè that my thoughts were of her as I sped to the sharp rocks."

As he spoke the last word Mangèlè sprang backward over the cliff. Old 'Mpofu and a woman shut their eyes and bent their heads sideways toward the verge. A few seconds afterward a heavy thud from below smote on the ears of all. A low groan broke from their lips——

A sound of approaching footsteps and labored breathing was heard, and just afterward a tall young woman stepped in among the huddled throng. It was Nosèmbè who, having heard a rumor of the impending tragedy, hastened to join the man she loved and die with him.

"Ho, ye who are here," she said, after her eye had swept around the circle, "how is it then that your leader has not come? But there is his blanket and his stick; speak; where is Mangèlè, my lover?"

No one dared to answer; all sank their faces to the earth.

"Ha!" Nosèmbè cried, "I see the truth ye dare not speak—he is dead and ye are not ashamed to be alive. . . . He waits for me. . . . I take him his unborn child."

Then, with a long, shrill call upon her lover's name, Nosèmbè leaped into the abyss.

. . . . . .

Shortly after these events, on a day that was a dream of beauty, a couple of wagons

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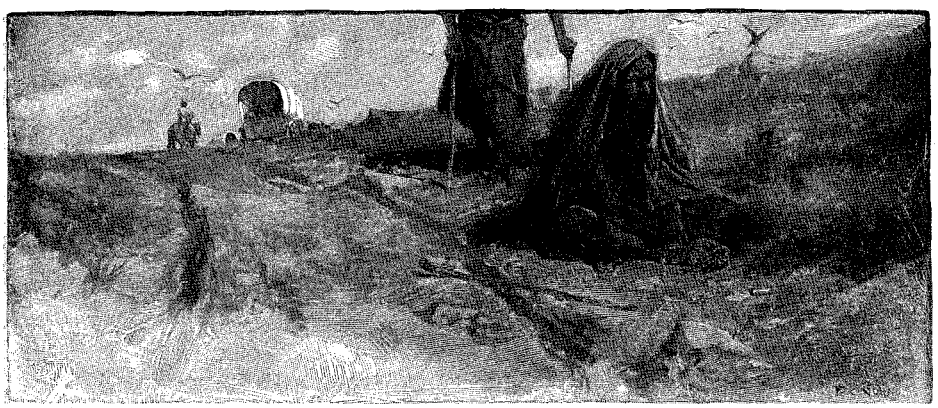
drawn by long teams of oxen crossed the Lunda Divide by the road to Emjanyana. In the wagons were seated those of the lepers who were unable to walk. Hobbling after them came the rest, a dreary band, their heads bent, their whole appearance suggestive of stolid and hopeless misery. None attempted to turn back. They had attained the calm of consent.

When the top of the divide was reached the drivers called a halt for the purpose of breathing the oxen. The poor lepers gazed back long and lovingly at the valleys wherein they had dwelt all their lives and which they never more would see.

No tear was shed; not a word was spoken; not a sigh or a groan broke the silence. The police who formed the escort had dismounted for a space at the side of the road.

After a few minutes Sergeant Galada signed to the drivers to proceed, and the wagons rumbled heavily down the slope. The lepers sat on the ground, still gazing backward, and seemingly unconscious that the wagon had gone forward.

Then the policemen came up and gently—very gently—urged the exiled and disinherited creatures to continue their journey.



ASCETICISM

By Elisabeth Mary Warren Fay

So, dear, I find you. After many days
God brings me to your dwelling-place at last,
And all the years of wandering are past.
How have I sought you! By what trackless ways!
Threading the desert where the sky ablaze
Sucked up the water; then where ice made fast
The meagre springs, and the pale sun, aghast,
Sent down in vain his white unwarming rays.

And now I find you! O, my love, bend low,
Lay your dear hand upon my weary head;
I think I knew that I should find you so.
Are these your tears? That I am weak, you said,
And old, and in my steps the snow is red?
Be glad, dear love! I did not even know.

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THE ENTOMOLOGIST

By George W. Cable

II

TIME did pass—in days and weeks of that quiet sort which make us forget in actual life that such is the way in good stories also. Innumerable crops were growing in the fields, countless ships were sailing or steaming the monotonous leagues of their long wanderings from port to port, some empty, some heavy-laden, like bees between garden and hive:

> The corn-tops were ripe and the meadows were in bloom
> And the birds made music all the day.

Many of our days must be not the wine, but only small bits of the vine, of life. We cannot gather or eat *them;* we can only let them grow, branch, blossom, get here and there green grapes scarce a tenth of a tithe, in bulk or weight, of the whole growth, and "in due season—if we faint not" pluck the purpled clusters. And as the vine is —much, too, as the vine is tended, so will be the raisins and the wine. There is nothing in life for which to be more thankful, or in which to be more diligent, than its intermissions. This is not my sermonizing. I am not going to put everything off upon "Senda," but really this was hers. I have edited it a trifle; her inability to make in her pronunciation a due difference between wine and vine rather dulled the point of her moral.

Fontenette remarked to her one Sunday afternoon in our garden, that she must have got her English first from books.

"Yes," she said, "I didt. Also I have many, many veeks English conversations lessons befo'e Ame'ica. But I cannot se p'onunciation get; because se spelling. Hah! I can *not* sat spelling get!"

O, but didn't I want to offer my services? But, like Bunyan's Christian, I recalled a text and so got by; which text was the wise saying of that female Solomon, "se aunt of my muss-er"—"One man can't ever'sing have, and mine"—establishment is already complete. Meantime, Mrs. Fontenette, from farthest off in our group, had slipped around to the Baroness and spoke something low, stroking her downy fan and blushing with that damsel sweetness of which her husband was so openly fond.

"O no, I sank you!" answered Senda, in an undulating voice. "I sank you ve'y much, but I cannot take se time to come to yo' house, and I cannot let you take se trouble *too* come too mine. No, if I can have me only se right soughts, and find me se right vords for se right soughts, I sink I leave se p'onunciation to se mercy of P'ovidence."

Mrs. Fontenette blushed as prettily as a child, and let her husband take her hand as he said, "The Providence that wou'n' have mercy on such a pronunshation like that—ah well, 'twould have to become ve'y unpopular!"

"Anyhow," cooed Senda, "I risk it;" and then to his wife—"For se present siss betteh I sew for you san spell for you."

Thus was our fair neighbor at every turn overmatched by the trustful love of the man and watchful love of the woman, whose fancied inferiority was her excuse for an illicit infatuation; an infatuation which little by little became a staring fact —only not to Fontenette. You know, you can hide such a thing from those who love and trust you, but not long from those who do not; and if you are not old in sin —Flora and the Baron were infants—you will almost certainly think that a condition hid from those who love and trust you is hid from all! O fools! the very urchins of the playground will presently have found you out and be guessing at broken laws, though there be only broken faiths, and the anguish of first steps in perfidy.

We could not help but see, and yet for all our seeing we could not help. The matter never took on flagrancy enough to

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give ever so kind an intervener a chance to speak with effect. It was pitiful to see how little gratification they got out of it, especially she, with that silly belief in her ability to rekindle his spiritual energies and lift him into the thin air of her transcendentalisms; slipping, nevertheless, bit by bit, down the precipitous incline between her vaporous refinements and his wallowing animalisms; too destitute of the love that loves to give, or of courage, or of cunning, to venture into the fires of real passion, but for ever craving flattery and caresses, and for their sake forever holding him over the burning coals of unfulfilled desire.

How could we know these things so positively? By the entomologist; the child of science. Science yearns ever to know and to tell. Truth for truth's sake! He had no strong *moral* feeling against a lie; but he had never had the slightest use for a lie, and a prevarication on his tongue would have been as strange to him as castanets in his palms. Guile takes alertness, adroitness; and the slim pennyworth of these that he could command he used up, no doubt, on Fontenette. I noticed that after an hour with the Creole he always looked tortured and exhausted. With us he was artless to the tips of his awful finger-nails. Nor was Mrs. Fontenette a skilful dissembler; she over-concealed things so revealingly. Then she was so helplessly enamoured and in so childish a way. I venture one of the penalties almost any woman may have to pay for bringing to the altar only the consent to be loved is to find herself, some time, at last, far from the altar, a Titania, a love's fool. Our Titania pointed us to the fact that the Baron's wife never tried to divert his mind from the one pursuit that enthralled it; and she borrowed one of our garden alleys in which to teach him—grace-hoops! He never caught one from her nor threw one that she could catch; but, ah! with her coaxing and commanding, her sweet taunting and reprimanding and his utter lack of surprise at them, how much she betrayed! Fontenette came, learned in a few throws, and was charmed with the toys—a genuine lover always takes to them kindly—but Mrs. Fontenette was by this time tired, and she never again felt rested when her husband mentioned the game.

Furthermore, their countenances—hers and the entomologist's—especially when in repose—you could read the depths of experience they had sounded, by the lines and shadows that came and went, or stayed there, as one may read the depths of a bay by the passing of wind and light, day by day, over its waters—particularly if the waters are not very deep.

They made painful reading. What degrees of heart-wretchedness came and went or stayed with them, we may have over—we may have underestimated. God knows. Mrs. Fontenette grew visibly older and less pretty, yet more nearly beautiful, in two months; while he, by every sign, was gradually awakening back—or, shall we not say, being now first born?—to life through the pangs of a torn mind; mind, not conscience; but pangs never of sated, always of the famished sort.

It was he who finally put the very seal of confirmation upon both our hopes and our fears. The time was the evening of the same Sunday in whose afternoon his wife had declined those transparent spelling-lessons. A certain preacher, noted for his boldness, was drawing crowds by a series of sermons on the text (King James version), "Be thou clean;" or, according to Senda's, "Be zow clean," and our fat neighbor and his wife took us, all six, to hear him. His pew was well to the front and we were late, so that going down the aisle unushered, with him in the lead, husband and spouse, husband and spouse, four couples, we made a procession which became embarrassingly amusing as the preacher simultaneously closed the Scripture lesson with, "And Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him into the ark."

That has been our fat neighbor's best joke ever since, though he always says after it, "The poor Baron!" and often adds—"and poor Mrs. Fontenette! Little did we think," etc. But he has never even suspected their secret. The entomologist was the last of our pew-full to give heed to the pulpit. When the preacher said that because it was a year of state elections, for which we ought already to be preparing, he had in his first discourse touched upon political purity—cleanness of citizenship—the Baron showed no interest. He still showed none when the

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speaker said again, that because the pestilence was once more with us—that was in the terrible visitation of 1878—he had devoted his second discourse to the hideous crime of a great city whose voters and tax-payers do not enable and compel it to keep the precept, "Be thou clean." I thought of the clean little home from whose master beside me came no evidence that he thought at all. But the moment the preacher declared his purpose to consider now the application of this great command to the individual life and character of man and woman as simply man and woman, the entomologist became the closest listener in the crowded throng.

The sermon was a daring one. I was struck by the shrewd concessions with which the speaker defined personal purity and the various false conceptions of it that pass current; abandoning the entrenched hills, so to speak, of his church's traditional rigor and of many conventional rules, and drawing after him into the unfortified plain his least persuadable hearers of whatever churchly or unchurchly prejudice, to surround them finally at one wide sweep and receive their unconditional surrender. His periods were not as embarrassing to a mixed audience as my citations would indicate. Those that I bring together were wisely subordinated and kept apart in the discourse, and ran together only in minds like my own, eager for one or two other hearers to be specially impressed by them. And one, at least, was. Before the third sentence of the main discourse was finished the fierceness of the Baron's attention was provoking me to ask myself whether a conscience also was not coming to birth in him.

In a spiritual-material being, said the speaker, the spirit has a rightful, happy share in every physical delight, and no physical delight need be unclean in which the spirit can freely enjoy its just share as senior member in the partnership of soul and body. Without this spiritual participation it could not be clean, though church, state, and society should jointly approve and command it. Mark, I do not answer for the truth of these things; that is quite outside of our story. The commonest error, he said, of those who covet spiritual cleanness is to seek a purification of self for self-purification's sake. The Baron grunted. He was drinking in the words; had forgotten his surroundings. Only those are clean, continued the speaker, whose every act, motive, condition is ordered according to their best knowledge of the general happiness, whether that happiness is for the time embodied in millions, or in but one beyond themselves. Through errors of judgment they may fall into manifest outward uncleannesses; but they, and none but they, are clean within. Because women, he went on, are in every way more delicately made than men, we easily take it for granted they are more spiritual. From Genesis to Revelation the Bible never does so. It is amazing how feeble a sense of condemnation women—even as compared with men—often show for the *spirit* of certain misdeeds if only it be unaccompanied by the misdeed's performance; or what loathing so many of them—"of you," he really said, and the Baron grunted as though his experience had been with droves of them—what loathing so many of you heap upon certain things without reference to the spirit by which they are accompanied and on which their nobility or baseness, their cleanness or foulness, entirely depends. Nothing is unclean that is to no one anywhere unjust or unkind; and nothing is unjust, unkind, or unclean which cannot easily be shown to be so without inventing an eleventh commandment. To him, he said, no uncleanness was more foul than that which, not for kindness, or for righteousness, but for a fantastical, self-centred refinement, invents some eleventh commandment to call that common which God hath cleansed; to call anything brutish which the incarnation of the soul has made sacred to spotless affections. The Baron muttered something in German, and Fontenette shut his mouth tight and straightened up in approbation.

At the close of the service we were not out of the pew before our escort was introducing Senda to his friends in front and behind as busily and elaborately as if that was what we had come for. Twice and again she cast so anxious an eye upon her husband, from whom Mrs. Fontenette had wisely taken shelter behind hers, that I softly said to her, "We'll take care of him."

A care he was. All the way down the

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aisle, amid the peals of the organ, he commented on the sermon aloud, mostly to himself but also to whichever of us he could rub his glasses against. Sometimes he mistook others for us until they stared. His face showed a piteous, weary distress, his thin hair went twenty ways, he seemed scarcely to know where he was or how to take his steps, and presently was saying to a strange lady crowded against him, as though it was with her he had been talking all along:

"Undt vhy shall ve haf t'at owfool troubple? No–o, t'at vould kill me! I am not a cat to keep me alvays clean—no more as a hogk to keep me always not clean. No, I keep me—owdside—inside—always so clean as it comes eassy, undt I leave me so dirty as it comes eassy."

I took his arm into mine—his hand was hot — and drew him on alone. "Undt t'ose vomens," he persisted in the vestibule, "t'ey are more troubple yet as t'eir veight in goldt! I vish, mine Gott! t'ere be no more any vomens ut all undt ve haf t'e shiltern by mutchinery."

On the outer steps I sprang with others to save a young girl, who had stumbled, from pitching headlong to the sidewalk. Once on her feet again, after a limp or two she walked away uninjured; but when I looked around for my real charge he was not in sight. I hurried to Fontenette and his wife a few steps away, but he was not with them. The three of us turned back and came upon the rest of our group, but neither had they seen him. Our other neighbor said he must have got into a car. I asked Senda if it was likely he would go home without trying to find us, and she replied that he might; but when we had all looked at one another for a moment she added, with a distinct tremor of voice, "I sink he iss not ve'y vell. I sink he is maybe—I ton't know, but—I—I sink he iss not ve'y vell." She averted her face.

She agreed with us, of course, that there was no call for alarm, and my wife and I had to plead that we could not, the six of us, let her go home, away downtown, alone, while we should go as far the other way and remain all night ignorant of her husband's whereabouts. So our next door neighbor, my wife, and I went with her, and his wife and the Fontenettes went home; for a conviction probably common to us all, but which no one cared to put into downright words, was that the entomologist, whether dazed or not, might wander up to one of our homes in preference to his own. In the street-car and afterward for a full hour at her house, Senda was very silent, only saying now a little and then a little more.

"*He* iss all right! *He* vill sure come. Many times he been avay se *whole* night. Sat is se first time I am eveh afraid; is sat se vay when commencing to grow old? Yes, I sink sat is se reason."

When we had been at her cottage for nearly an hour, my neighbor started out on a systematic search; and half an hour later, I left my wife with her and went also.

About one o'clock in the night, I came back as far as the corner nearest her house, but waited there, by appointment, with my neighbor; and very soon—stepping softly—he appeared.

"No sign of him?"

"None."

"Well, then," he said, "I think we ought to tell the police at once."

I advanced some obvious objections. "At any rate," I said, "go in, will you, please, and see if he hasn't come home, while we were away."

"Why, yes, that *is* the first thing," laughed he, and went.

As I waited for him in the still street, I heard far away a quick footstep, and by and by saw a man pass under a distant lamp, coming toward me. I looked with all my eyes. Just then my neighbor came back. "Listen," I murmured. "Watch when that man comes under the next light." He watched.

"It's Fontenette!"

"Well," said the Creole as he joined us, "he's yondeh all right—except sick. Yes, he couldn't tell anybody where to take him, and a doctor found that letteh on him print' outside with yo' uptown address, and so he put him in a cab an' sen' him yondeh, and sen' word he muz 'ave been sick sinze sev'l hours, an' get-him-in-bed-quick don't lose-a-minute."

"And so he's in bed at my house now?" I put in approvingly.

"Ah, no! I couldn'-do-like-that; but I do the bes' I could; he is at *my* 'ouse in bed. An' my own doctor sen' word what

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to do an' he'll come-in-the mawning. And (to our neighbor) yo' madame do uz that kineness to remain with Madame Fontenette whiles I'm bringing his wife."

At the cottage my companions remained outside. As I entered Senda caught one glance and exclaimed, "Ah, mine hussbandt is foundt andt is anyhow alife!"

"Yes," I replied—and for one who had never taken regular lessons in white-lying, I think I did well enough. "But he's sick. Mr. Fontenette met him and took him to his house. He's there now with Mrs. Fontenette and Mrs. Blank. Get a change of dress and come, we'll all go together."

Senda stared. "A shange of——?" Then, with a most significant mingling of relief and new distress, she said, "Ah, I see!" And looking from me to my wife and from my wife to me, while she whipped her bonnet ribbons into a bow, she cried, with shaking voice and streaming eyes:

"Oh, sank Kott! Sank Kott! It iss only se yellow feveh."

No sick man could have been better cared for than was the entomologist at our neighbor's over the way. "The fever," as in the Creole city it used to be sufficiently distinguished, is not so deadly, nor so treacherous, nor nearly so repulsive, as some other maladies, but none requires closer or more ceaseless attention. After successive days and nights of unremitting vigilance, should there occur a momentary closing of the nurse's eyes, or a turning from the bedside for a quarter of a minute, the irresponsible patient may attempt to rise and may fall back dying or dead. So, the attendant must have an attendant. In the case of the entomologist, his wife became the bedside nurse and sentinel. In the next room, now and then my wife, as frequently our fat neighbor's, but by far the most of the time, Mrs. Fontenette, was her assistant. When Senda, while the patient dozed, stole brief moments of sleep to keep what she could of her overtasked powers, her place was always filled by Fontenette, who as often kept his promise to call her the instant her husband should rouse. Thus we brought our precious entomologist through the disorder's first crisis, which generally comes exactly on the seventy-second hour, and in due time through the second, which falls, if I remember aright, on the ninth day. What I do recall with certainty, was that it came on one of the days of the city's héaviest mortality and that two of our children, and my next neighbor's wife, came down with the scourge. And O, the beautiful days and the beautiful nights! It seemed the illusion of a dream, that between such land and sky, there should be not one street in that embowered city unsmitten by sorrow and death. Out of yonder fair home on the right, they carried yesterday, the loved mother of five children—but the Baron is better. From this one on the left, will be borne to-morrow such a man as no city can lightly spare, till now a living fulfilment of the word "Be thou clean"—but the entomologist will be ever so much better.

To be glad of it, you needed only to hear Senda allude to him as "Mine hussbandt." Why did she never mention him in any other way? The little woman was a riddle to me. I did not see how she could give such a man such a love, and yet I never could see but she was as frank as a public record. Stranger still was it how she could be the marital partner—the mate, to speak plainly—of such a one without showing or feeling the slightest spiritual debasement. Finally, however, I caught some light. I had stepped over to ask after "Mine hussbandt," everyone else of us being busy with our own sick. Senda was letting Fontenette take her place in the sick-room, which, of course, was shut close. I entered silently the room in front of it, and perceiving that Mrs. Fontenette had drawn her into the other front room, adjoining—a door stood half open between—and was tempting her with refreshments, I sat down to await their next move. So presently I began to hear what they said to each other in their gentle speculations.

"A wife who has realised her ideal," Mrs. Fontenette was saying, when Senda interrupted:

"Ah! vhat vife is sat? In vhat part of se vorldt does she lif, and how long she is marriedt? No-o, no! Sare is only vun *kindt* of vife in se *whole* vorldt vhat realise her ideal hussbandt; and sat is se vife vhat idealise her real hussbandt.

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Also not se hussbandt and se vife only; I sink you even cannot much Christ-yanity practise vis anybody—close related—vissout you idealise sem. But ze hussbandt and vife—You remembeh sat sehmon, 'Be'—O yes, of course. Vell, sat is vun sing se preacher forget to say—May be he haf not se time, but I sink he forget: sat sere is no hussbandt in se whole vorldt—and also sare is no vife—so sp'—spirit—spirited? no, ah, yes—spiritual!—yes, sank you. Vhen I catch me a bigk vord I am so proudt, yet, as I hadt caught a fish!"

I was willing to believe it, but thought how still more true it was of Mrs. Fontenette. But the gentle speaker had not paused. "Sare iss no vife so *spiritual*," she repeated, triumphantly, "and who got a hussbandt so spiritual, sat eeser vun—do you say 'eeser vun'?"

"Either one," said her hostess, reassuringly.

"Yes, so spiritual sat eeser vun can keep sat rule inside—to be perfect' clean, if sat vun do not see usseh vun *idealise*."

I made a stir—Hmm! Whereupon she came warily to the door. I sat engrossed in a book and wishing I could silently crawl under it snake fashion; but I could feel her eyes all over me, and with them was a glimmering smile that helped them to make me tingle as she softly spoke.

"Ah! See se book-vorm! He iss all eyes and ee-ahs. Iss it *not* so?"

"Pardon," I murmured; "did you spe'—has any one been speaking and I have failed to give attention?"

"O no, sir! I sink not! Vell, you are velcome to all you haf heardt; but I am ve'y much oblige' to you for yo' 'hmm.' It vas se right sing in se right place. But do you not sink I shouldt haf been a pre-eacheh? I love to preach."

I said I knew of three men in one neighborhood with whom she might start a church, and asked how was the Baron. Improving—would soon be able to sit up. She inquired after my children.

It was quite in accord with a late phase of Mrs. Fontenette's demeanor that she did not appear until I mentioned her. She had not come near me by choice since the night the Baron was found and sent to my address, although I certainly was in every way as nice to her as I had ever been, and I was not expecting now to be less so. I asked her if a superb rose blooming late in August was not worth crossing to our side of the way to see. She knew, of course, that sooner or later, as the best of a bad choice, she must allow me an interview; yet now she was about to decline on some small excuse, when her eyes met mine, and she saw that in my opinion its time had come. So she made her excuses to her guest and went with me.

She gave the rose generous notice and praise, and as she led the way back lingered admiringly over flower after flower. Yet she said little; more than once she paused entirely to let me if I chose change the subject, and when at the gate I did so, she stood like a captive, looking steadily into my face with eyes as helpless as a half-fledged bird's and as lovely as its mother's. When I drew something from my breast-pocket, they did not move.

"This," I said, "is the letter that was found on the Baron the night he was taken ill. Your husband handed it to me supposing, of course, I had written it, as it was in one of my envelopes, and he happens not to know my handwriting. But I did not write it. I had never seen it, yet it was sent in one of my envelopes. I haven't mentioned it to anyone else, because—you see?—I hope you do—I thought—well, frankly, I thought if I should mention it first to you I might never need to mention it to anyone else." I waited a moment and then asked, eyes and all: "Who could have sent it?"

"Isn't," she began, but her voice failed, and when it came again it was hardly more than a whisper, "isn't it signed?"

Now, that was just what I did not know. Whatever the thing was, I had never taken it from the envelope. But the moment she asked I knew. I knew it bore no signature. We gazed into each other's eyes for many seconds until hers tried to withdraw. Then I said—and the words seemed to drop from my lips unthought—"It didn't have to be signed, Mrs. Fontenette, although the handwriting is disguised.

Poor Flora! I can but think, even yet, I was kinder than if I had been kind; but it was brutal, and I felt myself a brute, thus to be holding her up to herself there on the open sidewalk where she dared

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not even weep or wring her hands or hide her face, but only make idle marks on the brick pavement with her tiny boots—and tremble. "I—I had to write it," she began to reply, and her words, though they quivered, were as mechanical as mine. "He was so—so—imprudent—my husband's happiness required ——"

I stopped her. "Please don't say that, Mrs. Fontenette. Pardon me, but—not that, please." I felt for an instant quite cruel enough to have told her what ebb tides she had given that husband's happiness, and what he had been so near doing and had been led back from only by the absolute christliness of the woman and wife whose happiness scarcely seemed ever to have occurred to her; but that was his secret, not mine.

She broke a silence with a suppressed exclamation of pain, while for the eyes of possible observers I imitated her in a nonchalant pose. "You wouldn't despise me if you knew the half I've suffered or how I've striv"——

I interrupted again. "O Mrs. Fonenette, any true gentleman—at forty-five—knows it *all—himself.* And he had better go and cut his throat than give himself airs, even of pity, over a lady who has made a misstep she cannot retrace."

Her foot played with a brick that was loose in the pavement, but she gave me a melting glance of gratitude. After a considerable pause she murmured, "I will retrace it."

"I have kept you here a good while," I said. "After a moment or so drop your handkerchief, and as I return it to you the letter will be with it. Or, better, if you choose to trust me, we'll not do that, but as soon as I get into the house I'll burn it."

"I can trust you," she replied, "but"——

"What; the Baron—when he misses it? O I'll settle that."

She gave a start as though I had shouted. I thought it a bad sign for the future, and the words that followed seemed to me worse. "Isn't it my duty," she asked—and her eyes betrayed unconsciously the desperateness of her desire—"to explain to him myself?"

I answered with a question. "Would that be in the line of retracement, Mrs. Fontenette?"

"It would!" she responded, with solemn eagerness. "O it would be! It shall be! I promise you."

"Mrs. Fontenette," said I, "consider. If his wife"—she flinched; she could do so now, for the sudden semi-tropical darkness had fallen—"if his wife—or your husband"—she bit her lip—"knew all—would they think that your duty? Would it take them an instant to refuse their consent? Would they not firmly insist that it is your duty never again to see him alone?"

Her only reply was an involuntary moan and a whitening of the face, and for the first time I saw how deep into her soul the poison had gone.

"My friend," I continued, "you must not think me meddlesome—officious. I can no more wait for your permission to help you than if you were drowning. Perhaps for good reasons within *me*, I know, better than you, that you—and he—are on a slippery incline, and that whether you can stop your descent and creep back to higher ground than either of you has slipped from is not to be told by the fineness of your promises or resolves. I cannot tell; you cannot tell; only God knows."

"Please sir," said a new maid—in place of one who had gone home fever-struck and had died—"yo' lady saunt me fo' to tell you yo' little boy a sett'n on de back steps an' sayin' his head does ache him, an' she wish you'd 'ten' to him, 'caze she cayn't leave his lill' sisteh, 'caze she threaten with convulsion'."

Mrs. Fontenette and the maid silently ran in ahead of me; I went first to the mother. When I found Mrs. Fontenette again she had the child undressed and in his crib, and I remembered how often I had, in my heart, called her a coward. She saw me pencil on a slip of paper at the mantelpiece, and went and read—"You mustn't stay. He has the fever. You've never had it." She wrote beneath—"I should have got it weeks ago if God paid wages every day. Don't turn me off."

I dropped the paper into the small fire-grate, added the other from my breast pocket, and set them ablaze, and the new maid, entering, praised burning paper as one of the best deodorizers known.

So my dainty rose-neighbor stayed;

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stayed all night, and all the next day and night, and on and on with only flying visits to her home over the way, until we were amazed at her endurance. The little fellow was never at ease with her out of his wild eyes. Her touch was balm to him, and her words peace. Oh, that they might have been healing also! But that was beyond the reach of all our striving. His days were as the flowers and winged things of the garden-kingdom, wherein he had been—without ever guessing it—their citizen-king.

It wakens all the tenderness at once that I ever had for Mrs. Fontenette, to recall what she was to him in those hours, and to us when his agonies were all past, and he lay so stately on his short bier, and she could not be done going to it and looking—looking—with streaming eyes. As she stood close by the tomb, while we dumbly watched the masons seal it, I began to believe that she blamed herself for the child's sickness and death, and presently I knew it must be so. One of those quaint burial societies of Negro women, in another quarter of the grounds, but within plain hearing, chose for the ending of their burial service—with what fitness to their burial service I cannot say, maybe none—a hymn borrowed, I judge, from the rustic whites, as usual, but Africanized enough to thrill the dullest nerves; and the moment it began my belief was confirmed.

My sin is so dahk, Lawd, so dahk and so deep,
My grief is so po', Lawd, so po' and so mean,
I wisht I could weep, Lawd, I wisht I could weep,
Oh! I wisht I could weep like Mary Mahgaleen!

Oh, Sorroh! sweet Sorroh! come, welcome, and stay!
I'd welcome thy swode howsomever so keen,
If I could jes' pray, Lawd, if I could jes' pray,
Oh! if I could jes' pray, like Mary Mahgaleen!

My belief was confirmed, I say; but I was glad to see also that no one else read as I read the signs by which I was guided. At the cemetery gate I heard someone call—"Yo' madam is sick, sih," and, turning, saw Mrs. Fontenette, deathly white, lift her blue eyes to her husband and he get his arm about her just in time to save her from falling. She swooned but a moment, and, in the carriage, before it started off, tried to be quite herself, though very pale.

"It's nothing but the reaction," said to me the lady who fanned her, and we agreed it was a wonder she had held up so long. "Hyeh, honey," put in the child's old black nurse, in a voice that never failed to soothe, however grotesque its misinterpretations, "lay yo' head on me; an' lay it heavy: dass what I'm use-en to. Blessed is de pyo in haht; she shall res' in de fea' o' de Lawd, an' he shall lafe at heh calamity."

I was glad to send the old woman with them, for as we turned away to our own carriage, I said in my mind, "All that little lady needs is enough contrition, and she'll give away the total of any secret of which she owns an undivided half." But a night and a day passed, and a second, and a third, and I perceived she had told nothing. It was a terrible time, with many occasions of suspense more harrowing than that. Our other children were getting on, yet still needed vigilant care; the Baron was to be let out of his room in a day or two, but my fat neighbor had come down with the disease, while his wife still lay between life and death—how they finally got well, I have never quite made out, they were so badly nursed—and all about us were new cases, and cases beyond hope, and retarded recoveries, and relapses, and funerals, and nurses too few, and ice scarce, and everybody worn out with watching—physicians compelled to limit themselves to just so many cases at a time, to avoid utterly breaking down.

(To be concluded in March.)

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RIORDAN'S LAST CAMPAIGN

By Anne O'Hagan

IN the Riordans' dining-room Mrs. Timothy Riordan and her daughters, the Misses Burke, awaited the result of the conference in the parlor above.

"I do wish this campaign was over," sighed Miss Loretta. "Papa seems so unlike himself."

"Yourr farrther," announced Mrs. Riordan, majestically, with a rich doubling of consonants throughout her speech, "is mekkin' a great mistake in not tawkin' more to his wife durin' this present crisis."

"Pshaw, mom!" said Miss Agnes Burke. "You know pop never talks to you anyway about politics."

"None of yer impiddince, Miss," commanded Miss Agnes's mamma. "Yer farrther's indebted to me for many most valy'eble suggestions. If ut hadn't been for me he'd never uv been alderman, an' he hadn't been alderman he wouldn't be runnin' for Congress this blessed minit. If he don't seek my advice it's his own fault. I niver let anny foolish notions keep me from speakin' me mind to him. He may not be grateful. I'm not one to look for gratitude in this world from husband or from children either. But that don't prevent me from doin' my duty by them."

"Ssh," said Loretta, raising a hand to stay her more acrid sister's reply. "Ssh! Aren't they moving upstairs?"

The three figures bent over in listening attitudes, the two girls tall and slim with the steel-bound slimness of stays, the mother's portliness bursting bonds and pillowing her tight gown in unexpected places. The basement dining-room where they sat, concealed by coarse lace curtains from the multitudinous eyes of the crowded downtown street, was bright with homely atrocities. The table-cover was red. Red paper roses bloomed hectically in bright, old-fashioned vases. Chromos, broadly adorned with gilt frames, enlivened walls already lively with garlanded paper. A massive sideboard held plated casters and decanters of colored glass. Bad taste and comfort lorded it everywhere.

Upstairs there was a sound of shuffling chairs.

"Hannah!" called Mrs. Riordan, sharply.

"Yis'm," replied Hannah, presenting herself in red-boned, red-haired energy from the adjoining kitchen.

"Have the gentlemen annything to drink?"

"Shure, oi brought thim limon an' wather mesilf," smiled Hannah, broadly. "An' himsilf had taken the botthle in."

Mrs. Riordan sighed, relieved.

"Ye'd hardly believe me," she said to her daughters, "if I told ye the trouble I've had with that man about just such things as that. He'd have never known the meanin' of hospitality in politics if I hadn't made him. Ye were both of ye too young to remember the time I had to get him to give a day's fishin' off the Banks to the Robert Emmet Association when he was first made deputy commissioner of streets. An' the Robert Emmets the cause of his rise, too! Your own poor farrther, God rest him—Dan Burke—was a very different sort of a man. My, my! when I remember how he was all for treatin' an' givin' a glass to this man an' to that! I used to say to him: 'For the love of Mary, Dan, don't be givin' away all the liquor in the saloon. We've our livin' to make,' but he——"

"Oh, mamma!" cried Miss Agnes, angrily flushed, "why can't you let that saloon lie? Why must you be always dragging it up? The girls at the convent even knew it!"

"An' if they did!" said Mrs. Riordan, who had given Agnes her temper. "I'll be bound manny a wan of them would have liked the money thet came from it! Aye, an' so did Tim Riordan whin I married him, for all his airs about not keepin' the place anny longer. It was a good stand, an' a grand place Marty Flynn's made of it! An' glad enough all of ye fine-minded ladies an' ye fine-fingered gentlemen are to have use of the money Dan Burke an' I made there! All

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Mrs. Riordan folded her arms.

Tim's elegant conthractin' would have done mighty little for us without your own blessed farrther's money to start him."

Mrs. Riordan folded her arms as near as the breadth of her bosom permitted and looked at her daughters as one who is prepared for an onslaught. Pacific Loretta, however, made haste to lead the conversation into paths where fewer obstacles to fluency were to be encountered.

"Ah!" she sighed. "If papa's elected, do you think we'll all go to Washington to live?"

Mrs. Riordan's brow relaxed, and she uncrossed her arms, glad of the chance to do so without seeming thereby to concede anything to her daughters.

"That is the subject on which I have quite made up me mind. We will."

"And we'll be in higher society than that Mabel Atwood who used to be so airy at the convent," said Agnes, happily.

"But Frances Lester's father's a senator. Don't you remember her?"

"Nasty thing, with her Puritan grandfather and her wretched figure!" commented Agnes.

"If ye go to Washington as the daughters of Representative Timothy Riordan," began their mother, resuming her former position, "ye'll move in the best circles an' be second to none in the land. An' as ye're both very fine-lookin' girls—all of me family had fine figgers, men an' women—ye'll be marryin' well an' coverin' us all wid glory."

Upstairs the parlor-door closed. Four men tramped out into the hall.

"Ye've made up your mind well, Tim," said one, rubbing his silk hat with his overcoat sleeve. "A little speakin' 'll do you a world of good. That young Chester hadn't a leg to stand on till he began speakin', an' now—well he's got a crutch at least."

"I'm no great shakes at speakin'," said Tim. "But, of course, if the Chesterites are sayin' yer candidate dassent open his mouth for fear he loses a vote at every word, I must be meetin' the challenge, boys."

He spoke with a conscientious effort at the good comradeship a candidate for Congress in that district had to show. But the effort was visible. The three men, burly fellows, in the broadcloth and silk hats of politics, were vaguely and uncomfortably aware of it. One of them, Flynn, looked at him from unkindly, rat-like eyes, and passed his hand over a red stubble on his chin. Flynn had been Tim's rival. He had intended, fifteen years before, to become the owner of Burke's saloon by the simple process of marrying Burke's widow. Tim had interfered there, for Maggie Burke had been temporarily attracted by

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Flynn . . . passed his hand over a red stubble on his chin.—Page 229.

the greater elegance of Tim's calling. He was a contractor on a small scale, having fallen heir to the business of his uncle, the dump-cart man. So Marty Flynn had been forced to acquire the saloon by the more expensive process of purchase. In politics, too, Marty had always found himself behind the other man, who, as Marty frequently called high heaven to witness, did not even display superior energy. He simply stood first and blocked the way. But now Flynn's day was coming. He wanted Riordan's place on the local committees, and had been promised it. That was one reason why Tim was to be sent to Washington.

He knew it as well as Flynn. He knew that Flynn's hand, as they stood in the hall, was hiding a mouth perplexed for the moment by a doubt as to what his own position would be if Tim's oratory proved destructive to their plans. Tim smiled.

"Don't worry, Flynn," he said. "The district has been solid for us for years. A few bad speeches more or less can't down us."

An uncomfortable way he had of suddenly making a simple-seeming speech that

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He looked at the pair, speechlessly.—Page 234.

displayed disconcerting insight had made quiet Tim Riordan a power in the organization. Flynn added a brickish flush to the vinous red his countenance usually displayed, and laughed noisily to cover a lack of retort.

"Annyway ye have thet thet talks more to the point then words, eh, Tim?" said one O'Neill, slapping his pocket with jingling suggestiveness.

Tim smiled. The others laughed.

"Fie, fie, Misther O'Neill," said Flynn, with ponderous mockery. "When we've taken such pains wid our Australian ballot system too!"

"Thin ut'll be to-morrow night?" said O'Neill, when the merriment had subsided.

"To-morrow night," said Tim, opening the door for his guests.

They went out into the street, already gray-misted by the twilight and pierced with lacy lights from the great white electric bulbs. Tim stood watching them dully, the cool air blowing upon him, scores of eyes looking up at him from working men and women passing across town. Despite the vigorous protest of the Misses Burke, he persisted in living on a square where his was the only house not a tenement.

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"How can we invite people to see us here?" they had wailed when first the convent delivered them up to their parents.

"A nice lot of constituents I'd have on Madison Avenue, wouldn't I?" their stepfather suggested, mildly.

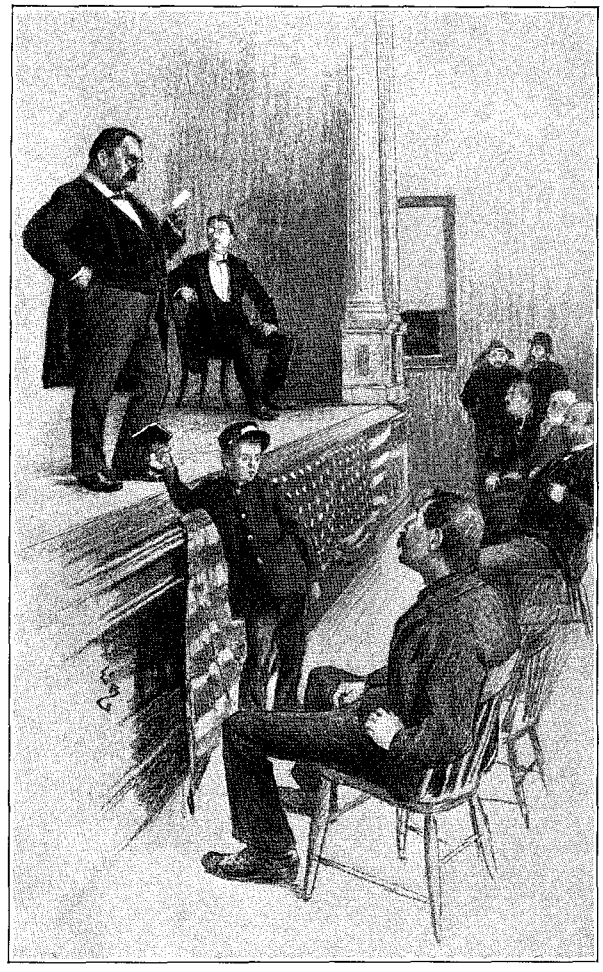
That night he was conscious of disliking the street. He closed the hall-door hurriedly and went back into the parlor. On the marble table in the centre of the room the decanter still stood. He poured himself out a glass of whiskey and drank it. Then he sat down.

He was a tall man and rather thin, despite a certain breadth of frame. He stooped at the shoulders. His face was kindly, shrewd, and quiet. Some people said that it was dull, but they were persons who believed ability to be shown by meteoric brilliancy of expression. His forehead was high, with bays at the temples where the dark hair had disappeared. His eyes were gray, with nothing falcon-like about them, but capable of a long, steady, unimpassioned gaze.

"They are shovin' me out of the districk for good an' all," he said, quite solemnly to himself. "That's what this 'national reward of me faithful local service' means." He smiled grimly as he recalled the pompous phrasing of one of his nominators. "That is"—he weakened a little—"I think they are. I don't know. If I knew—had proof—that they were just usin' me to make way for Flynn, I'd save them the throuble of sendin' me to Congress. Ut's no use. My heart ain't in this fight. A man don't dig so well when he ain't sure whether it's a new roadway or his own grave he's workin' on. An' the worst of ut all is—I don't care. I—don't—care."

"Well, Tim Riordan, how long would you keep yer wife below stairs wid the hired help an' you in the parlor?"

Mrs. Riordan's favorite apartment was the dining-room, and seldom was she prevailed upon to enjoy the more funereal pomp of the parlor. But to have her husband occupy it in solitude was another matter. Tim raised his eyes.



"There'll be no debate to-night."—Page 235.

"Oh, ut's you, Maggie, is ut?"

"Who else would ye expect?" retorted Mrs. Riordan with sprightliness.

Not feeling in a sprightly humor, Mr. Riordan made no reply. He seldom did have much to say to his second wife. Any faint admiration he had once had for her buxom good looks had soon departed, and

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the gratitude it was his nature to feel for the "lift" her money had given him, had long ago been dissipated by her demands upon it. He accepted her and the girls, but he avoided intercourse with them.

"Well?" said his wife when she had waited as long as seemed to her reasonable.

"Well what?" inquired Tim.

"Well what! well what! Well, I'll tell ye what, Tim Riordan! What do ye mean by never givin' me a word of confidence or askin' me for a word of advice? Many a woman wouldn't put up wid what I have from ye. An' the 'well what' that I want to know now is what them three political loafers was doin' in my parlor drinkin' my whiskey. I trust ye remember, Mr. Riordan, that I was no beggar when I married you. That's the 'well what.'"

Tim had long since ceased to notice the remark concerning his wife's possessions. It was no more to him than her tricks of voice or gesture—annoyances to be borne stolidly when he had not managed to avoid them.

"The committee was here to see me on campaign business," he said, briefly.

"An' your wife's not to know what it is?"

"No!" said Tim, nagged more than usual. Then, seeing that peace lay out of the house, he slammed the door upon her and her shrewish voice and fled. He was not in an agreeable mood.

"That woman would make a drunkard of me if I was a drinkin' man," he said to himself as he hurried along. But the air, cool and crisp, and the bright autumnal lights calmed and soothed his ruffled temper somewhat. Annoyance gradually gave place to a sort of melancholy.

"They're shovin' me away, I think," he kept saying to himself. "An' there's no one to care much, afther all the years. —I'll niver fight to stay. I've seen too many of thim do that. Well, well, ut's not such a bad way out—Congriss. An' if it ain't out I'm goin', ut'll be a bit of a tassel for me cap—Congriss will. But—afther all the years—no one to care—an' I not to care mesilf."

He shook his head half sadly. He was passing a little shop, its windows jammed with toys and jars of candy, a yellow light shining through the moisture-beaded glass.

His eyes fell upon the array within. A rubber ball lay there, banded with stripes of many hues.

He had seen many a rubber ball since the dim time when Katie had pressed her face against a store window and had said: "Oh, Tim! See! Don't you think that little Tim will soon be able to play ball?" But never before had he seen the toy when loneliness and distrust were busy in his soul. He paused and looked again, and in a rush the past came back to him.

The breeze was crisp as it had been that autumn morning a quarter of a century before when he had gone to meet her, come across seas to him. He saw again, in a swift second, every curve of her rosy, childlike face; saw the deep tenderness and gladness of her blue eyes.

"You would have cared," he said.

He had left his home to go to headquarters, but he walked on aimlessly after that. Before his eyes now the darkness continually made and unmade that pretty, loving face. He saw her shy pride when she came off the boat and was presented to his aunt. He saw her in her marriage gown—a quaint, wide-spreading thing of poplin. He remembered that one name out of all the names of woman's wear. He saw her busy in their home; splashing suds from her round arms and laughing to him across the room; peeling potatoes and pausing with her knife transfixed as she listened rapturously to his plans of future prosperity. For with her he had not been slow of speech or uneloquent. He saw her, by and by, her foot upon a cradle-rocker, her finger on her lips, her blessed eyes on him. Then for the last time he saw her with white, still face above some brown habit the good sisters had robed her in. And little Tim lay white upon her arm. For the fever that had stopped the baby's pulses had burned in her veins too.

Seeing her thus in swift, dissolving visions—the bride of his youth, the pride of his young heart—rebellion overcame him.

"Christ!" he cried in wordless grief. "And that woman!"

Never before in all the years had he felt such aching of loss, such scorching of degradation as then. He who had loved Kitty had lost her—and had sought to replace her with that other! The rose of

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June he had worn on his heart for a day—and losing that, he had bedecked himself with a nettle! Oh, fool that he had been!

Life seemed robbed not only of all dignity but of all decency as well. All his work was futile and unimportant like a child's building of sand. The conviction that he was to be tossed out of active service had not stung him to anger or bitterness, but had oppressed him with a sort of dull hopelessness and loneliness. Into that the memory of buoyant youth and of glad companionship came only to make the present more sordid and more mean.

He was something dazed the next day. But over at head-quarters Flynn fortunately found him. If anything could turn his mind into its accustomed channels it was Flynn. Coffee and Flynn did their best with him, and by and by he stated that he was entirely ready for the speech that evening, and that he was going home. Then turning suddenly after he had started to go he saw Flynn's look of malevolent triumph.

"The districk will bleed wid Flynn for leader," he thought, and once more his mind seemed to be living in the present.

"Papa," cried Agnes, as he opened the house-door, "will you take a house in Washington, or shall we live in an apartment hotel?"

"What?" said Riordan.

"I say, are you going to take a house, or are we to board in Washington?"

"We're not there yet," said Tim, smiling half-kindly at the girl.

"But we will be, of course. Do you know what day the Representatives' ladies receive?"

"No, I don't," he answered, more curtly.

"Ye needn't snap the child's head off for askin' ye a civil question," joined in Mrs. Riordan.

Tim looked at them both—at the coarse face of the woman who had brought him some of Dan Burke's money, and at the hard, cheap prettiness of his step-daughter. A sort of fury shook him.

"My God!" he cried, roughly. "They're such selfish brutes! Tell me," turning fiercely to Agnes, "does my goin' to Congriss have a bit of manin' for ye more than more linin' for yer stomach an' more trimmins for yer back?"

"Ye'll not talk to me daughters like that!" interpolated his wife. "What more should it mane to thim than a little plaisure that get little enough as I'm here to witness? What else should it mane?"

In their excitement the burr of both became a brogue again.

"It should mane," said Tim, roughly, "that their mother's husband that has been a farther to thim is an honest man, an' a man his neighbors trust an' like. It should mane to thim a bit of pride and a bit of love for him. It should mane somethin' more than an extry pail of slops manes to a litter of pigs—an' it don't!"

He stood shaken by his own unexpected violence. Agnes began to cry hysterically, and her mother surprised but not silenced by Tim's unusual temper, burst forth in fury at him. He listened, sickened at them and at himself for a moment.

"Hush, woman! Hush!" he cried, and raised his hand threateningly.

"Oh, ye would, would ye?" screamed his wife, purple veined and panting. "Ye'd hit me!"

Tim's hand fell limp. He looked at the pair, speechlessly nauseated by the whole scene. It was unbearable. He opened the door and rushed out.

Instinctively he sought the water-front. At first he strode rapidly, driven by anger. But the movement and the air restored his temper gradually, and his steps grew slower. The memories that the night before had been poignant and stinging by their contrast with the present came now to calm and soothe. Kitty, with her love and peace, entered his heart, and there was no room for vexation. On the stone walk by the sea he stopped.

"I could find her again there," he muttered. His eyes looked over the gray water, white wimpled by the wind, but Kitty moved before them—Kitty, barefooted, short-skirted, with moist, ringleted hair and warm, ruddy face, working in the fields where he had seen her long ago. She leaned against a hayrick with merry girls about her, resting with relaxed muscles. Demure and shod with care, she walked the little road to the church in the swallow-broken stillness of a Sunday morning.

"Kitty!" he cried. "Kitty, Kitty!"

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That night the meeting in People's Hall waited. Young Chester, the Republican candidate, who was to appear in joint debate with him, looked several times at his watch, frowning slightly. He had hurried to this meeting from the house of a "very charming woman" devoted to the cause of political reform. His evening clothes attracted too much attention from the audience. He felt that he had condescended greatly in consenting to appear on the platform with Tim Riordan, and that Tim Riordan was showing himself most unmindful of the honor. In front of the table Chairman Flynn fidgeted. Suddenly a blue midget of a messenger swaggered up the aisle and handed him a note. He tore it open and there dropped from it another one. First he read:

DEAR MR. FLYNN:
Mamma has just received the enclosed from Papa. We are greatly distressed. Is it a joke? Can you explain it?

Yours truly,
LORETTA BURKE.

Mr. Flynn, with trembling fingers, opened the enclosure. In the corner was stamped, "S. S. Paris." Under it, written with laborious correctness, he read:

I am going to the place where my wife Kitty and I were young together. You were not from those parts, being a Connaught woman yourself. Tell Chester he can go to Congress and Flynn he can be district leader and I'll disturb neither of them. Money you have in plenty, I know, but I send you a check to last till I write from home. That I will surely do, and you may know that no harm shall come to you by me. I am only going back home.

Yours truly,
TIMOTHY RIORDAN.

"Friends an'— an' gintlemin," began Flynn, moistening his lips and making an unkind classification of the audience, "there'll be no debate to-night. Mr. Riordan — is — tuk sudden —" Flynn stammered hopelessly. He was not made for emergencies. "He's gone—to see—his old home, ye understand—his wife—Kitty——"

SONG

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy

DEAR hands, forgiving hands,
There is no speech so sure as thine.
Lips falter with so much
To tell, eyes fill with thoughts I scarce divine;
But thy least touch
Soul understands.

Dear giving, taking, hands,
There are no gifts so free as thine.
One last gem from the heart of the mine,
One last cup from the veins of the vine,
From the rose to the wind one last sweet breath,
Then poverty and death!
But thy dear palms
Are richest empty, asking alms.

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WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

By W C. Brownell

I

THE vogue of Thackeray has steadily increased since his death. He has taken his niche in the pantheon of English prose by unanimous consent, and it is well-nigh universally admitted to be a very high one. He is already a classic. He is the representative English man of letters of his time, and one of the few great novelists of the world. Nothing of the kind is more striking than the change that has come over popular feeling with regard to his works. Instead of cynicism, he is now reproached with sentimentality by his censors. Time has brought about a better understanding of the man, and at the same time has modified the popular craving for the representation of life as a fairy-tale, and the popular disposition to resent portraiture as calumny. On the other hand, with the increase of his vogue, Thackeray has inevitably become, to an appreciable extent, during the past few years, the prey of critical pedantry; and the elect, who once plumed themselves on being his apologists, have begun to look into his case with closer scrutiny, and in some cases with touchingly disillusioning results. Twenty-five years ago Taine's essay was translated, and since then his view has been gradually filtering through the Anglo-Saxon criticism that of recent years has tended so exclusively to interest itself in and insist on art as such in all its manifestations. Taking hold of the subject somewhat tardily, perhaps, it has felt a corresponding obligation to treat it drastically, and whatever has seemed to obstruct the easy working of machinery laboriously constructed, to elude definitions painfully arrived at, has had to suffer. Taine pointed out that Thackeray had the temper of the satirist, which is the opposite of that of the artist; that this was fatal to the form of his works, which were consequently greatly disfigured by moralizing extraneities; and that the artistic perfection of "Henry Esmond"—the single and striking exception among his works—illustrated with melancholy vividness the loss art had suffered by the absorption in satire of such artistic talents. This conclusion—based on assumption novel, and therefore attractive in itself, French, and therefore definite and consistent, and tending to the exaltation of art as such—had but to be stated to be adopted by those among us who, "in these days of confusion of doctrine and lessening of faith," to cite the words of a popular magazine, "are turning for something stable and indisputable, not to science, but to art." Moreover, fiction having become "a finer art" since Thackeray's day, owing to the vigorous filing and sand-papering no doubt which it has received in the course of our critics' and craftsmen's culture-evolution, the artistic vulnerability of Thackeray as an old practitioner is logically deduced. "Perhaps Voltaire was not bad-hearted," says Emerson, "yet he said of the good Jesus, even, 'I pray you let me never hear that man's name again.'" And living in our day, and in contact with much of our criticism, such a consummate artist as Voltaire, absorbed in satire as Voltaire indisputably was, might conceivably be moved to similar blasphemy against the name of "art." The instinctive would at all events exhibit impatience with the systematic critic for deploring as inartistic and rudimentary the fiction of the foremost artist of English prose.

II

IN any case, the gospel of art for art's sake is reduced to absurdity when it is applied to the novel. The novel is not its own excuse for being. It is a picture of life, but a picture that not only portrays but shows the significance of its subject. Its form is particularly, uniquely elastic, and it possesses epic advantages which it would fruitlessly forego in conforming to purely dramatic canons. Its art is the handmaid of its purpose—which is to illustrate the true and aggrandize the good, as

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well as to express the beautiful. Like literature taken in the mass it includes, rather than is identical with, so much of "art"—in the sense in which we use the word with reference to inarticulate art—as suits this purpose. Its sole artistic standard is fitness; its measure, the adaptedness of means to end. And dealing thus with all of life, it is not sufficient for the novelist to "love," like Keats, "the principle of beauty in all things." He must love equally the principle of the true and the principle of the good. To force the note of "art" in the novel is to circumscribe its area of interest and limit its range of expression. It is a sacrifice to formalism that is at once needless and useless. "The bust outlasts the throne, the coin Tiberius," but the subject of the novel being rather Tiberius and the throne than busts and coins, it is not modelling and chasing as such and for their own sweet sake that endue it with enduring vitality, but qualities more significant and more profound. And these qualities depend upon the artist's personality and are inseparable from it. They are essentially human in distinction from purely intellectual or sensuous qualities. They are qualities without which purely intellectual or sensuous qualities produce a result that is often sterile and always incomplete. Wherein lies the superiority of "Don Quixote" to "Le Capitaine Fracasse," that interesting, ingenious, and really imaginative masterpiece of Gautier, the devotee, the slave, indeed, of art, and the author of the phrase about the permanence of the bust and coin just now cited in Mr. Dobson's words? In its human quality personally expressed. Is "Gil Blas" truly or misleadingly to be called a more "artistic" performance than "Don Quixote" because there is so much Cervantes in the latter and no Le Sage at all in the former? Why is there such a sense of life in "The Newcomes," compared with Turgénieff's "Virgin Soil," that the story of the latter seems by comparison to vibrate idly *in vacuo?* Because Thackeray enwraps and embroiders his story with his personal philosophy, charges it with his personal feeling, draws out, with inexhaustible personal zest, its typical suggestiveness, and deals with his material directly instead of dispassionately and disinterestedly, after the manner of the Russian master. Can the reader do all this for himself? If he can, and can do it as well as Thackeray does it for him, he may consider it surplusage, as he may consider surplusage the Cervantes in "Don Quixote;" otherwise, in wishing it away he must reflect that "art" is an exacting mistress.

The question is, after all, mainly one of technic. When Thackeray is reproached with "bad art" for intruding upon his scene, the reproach is chiefly the recommendation of a different technic. And each man's technic is his own, and that of a master may be accepted as possessing some inner principle of propriety which any suggested improvement would compromise. But it may also be said that for the novel on a large scale, the novel as Thackeray understood and produced it, Thackeray's technic has certain clear advantages. In order to deal with life powerfully, persuasively, and successfully, the direct method is in some respects superior to the detached. It is a commonplace in painting that the scale of subject and the kind of effect sought legitimately dictate technic; and the contention, once common among academic painters, for the same treatment of subordinate spaces and objects as that given to the salient ones, to the end that you might enjoy the result one way in the mass and then another way in the detail, has perhaps ceased to be widely held. A miniature demands a unified treatment, whereas even the intrusive "Doge Praying" of a Venetian canvas is not too great a strain on the imaginative appreciation of the beholder. And, similarly, the famous "short story," the writing of which *has* become "a finer art" since the day of "The Kickleburys on the Rhine," demands a treatment appropriate to its episodic or microcosmic character which the novel does not. And among its requisites is, very likely—beyond all question, when one considers the personal force of most practitioners of the art—the attitude of reserve and detachment in the writer. But Thackeray wrote novels. He was not one of the "Little Masters." He could do Dutch painting with the most adept of the cherry-stone carvers, on occasion, but he never lost sight of relations and atmosphere, and for these—in which the sense of reality resides—a freer technic is salutary.

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Now the one reason for insisting on "objectivity" in art is that it is often the condition of illusion—the illusion of reality in virtue of which art is art and not itself reality, the mere material of art. If Thackeray's "subjectivity" destroyed illusion it would indeed be inartistic. The notable thing about it is that it deepens illusion. The reality of his "happy, harmless fableland" is wonderfully enhanced by the atmosphere with which his moralizing enfolds it, and at the same time the magic quality of this medium itself enforces our sense that it *is* fable-land, and enables us to savor *as* illusion the illusion of its art. Nothing could establish the edifice of his imaginative fiction on so sound a basis as those confidences with the reader—subtly inspired by his governing passion for truth—in which he is constantly protesting that it is fiction after all. The artistic service of this element of his fiction is aptly indicated by such a contrast as that furnished by Maupassant—a master of objective technic if there ever was one. When Maupassant exchanges the short story, in which his touch and his attainment are perfection, for a larger canvas his atmosphere evaporates. Mr. James says of "Une Vie," that if its subject had been the existence of an English lady, "the air of verisimilitude would have demanded that she should have been placed in a denser medium." He would have her surrounded with more figures, with more of "the miscellaneous *remplissage* of life." The suggestion is that of the practitioner, and in harmony with Mr. James's impersonal practice; and, aside from the point about the nationality of the heroine, which is not very apposite, it is very just. Mr. James would have successfully condensed the medium by the "miscellaneous *remplissage* of life." But there is also the short cut to verisimilitude of a technic with more color, more personal feeling—the technic that provides a medium of sensible density by attuning the reader to the rhythm of the subject, and establishes between them a mutuality of relationship, the technic of Thackeray.

And it is to be observed that this atmosphere, which exists to such serviceable artistic ends in Thackeray's fiction, exists invariably *as* atmosphere. It accentuates the impression of verisimilitude, and constitutes in itself an element of magical artistic charm; but it is not used constructively in either character or composition. The reticulation of personal comment that rests so lightly and decoratively on the fabric of his story, all the imaginative connotation, so to say, philosophical and sentimental, of his novels, has but an auxiliary function and plays no structural part. It is not used to fill out the substance and round the outlines of his personages, who exist quite independently of it. It serves, on the contrary, to detach them from the background, to detach them from their creator himself. It is absolutely true that Thackeray's "subjectivity" in this way subtly increases the objectivity of his creations. They are in this way definitely "exteriorized." In this way we get the most vivid, the most realizing sense of them as independent existences; and in this way we get Thackeray too.

In the well-known preface to his "Pierre et Jean," Maupassant maintains that only by carefully preserving the objective attitude can a novelist avoid putting himself into his characters. Mr. James, analyzing this production with all the acuteness of the analyst who is also a craftsman, asserts that to avoid putting himself into his characters is "the difficulty of the novelist" in general, whether he pursues the impersonal manner or not, and maintains that the impersonal manner has notably failed to remove this difficulty for Maupassant himself. And he insists, as from his works one would expect him to insist, that the difficulty "only increases the beauty of the problem." Now, speaking as one must entirely for one's self, I confess that I for one have never felt in reading any of his books that this "difficulty of the novelist" existed for Thackeray at all. It was not an obstacle he had to circumvent. Whether we agree with Maupassant that in general it can best be circumvented by the impersonal attitude, or with Mr. James that there is no reliance to be placed upon any mere attitude, we may at least note that in the work of novelists of indisputably the first rank this difficulty does not have to be circumvented, since for them it does not exist. It exists for novelists impressed by "the beauty of the problem." Criticism is certainly legitimately occupied with discovering the laws

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of artistic production, and to these laws certainly the production of the greatest artists, as well as that of the least, is legitimately subject. But if these laws are only approximately to be arrived at by formulating the practice of the masters, since the ideal in any art is only indicated and never perfectly illustrated in practice, they are surely not to be rigidly induced from the expedients of others in surmounting the difficulties of their "problems." And whether the novel be, as Mr. James and M. Bourget agree in calling it, the expression of "a personal view of life," or, as Taine and Maupassant maintain, a colorless view, the question as to the art of any particular novel will always be, How successful is it in giving us the illusion of the life it purports to portray?

Thackeray's characters were so little reflections of himself, they were so real to him, that, as he says in "De Finibus," "I know the sound of their voices." And it is to his sense of their reality that his constant talk of them is in no small degree to be ascribed. It is to the same sense on the reader's part that is to be attributed no small part of the reader's enjoyment in this talk. All this commentary and discursiveness, this arguing from Philip or Amelia to men and women in general, this moralizing over their traits and conduct, has the zest for us that similar criticism and gossip about real people, if any such were attainable, would possess. If it displeases any reader whose sense for "art" is keener than his interest in life, there is perhaps no more to be said—except that a sense of humor is a good thing, too, and not inapposite in any consideration of one of the greatest of humorists. But any one but a pedant more interested in the rules than in the result of novel-writing can see that this familiar commentary not only attests but greatly enhances the sense of reality, of life, in the characters that furnish its text. Even technically considered, it is in this respect the acme of art. In Thackeray's hands it does not distract the attention, but concentrates it upon the representative, the typical, the vital traits of his personages. Taine himself having occasion to censure what he deems Thackeray's cruel irony in his treatment of Rebecca, and oppose to it Balzac's attitude toward Valérie Marneffe, explains the superiority of the latter by the assertion that "Balzac loves his Valérie." To his assertion that the great artists always exhibit his lauded impartial detachment, a critic far less the slave of his abstract inductions, Matthew Arnold, replies that the burden of all the great works of literature, from the "Agamemnon" down, is a desire that the good may prevail. I am not sure how far his love for Madame Marneffe may count in Balzac's favor, but certainly his general attitude of purely scientific though inexhaustible curiosity is responsible for much of the incurable artificiality that impairs his art. His figures are always definite, but real as they are, they are not always alive. It is the touch of personal feeling that communicates the Promethean spark.

The peril of possessing a gift like this is the disposition to exercise it in excess. When personal expression is so easy, so admirable, and so successful as Thackeray's, when, as with him, it is a faculty clearly to be exercised instead of repressed, the temptation to rely upon it, to overwork it, to give it a free rein, is very great. Even in the unique "Roundabout Papers," which are its expression *par excellence*, there are instances of this excess. "Philip" is a notable instance. Thackerayans read "Philip"—or even "Lovel the Widower"—without finding a dull page in it, just as Wordsworthians read "Vaudracour and Julia," and the whole series of the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," partly, no doubt, out of mere momentum. But every one cannot be a Thackerayan, and for others the interest of "Philip" now and then flags, probably. It is, indeed, a *tour de force* in prolixity. The proportion of Thackeray to Philip is prodigious. The story is decidedly thin; there is next to no plot, and the incidents are few and of the same family. The first hundred pages are astonishing variations on the single theme of Philip's antagonism to his father. A great deal of the book is pure "copy." Even the color is borrowed here and there from its predecessors, as where the Little Sister "admires" Philip for knocking down the Reverend Tufton Hunt, though not of course in the same way that Rebecca does her husband, "standing there, strong, brave, victorious," after

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similar treatment of Lord Steyne, and where Dr. Firmin's picture of "Abraham offering up Isaac" performs the service of the Jacob-and-Esau tile in the fireplace at Castlewood. How many letters are there from Dr. Firmin in America; how many glimpses of the Pendennis interior with Laura and the children engaged in "osculation;" how many times does Philip get into the same quarrel with different people? The characters save the story from mediocrity—and triumphantly. They are drawn with the true Thackerayan firmness and distinction. Where, indeed, is there a weak line in any portrait of his populous gallery? But they have not quite the relief of their fellows, and the book would have been far less important than it is, distinctly a minor production, but for the preachment that occupies so disproportionate a space, and, moreover, is of inferior quality to that of the great novels, of "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes." And yet excessive as it is and fringing perfunctoriness as it does, it shows itself in this crucial instance of "Philip"—where it is not only abused, but treated too lightly—essentially not a defect but a quality of Thackeray's equipment.

III

THACKERAY'S practice is not perhaps to be recommended, and critics who have the art of fiction at heart cannot do better than to insist on the value of the detached attitude in the author. But any view of Thackeray is an imperfect one which does not perceive that he is a notable exception to the rule wisely enough prescribing this attitude in general. His personal force and charm take him quite outside of its operation. The perfection with which the artist and the satirist are united—or rather fused—in him almost entitles his novels to classification as a different *genre*. At least, in order to consider them profitably it is necessary to take into account in far greater degree than in other instances the man himself as well as his works. A correct synthesis is reached most directly in his case by regarding his works mainly as manifestations of the genius that unifies them. Even critics who think it bad art for an author to obtrude his personality must admit that the evil is lessened in proportion to the interest of the personality so obtruded. As to the interest of Thackeray's, there is likely to be no contention. It is one of the most marked in letters. When one considers his personal force, the notion of confining its direct expression to pure dissertation appears grotesque. To the true Thackerayan, of course—like Dr. John Brown, Mr. Herman Merivale, or Mr. William B. Reed—no price is too great to pay for any of its manifestations. It has as much charm as power, and is infinitely gracious and winning. It provides an atmosphere of its own in which his characters live and move, and to which they owe no small portion of their attractiveness—in virtue of which, indeed, they constitute an organic community by themselves. If he is their "showman," he certainly shows them off to advantage, and he himself is not the least interesting figure of the show. The spectacle gains immensely from his association with the company. How he thinks and feels in the presence of the drama they are enacting immensely extends the range of our interest. Conceive "The Newcomes" without the presence of Thackeray upon the stage—minus the view it gives us of the working of its author's mind, the glimpses of his philosophy, the touches of his feeling. The result would be like that of eliminating the commentary which Colonel Henry Esmond interweaves with his autobiography. Well, but Esmond is one of the characters of the book, and his prosings are therefore pertinent, says Taine. So is Arthur Pendennis, Esq., the putative author of "The Newcomes." But Pendennis is the thinnest of whimsical disguises for the real author, and the half-hearted attempt to continue him and Laura as characters is purely playful. True, they *are* needless sops to the critical Cerberus, and, aside from adding pleasantly to the machinery of the story, they really serve to show how legitimately the reader who is not a pedant may enjoy the personality of Thackeray apart from as well as with any artistic expedients of the sort.

In a more definite and apposite way, therefore, than is true of a personality that produces works of a more impersonal order, Thackeray's own nature becomes the most interesting and important sub-

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ject to consider in connection with his works. He was above all else a lover of truth. The love of truth was with him, indeed, less a sentiment than a passion. It absorbed his mind and inspired its activity. To the moral temperament thus attested falsehood of all kinds seemed the one thing in the universe worth the evocation of militant energy. The exposure of sham enlisted all his artistic faculty. He pursued it with the most searching subtlety ever devoted to a definite artistic aim in all his books. The villain of all his stories is the hypocrite. Some of them—"Barry Lyndon," "The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan," "The Book of Snobs"—are concerned with pretence alone, the pretence that eludes the detection of others and that which deceives the pretender himself. "The Book of Snobs" is an amazing series of variations on this single theme—hardly robust enough in itself to have avoided flatness and failure, in the course of such elaboration, by a writer less "possessed" by it. This at least is what saves its perennial interest for other readers than those familiar with the particular society it satirizes, for other than English readers, that is to say. "You must not judge hastily or vulgarly of snobs; to do so shows that you are yourself a snob. I myself have been taken for one." These statements are for all nationalities.

It need hardly be pointed out that hypocrisy constitutes one of the most effective elements which the novelist can use in portraying human life on a large scale and under civilized conditions. Imposture of one kind or another almost monopolizes the seamy side of any society's existence. In the material of the novelist of manners it has the same place as crime in that of the romance of adventure. It is the natural concomitant of gregariousness, the great social bane, the social incarnation of Ahriman, the shadow if not also the middle tint of the social picture. Almost inevitably the novelist, who both by predisposition and by practice handles it well, presents a picture of sound and vital verisimilitude and of profounder and more universal significance than a study of most other social forces affords.

Thackeray was extremely sensitive, and his susceptibility was as highly organized as it was sensitive. He was quick to take offence when his sense of self-respect was touched, and he was nothing less than weakly amiable. His quarrel with Dickens over Yates's "journalistic" *faux pas* is witness of both, as their reconciliation is of his incapability of cherishing rancor. In the ocean of *ana* that since his death has eddied about his name are countless instances of his goodness of heart, the prodigious fund of kindness in his nature, and the tact of its dispensation. All women with whom he came in contact expanded in the atmosphere of his chivalry—the atmosphere, say, of the Brookfield Letters. He was an ideal clubman. He had the most deeply attached friends. His fondness for children is proverbial. He used to go to St. Paul's on Charity Children's day to hear the thousands of young voices singing in unison, with the result and to the end of the dimming of his spectacles and the enjoyment of "happy pity." He loved to tip school-boys, to frequent Bohemia. Artlessness of all kinds had a special attraction for him. What displeased him most in the affectation that always revolted him, was its element of calculation. He had none of it himself. Of all prose writers of the first rank he is the most purely instinctive. His high spirits are astonishing. They are the source of the infectiousness of his humor as well as responsible for its occasional triviality. And their undercurrent is a melancholy that is as native as they. When they flag, the lapse is not into dulness—there is more dulness in Voltaire; it is into the allied minor key, which is pursued with the same sincerity—one is tempted to add, with the same zest. Work was mainly drudgery to him, in spite of the amount of it which he performed and the persistency with which he labored. He was thoroughly human in his weaknesses as in his sympathies, and the sobriety and industry with which he subdued his temperamental tendencies and, by control and constraint, compelled his faculties to construct the literary monument he left, fashioned in the process a character that is in its way also a monument of elevated effort.

Such a nature is too ample to be distinctly critical, and Thackeray's had its prejudices, searching as was the mind that governed it. His body of doctrine was

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traditional, and he devoted little thought to what Carlyle calls "verifying one's ready-reckoner." His genius is rather that of the born novelist. He ascribes Napoleon's final defeat to the development of military superiority in Wellington. His view of Louis XIV. lacks seriousness. His attitude toward things French, in general, always good-natured, is yet fundamentally British—see "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," "The Paris Sketch-Book,"—intimately as Paris appealed to his epicurean side and sympathetically divined and described as his French characters are. But in portraying these he is exercising his genius, which is never at fault. And it appears as unmistakably in his essays, his burlesques, his sketches, his literary criticism, as in his novels themselves. Nowhere is it more apparent than in the admirable series of "Lectures on the English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," which is literary criticism of a high order, but distinctly the criticism of the novelist rather than of the critic. It occupies, for this reason, a place by itself. It is hardly such an account of the literature of the Augustan age as Professor Saintsbury would write. It quite neglects the element of literary evolution, is unconscious of the historical or any other method, does not discuss the poetic weakness of an age of prose, and is not based on minute and studious textual examination of its subject but on saturation with it. Its annotation had to be left to Mr. Hannay, I believe, who performed the work very agreeably, and probably better than Thackeray would have done. From the point of view of literary criticism, at least of the scientific literary criticism of the present day, the work may certainly be said to have been lightly undertaken. The lecture on Swift ends: "We have other great names to mention—none I think, however, so great or so gloomy." The consideration of Pope begins: "We are now come to the greatest name on our list." Stella is made a natural daughter of Sir William Temple on the authority of pure divination. The literary importance of Steele and Goldsmith is exaggerated, and that of Sterne minimized in accordance with the personal predilections and antipathy of the critic. Addison is reproached with coldness, not with commonplace. One would hardly suspect that "Clarissa Harlowe" was a classic and Richardson a notable artist, as well as a sentimental foil for "the manly, the English Harry Fielding;" or that Hogarth was an admirable painter as well as a great humorist. The characters of the writers are the real subject of the series, which is an unequalled gallery of literary portraits. Each one is all there. The painter may have treated the detail indifferently here and there, over-emphasized an expression, missed the full value of some features, but they stand out with the same vivid distinctness that belongs to the characters of his fiction. He has visualized them in the same way. One may say the same thing of the lectures on "The Four Georges," who although in the pillory in his pages, owe him their fame. He was, in a word, by temperament and faculty, first and last a novelist.

IV

For this reason his world is an extremely concrete world. His people are the people we meet or might meet; his characters are types, not variants and exceptions, and, accordingly, they have a human and social rather than a psychological interest. Thus, M. Scherer distinguishes him as a novelist of manners, contrasted with George Eliot, a novelist of character. The distinction, at any rate, needs this explanation, for it cannot be said that the characters of Thackeray which illustrate manners are lacking in individual interest. But they are delineated rather than dissected; they are not explored clinically. They are not studied and scrutinized in the spirit of the scientist or the philosopher. And the difference is deeper than mere manner of artistic presentation. Tito Melema has something the interest of Faust or Mephistopheles. You seek their counterparts in your own mind. "Goethe found," says Emerson, "that the essence of this hobgoblin which had hovered in the shadow ever since there were men was pure intellect, applied—as always there is a tendency—to the service of the senses," and, accordingly, "flung" Mephistopheles "into literature." Similarly, George Eliot incarnates in Tito the abstraction of the spirit that shrinks from what is unpleasant. The

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reader's introspection assures him of his own tragic potentialities in this regard, and, seen through his own imagination, Tito becomes vividly real to him. The interest of Thackeray's Rebecca is of quite another kind. She is a type, a representative of a class, noted, fixed, observed, and described, as far as possible removed, in genesis, from the abstract. You know that Tito is going to act in direct illustration of the principle that he almost personifies. You don't know at all what Rebecca is going to do next. Thackeray professed ignorance of what she really did, of how far she really went. She has the reality of Maggie Tulliver—a truly Thackerayan character, and one of the few in George Eliot that do not acquire their reality through an appeal to the imagination. Her psychology is simple enough; so is the morally complicated Beatrix Esmond's. The philosophy they illustrate is not obscure, and they give rise to very little speculation.

The caricature that a character of Dickens is apt to be proceeds from its being a characteristic in action. A character of George Eliot is formed of many characteristics, fused with remarkable and sympathetic insight, but after all it is essentially a product of induction. Compare one of the happiest results of this procedure, the banker Bulstrode in "Middlemarch," with, say, Dr. Firmin, greatly Bulstrode's inferior in complexity, in intellectual interest. One is flesh and blood, the other attracts you because of the striking way in which moral self-sophistication is embodied. Nothing better attests George Eliot's scientific interest in character than her constant exhibition of its evolution. This is, perhaps, her chief contribution to literature. The effect of circumstances in developing a character like Lydgate, for example, the difference between Rosamond as she is first introduced and when she leaves the stage, are almost Spencerian demonstrations. This, as Mr. Albert Dicey, I think, has observed, was an unknown thing in fiction when George Eliot began to write, and it is naturally savored by the palate of our day, which seeks a taste of science even in its literary confections. But it is needless to point out that it implies an instinct quite lacking in Thackeray, in whose view character is spectacle, significant spectacle, to be sure, and its significance often copiously insisted upon, but essentially spectacle, and not the illustrative incarnation of interesting traits and tendencies. This is also Shakespeare's view, it may be added, as it is clearly the distinctly literary view as opposed to the scientific.

The initial procedure of the human mind, however, is in *a priori* order, and the artist, like everyone else, begins with ideas. We are taught at school that there can be no evolution without a previous involution. The idea underlying the world Thackeray constructed is the intricate moral complexity of character—an idea illustrated with a completeness and relief not perhaps to be met with elsewhere outside of Shakespeare and Molière. The personages of fiction before his time, at all events, are morally pretty much all of a piece. It is apt to be either Jones or Blifil with most writers, eminently so in the case of the romanticists, of course. Thackeray's absorption in the moral interest of character is, on the other hand, naturally limiting. It excludes, or relegates to the background, that fourth part of life which remains after assigning, according to Arnold's formula, three-fourths to conduct. Of this fourth, other writers—Shakespeare and Molière among them—make a good deal, it need not be said. But compared with the moral interest of character, that of its purely psychological peculiarities is distinctly less vital and permanent. The interest, for instance, of Micawber or Mantalini is inferior to and more transitory than that of Captain Costigan. Character, indeed, *means* moral character. As Stendhal puts it: "Molière painted with more depth than the other poets; therefore he is more moral." And I have never heard it suggested that Thackeray's personages, morally considered as they are, lacked psychological definition—any more than those of George Eliot, who has the converse preoccupation, lack moral significance. The moral element in their portrayal adds reality and relief, as well as importance. Its complexity, at any rate, is Thackeray's theme, and he, at least, found it inexhaustible. With him no passion is simple, no motive unmixed. Affection is alloyed with injustice, innocence with selfishness, generos-

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ity with folly, love itself with hallucination, jealousy, and calculation.

Nowhere is this to be so plainly noted as in his women, because women, being less highly differentiated than men, exhibit more clearly their native and elemental inconsistencies. They are the constant quantity in the human equation. No one ever heard of the *ewig männliches*. Instances crowd the memory. Thackeray triumphs with equal distinction in the analysis that discovers the sound alloy in base metal and in that which finds dross in the most refined. Rachel Castlewood and her brilliant daughter, Ethel Newcome and Rebecca are equally complicated. Amelia is elaborately structural compared with her namesake and prototype in Fielding, and anyone who mistakes her for a simple character has missed "Vanity Fair." But Beatrix is probably her creator's masterpiece. She is on a larger scale than Rebecca, and she is not only more splendid, but even less fixed and absolute. Rebecca might have been virtuous, as she said, on five thousand a year, but Beatrix had infinite possibilities and at any moment might have realized them. It is largely due to her that "The Virginians," fine as it is in wealth of incident and variety of character, ranks with the great novels rather than with "Philip," or even with what we can divine "Denis Duval" would have proved had Thackeray lived to complete it.

"Esmond" is not the greatest of the novels; it is the most perfect. Thackeray was quite right in calling it "the very best that I can do," and speaking of leaving it behind him as his card. A writer judges of his own work preferably as an artist, and as an artist his aim is to please and his effort is for flawlessness. Both in conception and in workmanship, "Esmond" is wellnigh flawless. Mr. Lowell found a modern locution in it, I believe, and Trollope accepted, rather priggishly, Thackeray's assertion that Esmond himself was a bit of a prig. But it has fewer flaws probably than any work of either its kind or its scale ever written. It is as a novel what the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is as a poem. The archaism of its style is far more than, quite other than, a literary feat. It is a sustained and complete illusion, an envelope of atmosphere in which the story rests exquisitely transfigured. The plot is always praised for its perfection; the story is developed with harmonious and tranquil art; the element of *beauty* is everywhere prominent in it. It contains some of Thackeray's rarest writing—in passages like that relating Esmond's visit to the convent cemetery at Brussels, in the entire chapter called "The 29th December." The beauty of Beatrix is the mainspring of the book's action; that of her *mater pulchra* is a softened and spiritualized parallel. The very fragrance of romance perfumes the air at Castlewood; the tone of quiet, of refinement, of elevation is so perfectly preserved that one of Philip Firmin's laughs, one of old Major Pendennis's worldly harangues, the sound of Lady Kew's voice, would be a jar. It is Thackeray's artistic—perhaps one may rather say his poetic—masterpiece. But if it were his only work, or its vein his only vein, Thackeray would mean far less to us than he does. There are devotees of art who prefer "The Blithedale Romance" to "The Scarlet Letter," but their view is an esoteric view, and as Hawthorne's fame does not rest mainly on his most artistic performance, so Thackeray's is as firmly established on the other three members of "the great quadrilateral" (as, with "Esmond," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and the "Newcomes" have been called), as on "Esmond" itself. Life is a larger thing than art, and perhaps no rounded and perfect synthesis gives the sense of it quite as well as a representation that images its inequalities.

It is this sense of life that rules in the books just mentioned. It appears in its intensity in "Vanity Fair," in its variety in "The Newcomes," in its immitigability in "Pendennis," with a definiteness and reality to be found elsewhere only in the few great classics of literature. The tension of "Vanity Fair" is almost oppressive. The first-fruits of Thackeray's maturity, after the Titmarsh period, and coming as it did into the world of fiction occupied by the writers burlesqued in the "Prize Novels," its substitution of truth for convention had something almost fierce in it. The title alone, the few words "Before the Curtain," the last paragraph of the book, pointed its felicity of extreme pertinence, and anyone could see that a new power in fiction had arisen. But it is not its satiric

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force that has preserved it. It has the perennial interest of fundamental spontaneity, and its tinge of Juvenalian color merely accentuates its positive and constructive quality. Life in it is tremendously real, whatever its goal. It is not a fairy-tale, and things are far from what they seem. Any episode or incident or subordinate character of the story shares its intensity. The unedifying career of Jos Sedley, for example, is grimly vital. I remember no book, which is, like "Vanity Fair," a portrayal of life rather than purely a satire, that is so free from triviality.

"Pendennis" is a different picture altogether. It is pervaded by a blander air, but the sense of life in it is as distinct as in its intenser predecessor. With greater elaboration and ampler illustration it shows the weight that life imposes on the human struggle for the attainment of ideals as such, the idleness of combating it, the necessity of compromise, the unique safety of humility in the presence of its overwhelming pressure, the dignity and importance of it, which become tyranny in antagonism, and are only to be converted into allies by preserving an attitude of modesty and respect. Life and the world are different things, and doubtless when "the world is too much with us" we miss life in its largest sense. But this is a triter moral than that of "Pendennis," which illustrates on the other hand the philistinism of the protestant and the non-conformist as vividly as the pharisaism of worldliness. Life is not a simple thing; its prizes are either unattainable or less desirable than they seem from a distance; there are far fewer of them than youth believes; the problem of existence is prodigiously complicated; it has to be reckoned with, and largely on its own terms. The essence of the book is in the famous talk between Pen and Warrington. Nothing can be deeper than the lesson of Warrington's failure. Life has been too much for him; he has found it immitigable, as I said; but it has left him nevertheless at the true centre of things. Pen comes back to Laura at last after both wandering and soaring. The end is repose in the haven, not a career of triumph. "When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,' the youth replies, 'I can,'" in Emerson's tonic words. But the wise youth's reply must be whispered as low as duty's command, and let him not fancy he is greatly forwarded by his ability, or is other than an infinitesimal part of the life of the world, which encompasses him completely, if haply it does not oppress his energies and render them as futile as they seemed to Swift and St. Augustine.

As for "The Newcomes," it is an epitome of human life in its manifold variety of social and individual phases unmatched, I think, in fiction. Its range is extraordinary for the thread of a single story to follow. Yet all its parts are as interdependent as they are numerous and varied. It is Thackeray's largest canvas, and it is filled with the greatest ease and to the borders. It stands incontestably at the head of the novels of manners. And it illustrates manners with an unexampled crowd of characters, the handling of which, without repetition or confusion, without digression or discord, exhibits the control of the artist equally with the imaginative and creative faculty of the poet —the "maker." The framework of "The Newcomes" would include three or four of Balzac's most elaborate books, which, compared with it, indeed, seem like studies and episodes, lacking the large body and ample current of Thackeray's epic. And its epic scale is preserved, not in mechanically assembled examples of different kinds of mere existence, high and low, savage and civilized, but in a picture of life itself flowering variously in varied characters and circles and communities, closely connected by the cousinly bond of the humanity they possess in common.

Taken as a whole, it is true, Thackeray's human comedy is less comprehensive than Balzac's, with which alone it is to be compared in the world of prose fiction. Taken as a whole, it lacks that appearance of vastness and variety which Balzac's has, and perhaps the appearance in such a matter answers as well as the reality. Considered, that is to say, purely as a world of the imagination, Thackeray's is the more circumscribed. But it is born of less travail; it is constructed with the effortless ease of greater spontaneity; its preliminary simplification has been carried farther; and, if less complicated and ingenious, less speculative and suggestive, it is far more

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real. Its philosophy is more human, more winning, more attaching, and in a very deep sense more profound. The note of artificiality, the fly in Balzac's ointment, the weak point in his superb equipment, never appears in Thackeray. His charm is infinitely greater. His power is rendered at least equivalent by its conjunction with the simplicity that Balzac lacks. And his narrower range is perhaps to be ascribed to his lesser concentration, perhaps to the less varied and more conventional world that he had to depict. At any rate, it proceeds from no inferiority to his great contemporary and compeer in native equipment and vital force for the specific work of the novelist—the portrayal of the play of human forces, inspired and directed by searching scrutiny of the human heart.

V

THACKERAY is said to have remarked of himself that he had no head above his eyes. It might be contended that with such eyes as his he needed none. But the statement is misleading. It is true that he had no talent for abstract thinking, for abstruse philosophy. But to assume that he has no philosophy would be to ignore the significance of one of the most definite and complete syntheses of human phenomena that have ever been made, and a synthesis, moreover, incomparably buttressed by the acutest analysis and the most copious illustration. He does not stimulate thought in the sense of speculation, so much as he arouses reflection. His ideas are moral ideas rather than metaphysical—the ideas for which Voltaire eulogized English poetry. And he deals with them powerfully, cogently, winningly rather than refining upon them and following out their evolution as a disinterested exercise of the mind. They are the ideas, too, that inspire human motives and govern human action in familiar life and in the individual, that contribute to the making or unmaking of character—his chief preoccupation—rather than to the development of the intelligence. He is not a sociologist like Balzac; he is not interested in currents and movements of thought; he is not devoted to what are called general ideas as such. Matthew Arnold calls the Master of Ravenswood "by far the most interesting of Scott's characters because the spirit of fatality seems to set its mark on him from the first." Thackeray's reference to this rather invertebrate character is, "I have never cared for the Master of Ravenswood or fetched his hat out of the water since he dropped it there when I last met him (*circa* 1825)." Nothing could better illustrate two opposite ways of looking at the world of life and art. The concrete illustration of ideas in character is what interests Thackeray and what he interests us with. But in this his interest and his power of interesting us are hardly to be measured. When he is called a "realist" something more is—consciously or vaguely—meant than that his novels are pictures of life rather than classic or romantic compositions. It is meant that his philosophy is realistic—that is to say, based on the data furnished by the perceptive faculties, faculties which in his case, it cannot be too often repeated, were of amazing sharpness.

"There is life and death going on in everything, truth and lies always at battle. Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint; doubt is always crying 'Pshaw!' and sneering. A man in life, a humorist in writing about life, sways over to one principle or the other and laughs with the reverence for right and the love of truth in his heart, or laughs at these from the other side. . . . I cannot help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood to that calling in which it has pleased Heaven to place me, treason to that conscience which says that men are weak, that truth must be told, that fault must be owned, that pardon must be prayed for, and that love reigns supreme over all."

That is Thackeray's philosophy in small compass. There is nothing very new about it. It is as old,

> Here at St. Peter's of Cornhill,
> As yonder on the Mount of Hermon.

It is simply the natural truth underlying the dogma and informing the spirit of Christianity. The force that overthrew the civilization of the ancient world was certainly an overwhelming movement of spiritual feeling, and since then philosophy has

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had to reckon, at all events, with the soul as well as with the mind. If Thackeray had no head above his eyes, he had at least a heart below them, and the fact is a controlling influence in his philosophy. "Sure love *vincit omnia*," exclaims Colonel Esmond in a familiar passage, and the principle is everywhere fundamental in Thackeray's "realistic" scheme of things —not love between the sexes necessarily, nor particularly in any of its manifestations, but love as the universal principle to which true salvation is inseparably attached. Humor is "wit and love," in his definition. Love is the inspiration of the "awe" and "reverence" and "tenderness" he is constantly celebrating, of the humility and simplicity he incarnates in his winning characters, as the lack of it is the weakness of his reprehensible ones. He revolts from Swift because he "placards himself as a professional hater of his own kind . . . the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father." Although quarrelling with Dickens's art "a thousand and a thousand times," as he says, he recognizes in Dickens's genius "a commission from that divine beneficence whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye." Hood's "Song of the Shirt" is to him "a great act of charity to the world." His gospel is Voltaire's apotheosis of good sense, plus heart. If his good sense is not as cheery and unfailing as Voltaire's, if fault and weakness were ever present with him, and, humanly speaking, the futility of all things impresses him more deeply than it does minds of perfect sanity, if there is a touch of melancholy in his mirth and the temperamental reaction follows the indulgence of his highest spirits, he regains his philosophic equilibrium always by instinctive reference to his just as clearly perceived principle of the love which, as he says, "reigns supreme over all." It is open to anyone to object to this philosophy as trite, but it is at least a philosophy, and Thackeray's philosophic force and originality consist in his rediscovering it for himself, in his making it his own in virtue of basing his adherence to it on his own experience and observation, in the sureness of his reliance upon it after an absolutely candid and wonderfully minute examination of the data of human life, and in the convincing eloquence with which his inductions therefrom bring its soundness and sweetness home to the thinking reader.

VI

WHATEVER judgment of Thackeray's art and substance proves final, there is no doubt that the contemporary verdict of his style will stand. "Thackeray is not, I think, a great writer," Matthew Arnold observed, but at any rate his style is that of one. What a great writer is, in his view, Mr. Arnold has formulated in his remark that "the problem is to express new and profound ideas in a perfectly sound and classical style," and his refusal to recognize in Addison a writer of the first rank is based on "the commonplace of his ideas." It is idly possible to call Thackeray's ideas commonplace, but his style is at all events perfectly sound and classical. It is not the style of Burke, whom Arnold calls "our greatest English prose-writer" —probably because, together with his incomparable style, Burke's distinction is, as he says, that he saturates politics with thought. It is, however, far more perfectly sound and classical. Burke's elevation does not wholly save his style from that tincture of rhetoric which is the vice of English style in general—that rhetorical color which is so clearly marked in the contentious special pleading of Macaulay, in the exaltation of Carlyle, in the rhapsody of Ruskin, in the periodic stateliness of Gibbon, and even in the dignity of Jeremy Taylor. Thackeray's is as destitute of this element as Swift's or Addison's, with which, of course, it is rather to be compared. Rhetoric means the obvious ordering of language with a view to effect —when it does not spring from the elementary desire simply to relieve one's mind; and the great merit of the Queen Anne writers—from whom Thackeray derives—is their freedom from this element of artistic mediocrity. It is to this turn for elegance rather than rhetoric—as unfortunate in its poetry as beneficial in its prose, of course—that the Queen Anne age owes its epithet Augustan. Thackeray is undoubtedly to be classed with the

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world's elegant writers — the writers of whom Virgil may stand as the type and exemplar, the writers who demand and require cultivation in the reader in order to be understood and enjoyed. His taste is sure. In this respect some of his writing is like a page of Plato. One may feel shortcomings, but at its best it is without faults. The vulgarian can see that it is flawless, lacking as it may be in the glitter or the rhythm that excites his imagination and quickens his pulse.

Among all its traits simplicity has, no doubt, the most relief. It has the simplicity that attends the expression of any natural gift for the expression of which the artist who possesses it seems, as we say, expressly born. It is the simplicity of both birth and breeding, and it is in virtue of it that Thackeray is so often said to write like a gentleman. This is the way in which everyone should write, one reflects, just as the discerning but unlearned critic desired all painters to paint with the directness of Titian. It is the opposite, in this respect, of what we mean by the professional style. Its repetitions are not mannerisms. They are the natural expression of the idea and recurrent with it. The language shares the felicity of the thought and fuses with it, instead of lending the thought a felicity of its own. One enjoys the limpidity of Arnold, the liquidness of Newman, as evident properties of the medium in which they write, but in Thackeray you are less conscious of the medium. His language produces the effect of richness by its fulness rather than by scrupulous selection of epithet and the effort after plasticity. It always has this peculiar sense of fulness, of words overflowing from an exhaustless store, of expressions natively combined. Its ease is absolutely effortless. It is like Raphael's line. He can make it say anything he chooses, anything his characters choose in their several dialects. In the words of a recent writer, himself conspicuously endowed in point of style, Mr. Max Beerbohm: "He blew on his pipe, and words came tripping round him, like children, like pretty little children who are perfectly drilled for the dance; or came, did he will it, treading in their precedence, like kings, gloomily." The measure of his style is not the result of restriction, but the contained expression of native reserve. In passages of most concentrated feeling, such as Esmond's tirade to the prince at Castlewood, it is as free as when it is employed in leisurely narrative. It not only never forces the note of declamation or dithyramb, but it never runs away with the writer and leads him on into exercise of his gift for its own delectability. It follows closely the play of his mind instead of itself ever fascinating his fancy. And though its most notable trait is simplicity—its sensitive avoidance of the meretricious, its elegance, in a word —what gives it its unique distinction is its color.

And its color is directly derived from the constant and active influence of the personality of the writer. In Thackeray's case the style is eminently the man. Addison's elegance is the elegance of colorlessness. Swift's directness and power are clothed in a garb whose simplicity eschews the play of personal quality in any highly developed texture. Eighteenth-century standards discountenanced idiosyncratic expression. But idiosyncratic expression is the marked distinction of Thackeray's style, which translates his mood as directly as his thought and expresses how he feels as well as what he thinks. It has had imitators, but to imitate it anyone must assume, for the time being, Thackeray's frame of mind and sentimental attitude, just as to speak French well it is necessary to think like a Frenchman. And its imitators have been few in number and not lucky in preserving much personal force of their own—so completely has their imitation involved the merging of their personalities in that of their model, the overmastering quality of which as an element of style is thus eloquently attested. The variety and range of his style, which are extraordinary, answer exactly to the range and variety of his own thought and feeling and share his extraordinary vitality and interest in all sides of every subject. No one has so light a touch and no one can stir us so deeply, leaving the nerves unassailed. He speaks happily of "a flash of Swift's lightning," or "a gleam of Addison's pure sunshine" extinguishing the "tawdry play-house taper" of Congreve. But he himself combines flashes of lightning, gleams of pure sunshine—

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yes, and very pretty play-house illumination now and then—in virtue of a wider interest and quicker sympathies than these Augustan worthies possessed. And not only is he himself the source of the color of his style, he is the source also of its sustained quality. His style is adapted to the largest as well as to cabinet canvases because it is the natural expression of his own largeness of view and depth of feeling, instead of being the result of some rhetorical penchant, or the anxious education of illustrating some idea of energy, clearness, cogency, or what-not. No one would ever have wondered of him, as Jeffrey did of Macaulay, where he "picked up" his style. Like his art and like the world of his imagination, it is an outgrowth of the most interesting personality, perhaps, that has expressed itself in prose.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

By Julia Larned

Oh pure, white shaft upspringing to the light
With one grand leap of heavenward-reaching might,
Calmly against the blue forevermore
Lift thou the changeless type of souls that soar
Above the common dust of sordid strife
Into the radiant ether of a life
Shephered by the vastness of eternity!
A hero's quickening spirit lifteth thee
Unto the skies that claim thee for their own:
In those vast fields of light, sublime, alone,
High commune holdest thou with the young day,
With sunset's glowing heart ere twilight gray
Hath stilled its throbbing fires, and with dim night
That folds thee softly in the silver light
Of many a dreaming moon. In majesty
Serene, like the great name enshrined in thee,
Thou dost defy the all-destroying years.
Smite with thy still rebuke our craven fears!
Point us forever to the highest height,
And in our Nation's peril-hours shine white
With thy mute witness to the undying power
Of the high soul that lives above the hour!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IN writing of the tragedy of Harold Frederic's death, a friend who was close to him in his last days attributes it not so much to his belief in Christian Science (which is doubted), but to the fact that Frederic was "a modern Molière about doctors." The comparison is apt. The reference doubtless is to Molière's well-known reply to Louis's question, "What do you do with your doctor?" made when the king was asked to give a canonicate to the son of M. de Mauvillain, the physician, whose patient Molière said he "had the honor to be"—this reply: "We converse together. He writes prescriptions which I do not take, and I recover." As will be recalled, the jest was soon turned in sad earnest upon the jester, having a little preceded Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," which may have been in the thought of both. In it credulity as to the efficacy of the draughts administered is comically set off by the patient's anxiety as to whether the exercise prescribed is to be taken by walking across the room or up and down it. Its production was followed with ironical swiftness by the playwright's death. Two hundred years after Molière's retort, it and his play find an exact parallel in Frederic's protest (quoted at the inquest) to the doctors summoned in his extremity, that their services were useless, as he had not taken their prescriptions when they had attended him before.

Therapeutic Scepticism.

There is really nothing so extraordinary in Frederic's attitude toward doctors—its therapeutic scepticism—except the consistency of its courage, which held out to the end. The people who claim to have "lost faith in doctors," as a rule, find it when the case looks to them desperate. Yet their loss of faith is common enough, more especially, curious to note, among the sort of persons of whom Frederic was representative—those who think for themselves, and are in touch with modern thought. Manifested oftenest by a disregard of prescribed remedies, it is equally betrayed, though not so openly, by the failure to follow directions about exercise or a diet, for example—that last the most popular of possible "treatments," the seemingly inevitable resort for any ailment from a headache to a kidney affection—although a solemn warning may have been given that indulgence in a specified food has for that patient the peril of poison. The resulting disadvantage to the doctor, as compared even with the surgeon, is obvious. No other professional man labors under its like. If the client is dissatisfied, he discharges his adviser, probably to retain another; but seldom does he ask counsel and pay for advice which he follows as much or as little as he pleases. No wonder a leading physician of New York once remarked that if he could but put his private patients into a hospital of his choosing, whose discipline was a guarantee that his directions were implicitly followed, he could in turn "guarantee to show a fifty per cent. gain in his record of positive cures."

After all, this distrustful attitude toward doctors is much more a case of distrusting their medicines than of distrusting themselves, professionally or individually. All emphasis is now laid on the ounce of prevention which is worth the pound of cure; on the art of "keeping well," rather than "getting well;" on exercise, diet, recreation, and the other newly discovered conditions of well-ordered, healthful living. The technical nomenclature of medicine divides it into the prophylactic—the art of "keeping well," of forefending disease—and the therapeutic—the art of "getting well," of curing disease. It is toward this last that modern scepticism is more particularly directed.

"Preventive medicine is a comparatively new science," says President Eliot, of Harvard, referring to what can be done by sanitary control to lower the death-rate of a given community; as, for example, Berlin's death-rate of 37 to 39 per 1,000 for thirty years before 1871, reduced to one of 21 to 23 per 1,000, the common death-rate of late years, as the result principally of a good water-supply and a good sewerage system. Being a new science, communities do not appreciate the importance of preventive medicine as do the better educated few of their citizenship. Hence, as compared with Euro-

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pean cities controlled by the few, "democracy" (here in America) "lets ignorance and selfishness poison water-supplies with fecal matter, distribute milk infected with diphtheria, scarlet fever, or tuberculosis, and spread contagious diseases by omitting the precautions of isolation and disinfection." To this strong indictment Dr. Eliot might have added a reference to the feeble, sporadic efforts in certain cities to check the nasty, germ-disseminating habit of expectoration in public places and conveyances. But while the necessity of prophylactic precautions has failed of general recognition by the democracy, owing largely to the American happy-go-lucky carelessness of temperament and the lack of respect for mere authority, scientific or other, the people are yet quick in the case of a national disaster, like the wrecking of Shafter's army at Santiago, to place the responsibility somewhere else than on the "Creator of microbes and the Cuban climate," as George Kennan scornfully puts it. Indeed, the possibilities of preventive medicine never received a more convincing illustration than by the one startling exception in this same campaign of horror. Mr. Kennan points out that Colonel Huntington's marines spent eight weeks at Guantánamo, "subjected to nearly all the local and climatic conditions that are said to have wrecked General Shafter's army," and yet, because they received proper sanitary care in clothing, food, water, shelter, and medical supplies, "escaped disease and came back to the United States in perfect health." It is the unique impressiveness of facts like these, as impressive in their way as the most remarkable triumphs of modern surgery, which rightly or wrongly has created a widespread feeling among the more intelligent laity that medical advance has been chiefly along the line of prevention, rather than of cure. This trend toward therapeutic scepticism has been accentuated by the failure of certain scientific specifics—one recalls "Koch's lymph" as a noteworthy example—to accomplish all that was at first unwisely claimed for them, often without the sanction and against the warning, as in Dr. Koch's case, of their discoverer.

If anyone were interested to search for contributory evidence of this scepticism, it might be found in the almost unnoticed passing, in fiction, of medical illustrations and "material." Doubtless now, as in Thackeray's day, the novelist often owes a great debt to his doctor; but when does he discharge it, as did Thackeray, by a dedication such as that of "Pendennis?" What has become of the excellent lady, once so familiar a figure in English novels, who with the same rigorous insistence distributed alms, flannels, and medicines among the worthy poor? Where do we now read, as in "Middlemarch," of the entertaining rivalries of a Wrench, with his "strengthening treatment," and a Toller, with his "lowering system?" Indeed, "Middlemarch," whose plot turns so largely on Lydgate's gallant struggle to introduce medical reform into the provincial life of his day, may at some future time be quoted as authoritative in its picture of the first struggling beginnings of therapeutic scepticism.

The Anglo-American "Understanding."

WE are all of us in the habit of congratulating each other upon one result of the Spanish war as a clear benefit, whatever we may think of the others. That is, the Anglo-American understanding, which, if it proves to be durable, will go near to be worth even what it has cost. But it must be owned that we have not been very happy in our attempts at explaining it. The theory of hereditary enmity dies hard. The Young Columbian does not apostrophize and defy the dining-table as the British lion, and dare it to come on, so often or so loudly as he did in Dickens's time, half a century ago. Nevertheless, whoever attends a Fourth of July celebration on a New England village-green is even yet likely to hear defiance hurled at the quadruped in question; and there are still orators in each House of Congress who must look upon an era of good feeling with regret, insomuch as it sinks a large part of their oratorical if not their political capital. It is not so long since all the stumps were vocal with adjurations not to truckle to England in the matter of a standard of value, and to vindicate our independence by resorting to silver because she was addicted to gold. Ever since Britons began attending American public dinners, or Americans British, the common language and Shakespeare have been put in evidence, without leading to any substantial result. Englishmen complain that our school-books foster the hereditary enmity theory, and, indeed, there is good ground for that complaint. That a history is written for children does not argue that it should be childish, and it must be owned

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that childishness in their treatment of the American Revolution is characteristic of many American school histories.

As to the ethnic basis of an alliance, there never was much in it, and there is steadily becoming less as our population becomes more heterogeneous in origin by new infusions. Professor Waldstein has been the latest to show that we really must give up the Anglo-Saxon explanation as an explanation, though it still serves its turn as a rough and ready catchword. If a current anecdote is true, it served a British spectator of the charge at San Juan very well, when, after the capture of the work was made evident, he genially remarked to his German, Russian, and Japanese colleagues that "this was a great day for the Anglo-Saxons." But the "Anglo-Saxon" theory will not even cover the United Kingdom, much less the United States.

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,

sang Tennyson to Alexandra. And the very name of the genial Briton of whom the tale is told bespeaks a Norman origin. With four millions of British or Gaelic Scotchmen, and five millions of Irish Celts, and a million and a half of Welsh Celts among the forty millions of the British Islands, to say nothing of "Norman and Dane," the ethnic theory must really go.

The bond of language is, after all, the real bond. But then this bond has existed during all these generations in which cordiality has not been the characteristic of the relations of the two countries. An English statesman has been overheard to declare that the common language was the real trouble. Inasmuch as it was not altogether common, each party did not precisely understand what the other said or wrote; and inasmuch as it was assumed to be common, each was quite sure that it did. Untravelled and unlearned Americans did not pretend to understand Frenchmen or Germans, but they were quite sure that they understood Englishmen; and thus the common language supplied facilities for mutual misapprehension. There is probably something in this, whimsically as it was put. Certainly it is easier to quarrel with a man whose language you partly speak and partly comprehend than to quarrel in dumb show.

But there nevertheless is an Anglo-American "understanding," and that is precisely the right name for it; and it is related to, if it be not founded upon, the fact that we are both English-speaking nations. For to be brought up in an English-speaking community is to receive a certain kind of political education which cannot be acquired in any other way. It is literally, as Cicero put it, "an identity of sentiment about public affairs." We have an "understanding" how Englishmen manage their affairs, and they have a like understanding about us. When Great Britain declares for the open door in the Far East, we know what she means. When we are moved to put a stop to misgovernment at our doors ending in starvation, Englishmen know what we mean. It was expressed, when our declaration of war was made, by the editor of an English paper at Singapore, as "the verdict of civilization upon failure." The Dreyfus case is regarded in London and in Chicago with the same incredulity, bordering on stupefaction. Not that the "understanding" is Teutonic as opposed to Latin, for we are equally at a loss to understand the official procedures of the most intense and least aërated part of the Teutonic race. Read Stevenson's "Foot Note," and observe how in Samoa, ten years ago, British and American consuls spontaneously coalesced into a mutual understanding, largely based upon a common incapability to understand the proceedings of the German consul. And, within the year, British and American naval officers have united upon a like inability to understand the procedures of a Prussian admiral—an inability in its turn largely based, no doubt, upon the inconceivableness, to both parties, of the existence of a Prussian admiral. It is this mutual political perception, acquired with the English language so early that it seems instinctive, which is in fact the "understanding" of the English-speaking peoples. Each of the two great English-speaking communities is instinctively working to realize the same political ideal, which is not even visible to outsiders, to "make," in its own way and with its own variations, its "respective Troy." They do not quote the classics in the House of Representatives; but we can imagine an orator of the House of Commons illustrating the Anglo-American understanding by rolling out Virgil's sounding lines, to the delight of all the old Etonians and Harrovians and Rugbeians:

Cognatas urbes olim populosque propinquos,
Epiro, Hesperia, quibus idem Dardanus auctor
Atque idem casus, unam faciemus utramque
Troiam animis; maneat nostros ea cura nepotes.

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THE FIELD OF ART

ÆSTHETICS IN OUR UNIVERSITIES

THE attainment of skill is the alpha as it is the omega of science. It was the attempt to gain perfection in his every-day work that led primeval man to take the first steps in that great movement of which the fruition appears in the final development of our modern universities. For the man of highest culture, also, the end and object of study is, as Aristotle teaches us, not the attainment of knowledge, but the perfecting of conduct, and this is true not only when we conceive of conduct as our action in relation to other men, but also if we look upon it as action in relation to the objects and conditions which surround us.

Long before his mental awakening man must have evinced capacities to perform useful acts; capacities in part instinctive, and in part resulting from imitation of his elders and the unconscious adoption of tribal "traditions." With his mental awakening must have come the appreciation of the advantage gained by that one of his fellows who performed these useful acts with the greatest accuracy, by him who quickest struck the spark of fire, by him whose arrow-point was sharpest and lightest; and this appreciation of skill once gained must have been constantly impressed upon man by the exigencies of life's struggle.

Thus from the earliest dawn of human intelligence the wish to become skilful must have led man to search for certain crude principles by which to guide his activities, and in this we have the beginnings of science. His desire to perfect the weapons and utensils which he made, and to render stable the rough buildings which he constructed, led him to formulate the first crude empirical principles from which he afterward developed a "rule of thumb" mechanics and engineering. By chance, as the Phœnician legend has it, his fire under the natron blocks, resting on the sand, produced impure glass; and in noting the substances which had produced this new useful substance, and in deliberately repeating the accidental production, we have an example of the beginnings of a crude chemistry. His dependence upon the weather led to observation of the heavens and of the heavenly bodies, and this in turn led to the formulation of a primitive astronomy. His discovery of metals, and of the action of heat upon them, suggested to his mind the making of metal tools and implements of war; and this again turned his attention to mining and gave him his first suggestions of metallurgy. His early use of grains and herbs for food led to the first tentative botanical classifications; and his attempts to cure wounds and broken bones resulted in the first of those steps which has given to us the sciences of physiology and anatomy.

Tentative and hap-hazard researches for principles by which to guide practice, such as we have here described, themselves determined another step in advance when man began his first attempts to investigate the laws of mechanics and physics and chemistry, and of their cognate science mathematics; of astronomy and geology, of botany and zoölogy, and then of biology, as a whole. From such studies it was but a step to the formulation of a "natural philosophy," in connection with which real philosophy was sure to develop.

Man having thus reached a point where the purely theoretical basis of human activities engaged his interest, a process began which, in a way, appears as the reverse of that we have been picturing. His thought was turned a step backward and once more to the investigation of law, which he now made more thorough, and this investigation led to the restatement and perfecting of theory; these modifications of theory in their turn leading to a still more enlightened investigation of law. As the result of these studies, moreover, a better conception was gained of the principles upon which practical activities should be based; these principles being deduced from comparison of theory with those empirical facts which became known by observation of the activities of life, and by study of the experience of men as known through historical records. Finally, man, with wits

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sharpened by study and inquiry, has returned to the effort to gain greater skill in the activities of life which first stimulated him to investigate and theorize; and, in order to teach the practical application of pure theory, and of the laws and principles which it determines, he has established, in his universities, schools of civil and electrical and mechanical engineering, of chemistry and mining, of anatomy and surgery and physiology, of scientific botany and farming.

The process which we have thus far been considering has had relation only to that phase of human activity which results from the struggle for existence, and from the individual's longing for ease and comfort. But when human intelligence had reached a point of development which made possible the consideration of pure theory, when there had arisen some men who were philosophers, then it became clear that there were other important realms of human activity than those which were concerned with the mere relation between the man and his physical surroundings, realms which indeed had not failed to attract man's attention during his consideration of the activities of which we have thus far spoken. Thus it happened that the early philosophers came to conceive of the whole realm of human interest as divisible into three minor realms, the True, the Good, and the Beautiful; and these minor categories were thought to be mutually exclusive, while together they were supposed to comprise all in man's life that was worthy of study and investigation.

The movement of science above sketched out has dealt with the realm of the True; but it is evident that human experience in the realm of the Good has led to a parallel development. The observation of the manners and customs of men, in relation to their fellow-men, led, at a very early day, to a search for the principles of human actions, to crude investigation of the laws governing them, and finally to that enunciation of pure theory concerning their origin and ends which is covered by the general term Ethic. Here, as in the realm of the True, discussion of pure theory has resulted in a more thorough investigation of the laws concerned, and this, reacting to the restatement and perfecting of pure theory, has led, in its turn, to more enlightened investigation of ethical laws, from which again has developed a higher conception of the principles of ethical practice.

Before considering the remaining realm of the Beautiful, we may well note that our universities have been established for, and concern themselves with, investigation and instruction in all the departments above considered. In all modern colleges there are departments devoted to the study and elucidation of pure theory, on the one hand in logic and its cognate science mathematics, and on the other hand in ethic: departments built upon foundations set deep by the earliest of teachers, and which with us, as with them, have their practical application in establishing tests of values; in showing how we may recognize truth and error on the one hand, morality and immorality on the other. In all our modern universities there are also departments devoted to the investigation of laws, and to the determination of principles of practice; on the one hand in physics, mechanics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, botany and zoölogy, and on the other hand in ethics proper, and in politics.

If we now turn to the efforts to deal with the practical application of pure theory, and of the laws and principles of practice which have developed from it, we find all our universities aiming at the realization of an ideal which if attained would give us expert teaching of practice as related to all the branches of learning we have considered. We have schools of engineering, departments of practical chemistry, of geology and mining, of surgery, anatomy, and physiology, etc. On the other hand we are beginning to have departments in which practical ethics, politics, economics, and sociology are taught; although in these special departments, which have been but lately organized, the ideal is not as yet fully realized.

Here we may note that the study of theory, of law, and of principle, is of the essence of the university ideal; without such study the establishment of schools of practice under university management would be generally recognized as an absurdity. Moreover, even our greatest universities accept frankly certain natural limitations in the practical work above considered: the universities situated far from hospitals do not generally maintain schools of medicine; those far from the higher courts do not establish law schools; agricultural colleges, on the other hand, are not attempted in the cities. With these parenthetical remarks let us turn to the examination of the realm of the Beautiful, in the light of

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the considerations suggested by the foregoing study in relation to the realms of the True and the Good.

In the very earliest records of man's life we find evidences of a marked development of activities which relate entirely to the production of Beauty; although his efforts were naturally first given to the attempt to beautify the implements he made, and to add grace to his own movement and speech, still it is evident that from its very birth art has been followed for art's sake. From the crudest of beginnings emotional expressions have been transformed into the art of dramatic acting, speech and song into the arts of rhetoric and music, building and rough carving and color delineation into the arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting. In connection with the practice of these arts there has also arisen a crude examination of the principles which underlie this practice, and an equally crude study of the laws governing artistic activities; and this, going hand in hand with the philosophic examination of the True and of the Good, has led to a corresponding formulation of a vague theory of Æsthetics.

Thus far the development in the realm of Beauty corresponds with that already noted in the realms of the True and the Good. When we pass beyond this, however, we must acknowledge that the parallel with the course of development in relation to the True and the Good is more difficult to follow. The theory of Æsthetics, as a whole, cannot indeed be said to have been thoroughly considered even by Aristotle, although, as was necessary for a philosopher born of a race so enamoured of beauty as were the Greeks of his day, he did elucidate the theory of art within the limits he gave to it. From Aristotle's time to our day the theory of the Beautiful has been a matter of constant discussion; yet it must be granted that the whole realm of Æsthetics has, during these times, been treated for the most part as the plaything of metaphysicians rather than as a subject of primary philosophic importance; although in certain departments theory has been developed with considerable care, as, for instance, in relation to the arts of rhetoric and poetry.

But when we inquire what attempts have been made to investigate the laws upon which the several arts are dependent, and by which we must check our theories, if they are to be of any worth; and if, taking a step further, we ask what efforts have been made to formulate the principles in accordance with which we should guide our practice; then we note that there is a great contrast between these activities of man in the realm of Beauty and his similar activities in the realms of the True and the Good. Serious studies in reference to color have indeed been made by creative artists as notable as Leonardo and Goethe, and, in our own time, valuable additions to knowledge in this direction have been gained through the labors of such men as Helmholtz and Rood. The principles of musical harmony, which have been carefully studied since the days of Bach, have been thoroughly investigated in our time by Helmholtz and others. In relation to proportion we have the really scientific investigation concerning the beauty of the "golden section," initiated by Fechner; but with this exception we have learned little. In the field of sculpture, men like Lessing have developed certain general principles, but no scientific studies have served to elucidate any well-recognized laws in relation to this art. The investigation of the laws upon which æsthetic effect depends in rhetoric and poetry were treated somewhat fully by Aristotle, as already noted, but his works in a scale of values stand out in relative isolation. It is not denied that an immense amount of unsystematic effort has been given to the statement of principles of literary art, but, for the most part, this has been wasted because those grappling with these subjects have failed to grasp any valid theory of Æsthetics in general.

In fact, were it not for the very advanced studies in certain directions above mentioned, it might be said that in the region of Æsthetics we have not yet stepped beyond the early stages described in considering the True and the Good, as being preliminary to the attainment of the first crude general theory, and of the first crude conception of the laws and principles upon which the practical application of theory should properly be based. Not until very lately do we seem to have been able to grasp more than the most meagre notions of general æsthetic theory. Up to our own day there have been scarcely any signs of a tendency to study scientifically the laws and principles of æsthetics, and to correct pure theory by these studies, gaining from the theory thus perfected a clearer conception of the laws governing the arts, and a greater

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certainty in regard to the principles which must guide the artist in his effort to produce lasting æsthetic effects.

This seems the clearer when we revert to our consideration of the realms of the True and the Good, and recall that in them the consideration of theory, the enlightened investigation of laws, and the elucidation of principles of practice deduced from these laws, form the basis of the development of our great universities. In Æsthetics, on the other hand, the state of the case is as different as can be imagined; apart from some metaphysical treatment of the subject by those who lecture in the philosophical departments, our university students have practically no opportunity to study pure æsthetic theory. We have no chairs of Æsthetics from which the incumbents treat the whole subject in a broad way; so far as it is taught at all, it is considered in the most narrow and unsystematic manner. We have professors of "belles-lettres," to be sure, and we have professors of "art" who teach their students something of the history of painting and sculpture and architecture, leaving them, however, with the impression that music and literature are not to be considered in the same category as the three arts just mentioned. We have furthermore certain brilliant lecturers who undertake to teach in Æsthetics what has been taught in the realms of the True and the Good since mediæval times, viz., the nature of tests of value; men who undertake to establish in their students correct canons of taste, and to lead them to appreciate beauty. This, however, as we have seen, in our consideration of the realms of the True and the Good, is far from being the final step in the development of a pedagogical system.

When we consider the marks of a later development we find that we cannot assert that the investigation of æsthetic laws is encouraged in our universities. Such investigations as have been made have been undertaken, for the most part, as side issues, and not at all because of distinct encouragement by university authority. Such advances in knowledge as those given us by Helmholtz and Rood, mentioned above, have come from physicists who have happened to have artistic interests. Fechner's studies in reference to the value of special proportions, and Professor Witmer's later experiments supplementing his, have been almost surreptitiously instituted by workers in the departments of philosophy and psychology. But beyond this, as there are no departments in which pure æsthetic theory is especially studied, there is neither encouragement of the testing and revision of theory through the study of laws discovered and principles enunciated, nor of enlightened investigation as the result of the study of pure theory itself.

We have said enough to show that university teaching in Æsthetics is in no respect developed in correspondence with that in other departments of human interest. Whether such a development is possible or desirable is a question which we may hope to consider at another time. Here, in closing, we must content ourselves with noting that our universities, in certain directions, have, as a matter of fact, undertaken the practical teaching of artists, although this may be looked upon as anomalous inasmuch as they pay no attention to the laws and principles of which this teaching should be merely the practical application. We have in all our colleges practical work in the Æsthetics of poetical and prose-writing, and in the art of oratory; we have chairs of music and we grant musical degrees; we have many schools of architecture, and we have schools of painting and sculpture in connection with some of our larger universities.

The tendency of university extension in the direction of Æsthetics is anomalous in another particular. As we have already seen in the realms other than that of Beauty, the universities have, as a rule, accepted their natural limitations, establishing special schools of practice only where their facilities enable them to do so effectively. But in the realm of Æsthetics this rational course seems to be carelessly transcended in the desire of rival institutions to show the fullest of courses. Schools of architecture have been established in country colleges where the students are entirely out of touch with building activities on any but the smallest scale, and schools of painting and sculpture exist away from the large museums and far from all centres of artistic interest. While, from one point of view, this is to be deplored, it is, on the whole, a source of encouragement and hope for the future, for it implies that our institutions of learning have awakened to the fact that the art-loving public is calling upon them to give opportunity for special instruction to those who would devote their lives to the service of the Muses.

HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

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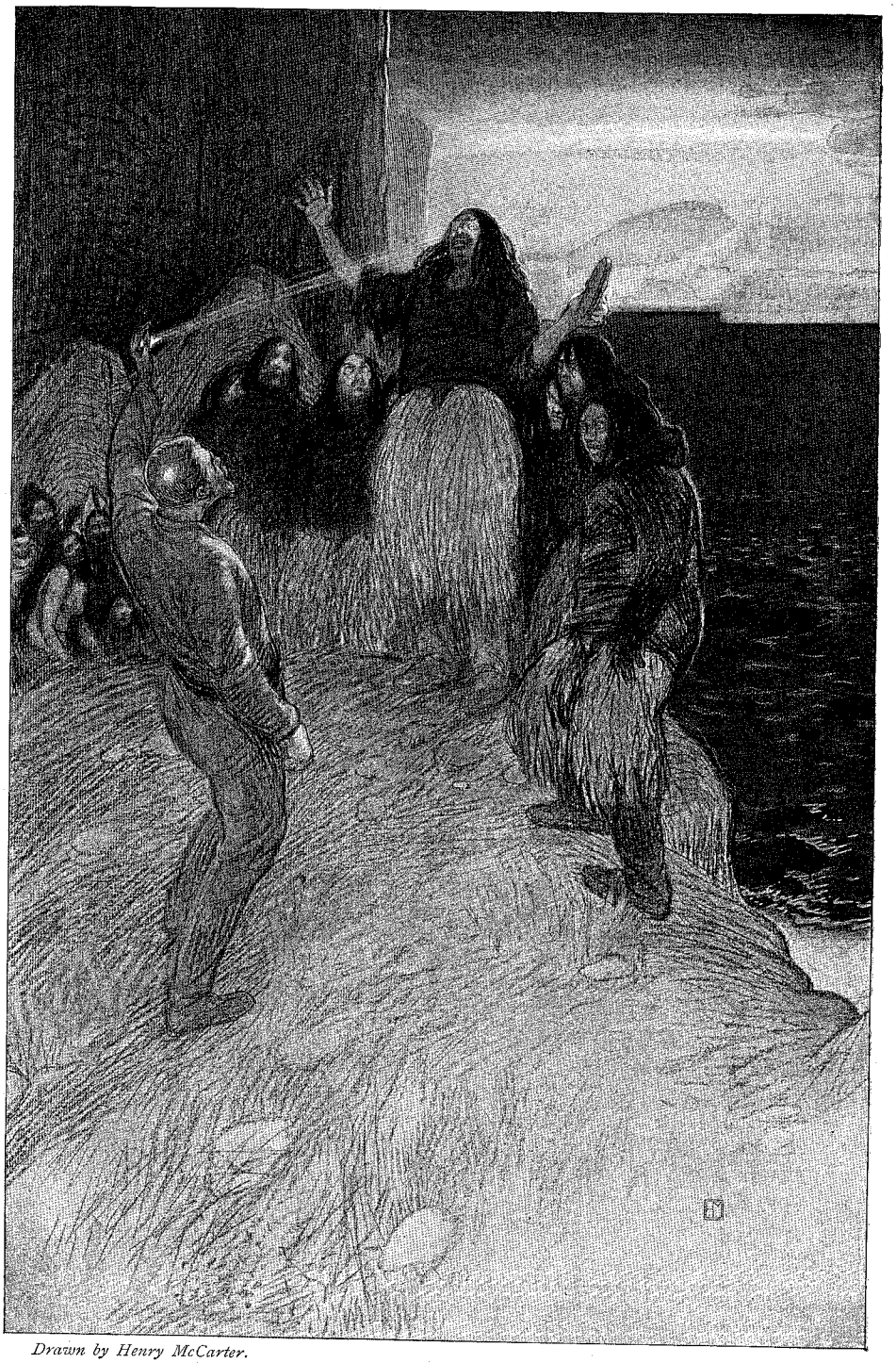

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LATTA'S MAGIC.

—Psalm VII. 15, page 352.

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